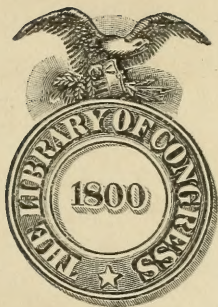


THE SOUTH
IN
PROSE AND POETRY

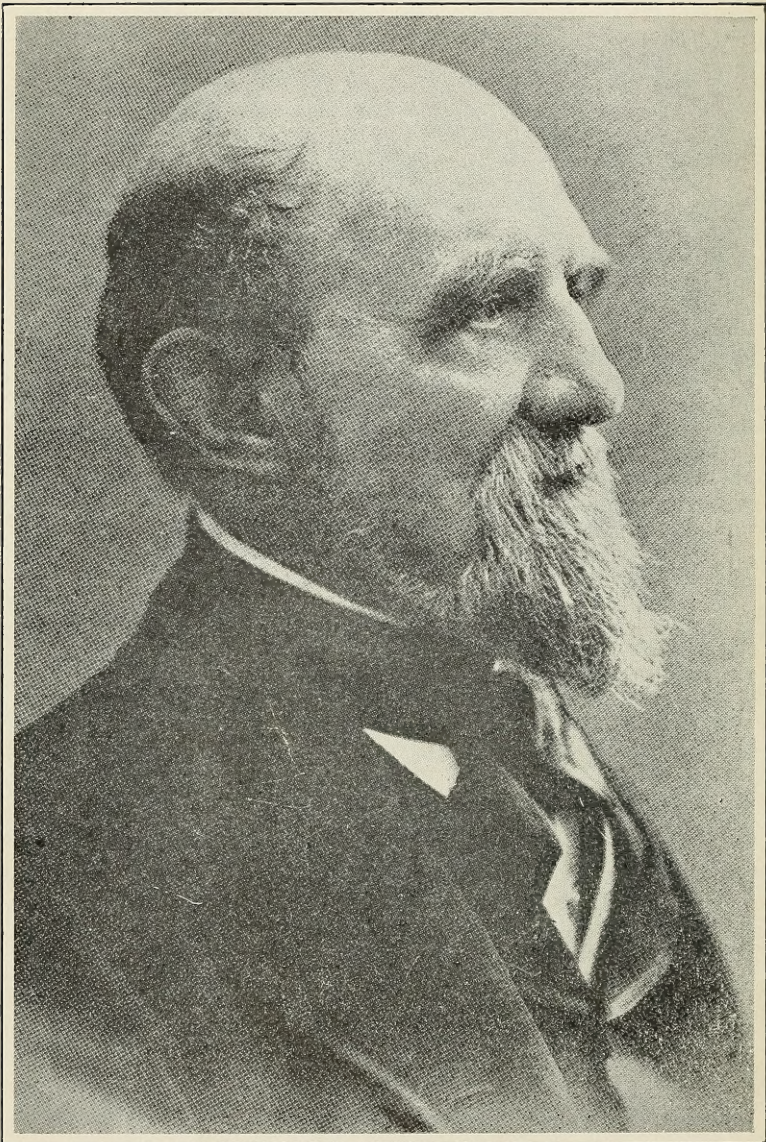


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Charles Gayarre

THE SOUTH

IN

PROSE AND POETRY

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PREFACE.

For a long time the literature of the South was neglected, or, perhaps, it is nearer the truth to say that it was ignored. Thomas Nelson Page, in a speech some years ago, stated that the rest of the world looked upon the South as a section of the United States without a literature, and the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, an authority throughout the world, published an arraignment far more scathing than this. We of the South have no one to blame for this condition of affairs but ourselves. It is only natural that, if we did not seem to place a proper value upon our own writers, no other section was going to herald their fame except where the overwhelming force of genius compelled it.

We can but take the form of the mold in which we are cast. Our range of vision is limited by our horizon, and unless that horizon is lifted our field of vision will always remain the same. To those whose knowledge of American literature has been acquired merely from text-books written by men who have given scant space to the authors of the South, it is, in spite of its truth, an astonishing fact that Simms ranks only second to Hawthorne; that Poe surpasses all the other of our poets; that Calhoun was our most profound logician, and Maury the greatest American scientist of his day.

There has, in recent years, however, begun a strong movement to rescue our literature from

oblivion and give it its proper place among the written records of our nation's intellectual growth. A number of sound critical works have been written and many excellent compilations made. My excuse for adding to this latter class of books is that I have tried to make mine one that would be especially pleasing to the youth of the South. I have sought, in selecting the article of each writer, to give preference to simplicity and the element of interest rather than to present those passages that best represent the author's genius or his most finished literary style, though I admit in a few instances I have not adhered to this policy. I have endeavored to include every class and form of writing that would be of interest to student and teacher, and, as far as I could, to choose a lesser known selection to one that would be tiresome through its familiarity. I have striven at all times to bear in mind that it was a reader that I was compiling.

I hope that this book will be received in the spirit in which it is written; that it will aid, at least, a little in fostering among the girls and boys of the South a greater love and respect for their section of the country without in any manner lessening in their hearts the ardent affection and earnest patriotism that their fathers have ever felt for the Union, and, above all, I hope that there may be found in it a spark of inspiration that will kindle in the minds of some of its young readers the noble desire to devote themselves to the preservation of the literature and the history of the South.

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CHARLES GAYARRE.

CHARLES ÉTIENNE ARTHUR GAYARRÉ was born in New Orleans, January 9, 1805, and died there February 11, 1895. He was educated at the College of Orleans, studied law in Philadelphia, but soon returned from the practice of law there to be admitted to the bar of his native city.

He was chosen to fill many positions of public trust and honor; he was State Representative, Judge, Secretary of State and was elected to the United States Senate, though ill health prevented him from taking his seat.

He spent a number of years in Europe busily collecting historical material and studying historical methods.

He did much to improve the State Library and to promote the interests of the Louisiana Historical Society. His close study of original historical material and a delicate appreciation of the poetic, beautiful and romantic in life combined to produce an almost distinct type of history. His refinement of taste and polished style have had a strong influence on the literature of his State and of the entire South.

His chief works are the History of Louisiana; Philip II of Spain, and Fernando de Lemos.

THE FOUNDING OF NEW ORLEANS. FROM HISTORY OF LOUISIANA.

LET US now proceed to ascertain what influence the creation of the Mississippi company had on the prosperity and destinies of Louisiana, and to record the series of events accompanying the colonization of the country.

The company, being organized, sent three vessels to Louisiana, with three companies of infan-

try and sixty-nine colonists, who landed on the 9th of March, 1718, and who, by their presence and the information they brought, revived the hope of better days. The office of Governor of Louisiana was definitively, and for the second time, granted to Bienville, as successor to L'Epinay, who exercised his powers only for a few months, during which he made himself very unpopular, by prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors to the Indians. The humanity of this provision did not seem to strike the colonists as forcibly as their ruler, and failed to outweigh other considerations. They complained of the want of policy displayed in that ordinance, and they represented, no doubt with truth, that the selling of French brandy was the most profitable article of commerce which they could command, and their most powerful source of influence over the Indian nations. It was, therefore, with great satisfaction, that the colonists learned of the nomination of Bienville. Besides, he had passed nineteen years in the colony, of which he was one of the founders; and, familiar with all its resources and wants, he had endeared himself to all the inhabitants, every one of whom he knew personally.

The first act of Bienville's new administration was an important one. It was to select the most favorable place on the banks of the Mississippi for the location of the principal establishment of the colony. He chose the spot where now stands the city of New Orleans, and he there left a detachment of fifty men to prepare the ground and erect barracks or sheds. The geography of the

country shows it to have been the most judicious choice, and the present importance of New Orleans testifies to the sagacity of Bienville. In so doing, he showed not only foresight and perspicacity, but also great firmness and independence; because he dared to act against the predilections of his government, which had a strong leaning for Manchac, where a natural communication was open with the lakes through Bayou Manchac and the River Amite.

The space now occupied by New Orleans was then entirely covered with one of those primitive forests with which we are so familiar. Owing to the annual inundations of the river, it was swampy and marshy, and cut up with a thousand small ravines, ruts, and pools of stagnant waters when the river was low. The site was not inviting to the physical eye, but Bienville looked at it with the mind's vision. His intellect hovered over the whole country, from his native valleys of Canada, down the Mississippi, in the footsteps of La Salle, through those boundless regions whose commercial emporium he foresaw that New Orleans was destined to be. Were I a painter I would delight in delineating and fixing on living canvas the scene which my imagination conjures up.

Bienville had arrived with his sturdy companions on the preceding evening; and now the sun is peeping through his eastern curtains, and flings a glow of radiancy over the dawning beauty of the morning landscape. In obedience to the command received, fifty axes have, in concert, struck fifty gigantic sons of the forest. With

folded arms and abstracted look, Bienville stands on the bank of the river, and seems, from the expression of his face, to be wrapped up in the contemplation of some soul-stirring fancies. Perhaps he had glimpses of the rapid growth of the city of his creation, and was blessed with the revealed prospect of its future grandeur. Far aloft, above his head, the American eagle might have been observed towering with repeated gyrations, and uttering loud shrieks which sounded like tones of command. Of the Indian race only one representative was there. It was an old sibyl-looking woman, who had the wild glance of insanity or of divination; and with the solemn gesticulations of prophetic inspiration she kept singing an uncouth sort of chant, in which she said that the time of which she had been warned by the Great Spirit had come at last; that her death hour was approaching, which was to be on the day when white men were to take possession of the spot where she had dwelt during a hundred summers and winters, and when they would cut down the oak, under the shade of which she had indulged so long her solitary musings. "The Spirit tells me," so she sang, "that the time will come when between the river and the lake there will be as many dwellings for the white man as there are trees standing now. The haunts of the red man are doomed, and faint recollections and traditions concerning the very existence of his race will float dimly over the memory of his successors, as unsubstantial, as vague and obscure as the mist which shrouds, on a winter morning, the bed of the father of rivers."

**THE EXPEDITION OF ST. DENIS
TO MEXICO
FROM
HISTORY OF LOUISIANA**

IN August, 1716, a short time before the recall of Cadillac, there had returned to Mobile a young man named St. Denis, who was a relation of Bienville, and whom, two years before, Cadillac had sent to Natchitoches to oppose the Spaniards in an establishment which it was reported they intended to make in that part of the country. His orders were to proceed afterward to New Mexico, to ascertain if it would not be possible to establish in that direction internal relations of commerce between Louisiana and the Mexican provinces, where it was hoped that Crozat would find a large outlet for his goods. When St. Denis arrived at the village of the Natchitoches, hearing no tidings of the supposed expedition of the Spaniards, he left there a few Canadians, whom he ordered to form a settlement; and, accompanied by twelve others, who were picked men, and by a few Indians, he undertook to accomplish the more difficult part of his mission.

St. Denis is one of the most interesting characters of the early history of Louisiana.

He was a knight-errant in his feelings and in his doings throughout life, and everything connected with him, or that came within the purview of his existence, was imbued with the spirit of ro-

mance. The noble bearing of his tall, well-proportioned and remarkably handsome person was in keeping with the lofty spirit of his soul. He was one in whom nature had given the world assurance of a man, and that assurance was so strongly marked in the countenance of St. Denis that wherever he appeared he instantaneously commanded love, respect and admiration. There are beings who carry in their lineaments the most legible evidence of their past and future fate. Such was St. Denis, and nobody, not even the wild and untutored Indians, could have left his presence without at least a vague impression that he had seen one not born for the common purposes of ordinary life.

The laborious journey of St. Denis from Mobile to Natchitoches, the incidents connected with it, the description of the country he passed through, and of all the tribes of Indians he visited, would furnish sufficient materials for an interesting book. But what an animated picture might be drawn of that little band of Canadians, with St. Denis and his friend Jallot, the eccentric surgeon, when they crossed the Sabine and entered upon the ocean-like prairies of the present State of Texas! How they hallooed with joy when they saw the immense surface which spread before them, blackened with herds of buffaloes, that wallowed lazily in the tall, luxuriant grass, which afforded them such luscious food and such downy couches for repose! For the sake of variety, the travelers would sometimes turn from nobler to meaner game, from the hunchbacked buffalo to the timid deer that crossed their path.

Sometimes they would stumble on a family of bears, and make at their expense a delicious repast, which they enjoyed comfortably seated on piled-up skins, the testimonials of their hunting exploits.

But these pleasures, exciting as they were, would perhaps have palled upon St. Denis and his companions, and might in the end have been looked upon as tame by them, by the frequency of their repetition, if they had not been intermingled with nobler sport, which consisted in oft-recurring skirmishes with the redoubtable Comanches, upon whose hunting-grounds they had intruded. On these occasions St. Denis, protected against the arrows of the enemy by a full suit of armor, which he had brought from Europe, and mounted on a small black jennet, as strong as an ox and as fleet as the wind, would rush upon the astonished Indians, and perform such feats with his battle-axe as those poor savages had never dreamed of.

St. Denis and his troop reached at last the Rio Bravo, at a Spanish settlement then called the Fort of St. John the Baptist, or Presidio del Norte. Don Pedro de Villescas was the commander of that place. He received the French with the most courteous hospitality and informed them that he could not make any commercial arrangements with them, but that he would submit their propositions to a superior officer, who was governor of the town of Caouis, situated at the distance of one hundred and eighty miles in

the interior. Spaniards are not famous for rapidity of action. Before the message of Villescás was carried to Caouis, and before the expected answer came back to the Presidio del Norte, St. Denis had loved, not without reciprocity, the beautiful daughter of the old Don.

What a pretty tale might be made of it, which would deserve to be written with a feather dropped from Cupid's wing! But when the lovers were still hesitating as to the course they would pursue, and discussing the propriety of making a full disclosure to him who, in the shape of a father, was the arbiter of their destiny, there arrived twenty-five men, sent by Don Gaspardo Anaya, the governor of Caouis, with secret instructions, which were soon made manifest, to the dismay of the lovers; for these emissaries seized St. Denis and his friend Jallot and conveyed them to Caouis, where they were detained in prison until the beginning of 1715. From this place of confinement, St. Denis, fearing that the hostility evinced toward him might be extended to the rest of his companions, ordered them to return speedily to Natchitoches.

Don Gaspardo Anaya had been the unsuccessful suitor of Doña Maria, the daughter of Villescás. What must have been his rage when he was informed by his spies that the newcomer, the brilliant Frenchman, had triumphed where he had failed! But now he had that hated rival in his clutches, and he was omnipotent, and, if the stranger died in the dungeon of Caouis, who, in these distant and rugged mountains, would bring him, the governor, to an account? Perilous in-

deed was the situation of St. Denis, and heavy must have been his thoughts in his solitary confinement!

For six months St. Denis was thus detained prisoner, and the only consideration which saved his life was the hope, on the part of Anaya, that prolonged sufferings would drive his victim to renounce his betrothal. At the same time he repeatedly sent secret messengers to Doña Maria, whose mission was to inform her that her lover would be put to death if she did not wed Anaya. But the noble Castilian maid invariably returned the same answer: "Tell Anaya that I cannot marry him as long as St. Denis lives, because St. Denis I love; and tell him that if St. Denis dies this little Moorish dagger, which was my mother's gift, shall be planted, either by myself or my agent's hand, in the middle of his dastardly heart, wherever he may be." This was said with a gentle voice, with a calm mien, 'as if it had been an ordinary message, but with such a gleam in the eye as is nowhere to be seen except in Spain's or Arabia's daughters. The words, the look and the tone were minutely reported to Anaya, and he paused!—and it is well that he did so, and a bolder heart than his would have hesitated; he knew the indomitable spirit of his race—he knew the old Cantabrian blood—and that Spain's sweetest doves will, when roused, dare the eagle to mortal combat!

The Spanish maid did not remain inactive, and satisfied with deploring her lover's captivity. She dispatched to Mexico a trusty servant, such

as is only found in Spanish households, one of those menials that never question the will of their lord or lady, dogs for fidelity, lions for courage, who will tear to pieces whatever is designated to them, if such be the order of their masters. His mission was to find out the means of informing the Viceroy that a Frenchman, a presumed spy, had been for several months in the hands of the governor of Caouis, who was suspected of concealing his captive from the knowledge of the higher authorities, in order to tamper with his prisoner for a ransom. The object of this false information was to excite the jealous attention of the government, and to withdraw St. Denis, at all risks from the dangerous situation he was in. This stratagem succeeded, and, much to his astonishment, Anaya received a peremptory order to send his prisoner to Mexico, with a sure escort, and at the peril of his head if he failed!

One morning St. Denis found himself suddenly seated on a strong, powerful horse, amid a detachment of twenty men, who were evidently prepared for a long journey. He asked whither he was to be carried, and was particularly inquisitive about his friend Jallot, who had been put into a separate dungeon, and of whom he had heard nothing since his captivity; but he was dragged away without any answer being given to his inquiries. Seven hundred and fifty miles did he travel without stopping, except it be for such time as was absolutely necessary to take a hurried rest, when the magnificent city of Mexico ried rest, when the magnificent City of Mexico There he flattered himself that he would obtain

justice, but he soon experienced that change of place had been for him no more than a change of captivity. Look at that woe-begone prisoner in that horrible dungeon, where he is chained to the wall like a malefactor! His constitution is completely broken down; his body is so emaciated by his long sufferings, and by the want of wholesome food, that it presents the appearance of a skeleton; his long matted hair shrouds his face, and his shaggy beard hangs down to his breast. Who would have recognized the brilliant St. Denis in this miserable object, in this hideous-looking, iron-bound felon—a felon in aspect, if not in reality!

One day an unusual stir was observed in front of his prison. The short, brief word of command outside, the clashing of arms, the heavy tramping of horses, St. Denis could distinctly hear in his dismal abode. The noise approached; the doors of his cell turned slowly on their rusty hinges; on came the bustling and obsequious jailer, ushering in an officer who was escorted by a file of soldiers. It was one whom the Viceroy had ordered to examine into the situation of all the prisons of Mexico, and to make a report on their unfortunate tenants. "Whom have we here?" said the officer, in an abrupt tone. "I," exclaimed St. Denis, starting to his feet; "I, Juchereau de St. Denis, a gentleman by birth, a prisoner by oppression, and now a suitor for justice." On hearing these words the officer started back with astonishment; then rushing to St. Denis, and putting his face close to the

face of the captive, removing with his trembling hand the disheveled locks that concealed the prisoner's features, and scanning every lineament with a rapid but intense look, he said, with a quivering voice, which, through emotion, had sunk to a whisper: "You were born in Canada?" "Yes." "Educated in France, at the Royal College of Paris?" "Yes." "You left France to seek your fortune in Louisiana?" "I did." "By heaven, jailer, off with those accursed chains! quick! set those noble limbs free!" And he threw himself sobbing into the arms of the astonished St. Denis, who thought himself the dupe of a dream, but who at last recognized in his liberator one of the companions of his youth, his best early friend, the Marquis de Larnage, who, with some other young Frenchmen, had entered into the Spanish army, and who had risen to be the Viceroy's favorite aid-de-camp. What a dramatic scene!

What a change! Here we are in the gorgeous halls of Montezuma, where the barbaric splendor of the Aztec emperors has been improved by the more correct and tasteful application of Spanish magnificence; there is a festival at the palace of the Viceroy—

"The long carousal shakes the illumined hall;
Well speeds alike the banquet and the ball."

Noble and beautiful dames!—Silk, brocade, and diamonds!—Gentlemen of high birth—renowned soldiers—glittering uniforms, studded with stars and other decorations—breasts scarred with

wounds—brains teeming with aspirations—grave magistrates—sage councillors—subtle diplomats—scheming heads!

Suddenly the large folding doors of an inner apartment are thrown open, and the Viceroy is seen at table, with a few favored and envied guests, enjoying the delicacies of the most gorgeous banquet. What an accumulated treasure of gold and silver, under every form that convivial imagination can fancy, and in the shape of plates, dishes, chandeliers, and every sort of admirably chiseled vases! But who is that noble-looking cavalier on the righthand side of the Viceroy? Can it be St. Denis, the late tenant of a gloomy jail? It is. Presented by his friend, the aide-de-camp, to the representative of his Majesty of Spain, the Duke of Linares, he has become such a favorite that his daily and constant attendance is required at court. Nay, the affection which the Viceroy had conceived for St. Denis had so grown upon that nobleman that he had insisted upon the young Frenchman being lodged in the palace, where every favor was at his command.

Amid all the festivities of the vice-regal court, St. Denis had but one thought, one aspiration—that of returning to his lady-love, and to his friend Jallot. He had even refused the most brilliant proposals from the Viceroy, such as a high grade in the Spanish army, saying: "I can serve but one God and one king. I am a Frenchman, and, highly as I esteem the Spaniards, I cannot become one." "But," replied the Viceroy, "you are already half a Spaniard, for you

have confessed to me that you love a Spanish maid." "True," observed St. Denis, "but it is not certain that I can marry her, because I consider her father's consent as doubtful." "Well, then, accept my offers," exclaimed the Viceroy, "and I pledge my knightly word to remove every obstacle that may be in your way." St. Denis expressed his thanks, as one overwhelmed with gratitude at such kindness, but could not be shaken from his determination.

"To lose such a man as you are," said the Viceroy, "is a serious trial to me, but I admire, even in its exaggeration, the sentiment by which you are actuated. Farewell, then, and may God bless you and yours forever. My last hope is that Doña Maria will induce you to adopt New Spain for your country. With regard to the commercial relations, which, in the name of the governor of Louisiana, you have asked me to permit between that province and those of my government, tell him that it is not in my power to accede to his propositions." The preparations of St. Denis for his departure were not of long duration, for the lady of his heart beckoned to him from the walls of the Presidio del Norte. The Viceroy presented him with a large sum of gold, which he graciously said was intended to pay his wedding expenses. He also sent him, for his journey, a superb Andalusian steed, ordering at the same time that he should be escorted by an officer and two dragoons from the City of Mexico to Caouis.

On the forced departure of St. Denis for the City of Mexico, Jallot had been set at liberty, and

had ever since remained at Caouis waiting for the decision of the fate of St. Denis. He was known to be a physician, and, as he was the only one within a radius of one hundred miles, he was soon in full practice. In the course of a few months he had performed so many cures and rendered so many services that he was looked upon as something almost supernatural. At last, the governor grew incensed and swore that he would hang Jallot, and sent some soldiers to arrest him. But the people, who loved Jallot, and feared being deprived of his invaluable services, rose upon the soldiery, beat them off, and proclaimed that they would hang the governor himself if he persisted in his intention of hanging Jallot. Matters were in this ticklish situation when St. Denis returned to Caouis.

In company with his friend Jallot, who was almost distracted with joy at his safe return, St. Denis immediately waited upon the governor, to whom he communicated a letter-patent, by which the Viceroy gave authority to St. Denis to inflict upon Anaya, for his abuse of power, any punishment which he might think proper, provided it stopped short of death. The terror of the governor may easily be conceived; but, after enjoying his enemy's confusion for a short time, St. Denis tore to pieces the Viceroy's letter, and retired, leaving the culprit, whom he despised, to the castigation of heaven and to the stings of his own conscience. He did more: finding the governor ill, he requested Jallot to perform an operation which this worthy had hitherto obstinately refused to do. The surgeon, who was

mollified by his friend's return, consented, not, however, without terrific grumblings, to use his surgical skill to relieve the bed-ridden governor, and he admirably succeeded in the difficult operation, upon which the fate of his patient depended. But he peremptorily and contemptuously refused the fee that was tendered him, and informed the governor, face to face, and with his roughest tone, that he deserved no remuneration for the cure, because he had saved his life merely out of spite, and under the firm conviction that he would ere long die on the gallows.

Let us now rapidly proceed with St. Denis from Caouis to the Presidio del Norte. There he found a great change;—not that the lady of his love was not as true and as beautiful as ever, but the place looked lonesome and desolate. The five Indian villages which formed a sort of belt round the Presidio, at a short distance from its walls, were deserted. A gloomy cloud had settled over the spot which he had known so brisk and thriving;—and Villescas told him, with the greatest consternation, that the Indians had withdrawn on account of their having been molested by the Spaniards, and that, if the Indians persisted in their intention of removing away to distant lands, the government of Mexico, whose settled policy it was to conciliate the frontier Indians, would be informed of what had happened, and would certainly visit him with punishment for official misconduct, negligence or dereliction of duty. “I will run after the fugitives,” exclaimed St. Denis, “and use my best efforts to bring them back.” “Do so,” replied the old man,

“and if you succeed there is nothing in my power which I can refuse you.” On hearing these words, which made his heart thrill, as it were, with an electric shock, St. Denis vaulted on his good Andalusian steed and started full speed in the direction the Indians had taken.

The Indians, encumbered with women and children, had been progressing very slowly, with the heavy baggage they were carrying with them, and St. Denis had not traveled long before he discovered from the top of the hill the moving train. He waved a white flag and redoubled his speed; the Indians stopped and tarried for his approach. When he came up to them they formed a dense circle around him and silently waited for his communication. “My friends,” said St. Denis, “I am sent by the governor of the Presidio del Norte to tell you that he pleads guilty to his red children; he confesses that you have been long laboring under grievances which he neglected to redress, and that you have been frequently oppressed. Do not, therefore, be obstinate, my friends, and do not keep shut the gates of your hearts, when the pale-faced chief, with his gray hairs, knocks for admittance, but let his words of repentance fall upon your souls, like a refreshing dew, and revive your drooping attachment for him. Do not give up your hereditary hunting-grounds, the cemeteries of your forefathers, and your ancestral villages, with rash precipitancy. Whither are you going? Your native soil does not stick to your feet, and it is the only soil which is always pleasant; what distant lands will you be permitted to occupy,

without fighting desperate battles with the nations upon whose territory you will have trespassed? On the other hand, if you return, as I advise you to, and should you not be satisfied, it will always be time enough to resume your desperate enterprise of emigration."

This is the substance of what St. Denis told his red auditory, and the Indians, who, perhaps, were beginning to regret the step they had taken, spontaneously marched back, with St. Denis riding triumphantly at their head.

Now all is joy again at the Presidio, and the smile of contentment has lighted up the face of the country for miles around. From the Spanish battlements banners wave gaily; the cannons crack their sides with innocent roaring; muskets are discharged in every direction, but from their tubes there do not sally any murderous balls. The whole population, white and red, is dressed in its best apparel; whole sheep, oxen and buffaloes are roasted in the Homeric style; immense tables are spread in halls, bowers and under shady trees; whole casks of Spanish wines and of the Mexican pulque are broached; the milk and honey of the land flow with unrestrained abundance; the Indians shout, dance, and cut every sort of antics. Well may all rejoice, for it is the wedding day of St. Denis and Doña Maria!



Eliza Jane Nicholson.

ELIZA JANE NICHOLSON.

ELIZA JANE POITEVENT, born 1849, is known to many only under her pen name, "Pearl Rivers." Her first literary efforts were contributed to the *Picayune*, whose editor she afterwards married. After his death she married Mr. George Nicholson, and, with him as joint owner, she conducted the paper. Only one volume of her many poems, the *Lyrics*, has been collected and published. Her best-known poem is *Hagar*. It is most unfortunate that her death, in 1897, came before she had prepared all of her poems for publication.

ONLY A DOG.

"ONLY a dog!" You wonder why
I grieve so much to see him die.

Ah! if you knew
How true a friend a dog can be!
And what a friend he was to me,
When friends were few!

"Only a dog—a beast," you sneer;
"Not worthy of a sigh or tear."

Speak not to me
Such falsehood of my poor dumb friend
While I have language to defend
His memory.

Through ups and downs, through thick and thin
My boon companion he has been
For years and years.

He journeyed with me miles and miles ;
I gave him frowns, I gave him smiles,
And now, sad tears.

Before my children came, his white,
Soft head was pillowed every night
Upon my breast.
So let him lie just one time more
Upon my bosom as before,
And take his rest.

And when a tenderer love awoke,
The first sweet word my baby spoke
Was "Mat." Poor Mat!
Could I no other reason tell,
My mother heart would love you well,
For only that.

Together boy and dog have laid
Upon my lap ; together played
Around my feet,
Till laugh and bark together grew
So much alike I scarcely knew
Which was more sweet.

Ah ! go away and let me cry,
For now you know the reason why
I loved him so.
Leave me alone to close his eyes,
That looked so wistful and so wise,
Trying to know.

At garden gate or open door
You'll run to welcome me no more,
Dear little friend.

You were so kind, so good and true,
I question, looking down at you,
Is this the end?

Is there for you no "other side?"
No home beyond death's chilly tide
And heavy fog,
Where meekness and fidelity
Will meet reward, although you be
Only a dog?

My dog had love, and faith, and joy—
As much as had my baby boy—
Intelligence;
Could smell, see, hear, and suffer pain,
What makes a soul if these are vain?
When I go hence

'Tis my belief my dog will be
Among the first to welcome me.
Believing that,
I keep his collar and his bell,
And do not say to him farewell,
But good-bye, Mat,
Dear faithful Mat.

MYSELF.

Well, once I was a little girl,
A-dwelling in the wood,
Beside a laughing-loving stream,
With aunt and uncle good.

Within a rambling, old log house
That thought it was no sin,
Through other places than the door,
To let the sunshine in.

With quaint old chimneys at each end,
Where swallows used to come
And twitter low "how glad are we
To find a summer home."

With windows low and narrow, too,
Where birds came peeping in
To wake me up at early morn;
And oft I used to win.

The Cherokees to climb the sill;
The gossip-loving bee
To come so near that he would pause
And buzz a word to me.

No other child grew on the place;
A merry, roguish elf,
I played "keeping house" in shady nooks
All by my little self.

I leaped the brook, I climbed the bars,
I rode upon the hay;
To swing upon the old barn gate,
To me was merry play.

I waded in the shallow stream
To break the lilies sweet,
And laughed to see the minnows swim
So near my rosy feet.

I rode the pony down to drink,
He played some pranks with me,
But I had learned to hold on tight,
And was as wild as he.

I could not keep my bonnet on,
The briars tore the frill;
The winds untied the knotted strings,
And tossed it at their will.

The sun grew friendly with me then,
And still the signs I trace
Of many a merry trick he played
Upon my neck and face.

My dress and apron bore the sign
Of frolic wild and free;
The brambles caught my yellow hair,
And braided it for me.

My teacher was a dear old man,
Who took me on his knee,
And better far than vexing books,
He held a kiss from me.

I could not learn geography,
The "States" I could not "bound,"
But many a city built by ants,
And daisy towns I found.

Arithmetic and grammar
Were never in my line;
No measured rule was made to chain
A spirit free as mine.

But I was quick to learn some things,
As all the rills could tell;
I knew just where the waters bright,
With softest music fell.

I knew the names of all the birds,
And which could sing the best;
I knew just where the speckled hen
Had made her latest nest.

I knew how many drops of rain
The pitcher plant could hold,
And on the butterfly's bright wing
How many spots of gold.

And how the spider's curious web
Was jeweled by the dew,
And where the largest chinquapins
And whortleberries grew.

For I, though but a simple child,
In nature's ways was wise;
I followed her day after day,
With wonder-loving eyes.

I knew the track the ground-mole made,
And followed it to see
Where all the windings strange would end;
I knew the hollow tree

Where hid the sly fox squirrel,
And the hole where slept the hare;
But at their open, humble door
I never set a snare.

I was a wild, but loving child;
My little feet ne'er trod
Upon the weakest, meanest thing
That crawls upon the sod.

They were my playmates and my friends
And, more than all, I knew
That if I loved His creatures well,
The Lord would love me too.

And sometimes I would lonely be,
And so I learned to talk
To all the insects and the birds,
And once I took a walk

To ask the sweet, white violets,
That grew down by the creek,
To teach me how to speak the tongues
That all the flowers speak.

I thought it best to go to them,
They are so meek, you know,
And teachers like these humble ones
Can best God's wisdom show.

They seemed to think I was too young
To learn their language well;
I thought I heard them ask the stream,
Quite low, if it could tell

How many years the little maid
Had laughed with it; for when
I guessed what all their whispers meant,
And softly answered "ten,"

They smiled, as though they thought it time
The little maid should turn
From her harum-scarum ways,
And sit by them and learn

The gentle words and modest grace,
That maidens all should wear,
That guard the heart, and make the face,
Tho' homely, sweet and fair.

And so I softly laid my head
Down close beside their own,
Upon the fragrant, mossy bed,
And in the softest tone,

So that zephyr could not hear
And spread it to the breeze,
Or rustle it with laughter light
To all the listening trees,

They taught me my first lesson through
And said some other day,
When they were strengthened by the dew,
That I might leave my play,

And they would talk to me again.
I kissed them o'er and o'er,
And deep within my heart I hid
My wealth of flower lore.





Mollie Moore Davis.

MARY EVELYN MOORE DAVIS.

MOLLIE MOORE DAVIS was born in Talladega, Ala., spent her girlhood in Texas, and, shortly after her marriage in 1874, moved to New Orleans, where she continued to reside until her death in 1909. She was for years the center of a brilliant literary and artistic circle, adding much to its distinction by both her prose and verse. Her poems have truly been said to possess "a wide range of excellence, a lofty sweep of thought, and richness in exquisite fancies." Her prose is free from all affectation and striving for effect, and, especially in her typically Southern stories, her reader is won, at once, by the delicacy of her sympathy and the strong feeling of a true and sincere heart.

She has written, among other titles, *In War Times at La Rose Blanche*; *An Elephant's Track*; *The Wire Cutters*; *Under the Man-Fig*, and *A Masque of St. Roche and Other Poems*.

A CREVASSE.

FROM

IN WAR TIMES AT LA ROSE BLANCHE.

EVERY day it crept nearer to the top of the levee—the big, tawny River. Until, one morning, it glinted and gleamed, under the June sky, level with the high crest; and when a light breeze blew across its foamy surface, little waves came washing over and trickled down the long grass-grown slope into the dusty road that ran alongside.

The cane-crop of La Rose Blanche was "laid

by." Over the quiet fields stretched an unbroken sweep of beryl-green, where sunshine and shadow chased each other, and whence, at intervals, arose little rhythmic murmurs, as if the Small People were at play in the cool, dim underworld beneath.

In the cornfields rank upon rank of bronze tassels were jauntily tossing, and within the shelter of broad rustling blades below nestled the tender, milky roasting-ears, with shreds of yellow silk escaping from their soft enfolding sheaths.

In the cotton patch, where the hoes were still busy, the rich, brown earth showed between rows of dark, velvety green; and, of mornings, spots of vivid color glowed where blue and crimson morning-glories trailed their tangled vines.

The rose-hedges were white with long waxen buds, and wide-open, large-leaved blossoms with yellow hearts that quivered in the sun. The lawn was sweet with the musky perfume of sensitive-plants, whose fluffy balls were half hidden in the rank growth of unshaven grass. And from the rose-garden every afternoon mother brought a great shallow basket piled high with rose-petals to add to the heap already drying in a shady corner of the veranda for the spice-jars.

The Jack-beans clambering over the cabins down at the Quarter swung their long purple clusters of bloom lazily in the air; and the gourd-vines flashed their yellow trumpets.

The bananas, whose tattered leaves were never silent, were beginning to put out long crooked arms with bunches of paly-pink, down-drooping flowers at the ends. The orange trees were hung thick with tiny green globes.

"How pretty it all looks, Uncle Joshua!" said mother.

"It surely does," responded Uncle Joshua, letting his gaze wander slowly from field to field out to the dark moss-hung swamp, and back again, by hedge, and patch, and rose-garden. "But, Miss Lucy, see that river. The good Lord grant it don't rain," he concluded, despondently, as he went off to have more earth shoveled against the weak place in the levee.

Grandma Selden (*Mère*, we always called her), who had come up from River-View on her annual visit, said in her soft, pretty French—for *Mère* had never learned to speak English, and was deaf to us all, even to Grandpa, unless we addressed her in her own tongue—*Mère* said that La Rose Blanche looked just as it did when she was a little girl. She was born at La Rose Blanche, and grew up there and was there married to Grandpa, who then could not speak a word of French, but who managed somehow, being young and brave and handsome, to woo and win her.

Old Justine, who stood behind her Mistress' chair, tossed her head and said (her patois was as musical as *Mère's* French) that for her part she thought it was much prettier when Madame was a girl, and Madame's father was alive, and before the Americans got their hands on it.

By this she meant our La Rose Blanche negroes, who came into the family with Grandpa and with father.

That very day the rain began to fall—not hard at first, but in a gentle drizzle, through which all green things looked greener still. But at dark

the sky became heavy with ominous clouds, crossed and recrossed incessantly by white blinding streaks of lightning; and sharp thunder claps from time to time burst upon the sultry, breathless air.

Lights were twinkling down by the River, where guards paced to and fro, keeping watch over the levee—that precious rampart which alone stretched between utter destruction and the unconscious teeming fields below. In front of Bon Soldat a huge fire was blazing, and further down we could see, red against the stormy sky, the smoke of another that we knew must mark the upper boundary of River-View.

Suddenly the wind arose, bringing with it a strange sound, deep, hoarse, continuous, like the prolonged roar of a wild beast. The quick rush of down-falling rain drowned it for a breath, but through a momentary lull it broke again, hollow, menacing, terrible.

It was the voice of the River—the growl of the wild beast preparing to spring upon its prey!

The lights on the levee hurried wildly about, and presently gathered like a swarm of gigantic fireflies about that fatal “weak place,” over against the orange plantation, and where the bank made a little curve inward.

Then hasty footsteps went splashing by under the window. A cry rang sharply out; and the fierce clangor of the plantation-bell smote into the fury of the storm.

We knew what that meant! The weak place had given way! A crevasse had broken through the levee!

The bell of our little church at the landing replied almost instantly—in softer and mellower tones; and soon, like a far-away echo, came the response of the Bon Soldat bell.

The Quarter sprang into life; torches flared from one cabin to another; squads of men tramped across the yard laughing, grumbling, singing, hallooing. Then, through the sweep of the rain, and above the roar of the River, we heard the cracking of whips down the levee road; and the loud outcry of teamsters urging their mules to a run; and the creaking of wheels, as heavily-loaded wagons came lumbering up from the neighboring plantations. A little later and a dozen voices began to shout out hoarse commands to an ever-increasing, yelling, distracted crowd.

For hours with our faces pressed against the window-panes, we children watched the flames of the great bonfires flaring and leaping in the wind, and listened to the sounds that came, now confused and indistinct, now loud and clear, through the sudden hushes of the storm.

Meanwhile Mammy had made her way to the kitchen, with Aunt Hester, the cook, and half-a-dozen of the women, and there they were baking corn-pone, and frying bacon, and boiling huge pots of parched-potato and parched-molasses coffee. Mother and Mère and Cousin Nellie were in the dining room packing hampers. And all night long Grief and Jake and Jerry were kept busy carrying food and drink out to the exhausted workers.

The next morning the rain had ceased, but the sky was gray and lowering, and rough gusts of wind still blew out of the east.

The little boys stayed with Mère, but I went with mother; Uncle Joshua led the sugar mule around and lifted her into the saddle. I was perched behind her with my arms clasped tightly around her waist.

A thick yellow stream of water was forcing itself sullenly along the lane toward the swamp; as we approached the River it grew suddenly deeper and mounted almost to the axles of the wagons grouped in a corner of the field. The mules fastened to the troughs behind stood in it up to their knees, placidly munching away at the wisps of hay that came floating by from the stacks waiting their turn to be packed into the barricade.

A few hundred yards to the left the army of men were at work, wheeling barrow-loads of earth from the back fields; filling earth-bags; splashing through water waist-deep about the partly-closed crevasse, driving piles, laying timbers, heaping straw, brushwood, earth—what not! against the growing rampart.

There were the Bon Soldat negroes and those of River-View and Ridgefield; and many familiar faces, black and white, from around about the Parish; and working away with a will, like the rest, were a dozen or more of Yankee soldiers from the camp above the bend.

Grandpa Selden was standing on the slippery crest of the levee shouting directions to the men below; and Major Brentling, with his one arm, was helping to drag a heavy beam up the wet slope.

The men all stopped work for a minute as

mother came riding up, and burst into a ringing cheer. Their voices sounded far-away and faint in my ears; everything swam before my eyes and I grew sick and dizzy. Uncle Joshua reached up and took me in his arms.

The vast, foaming, tawny sea roared by far above our heads, swirling against the half-finished barrier, and here and there breaking through; it dashed in angry waves over the long line of solid embankment and poured down the sloping sides to mingle with the muddy flood that filled the road and was already encroaching upon the fields.

The unconscious fields were laughing back at the blue sky, beginning to smile through the parting clouds!

Suddenly a warning shout rang from the top of the levee. An enormous tree-trunk with jagged ends, where wide-spreading limbs had been, came plunging against the barricade; it struck the piling with a dull boom, recoiled, rose almost erect in the air, balancing itself and churning the water frantically for a second, and plunged forward again.

A cry of rage and despair burst from four or five hundred throats as the piling gave way, the earth-bags melted, and the torrent came leaping, seething, hissing through. Some of the men were beaten to the ground by the force of the sudden rush.

"What will they do now?" I asked when Uncle Joshua had turned back toward the house with me. "Just go back at her again, child."

This was indeed but the beginning. Day after day the fight went on with pretty much the same

result. Sometimes Grandpa would come stumping in and announce with a sigh of satisfaction that the crevasse was closed at last. The wet and wearied men would go home to their well-earned rest, leaving the patrol alone on his beat. The scantily-stocked store-room of La Rose Blanche would be shut; the ordinary routine of the household would be resumed, and, a few hours later, the bell would clang out its imperious summons, and the conflict would begin anew.

In the meantime, the in-pouring torrent—at first taken off to the swamp by the draining ditches—was slowly but steadily overflowing their banks. Inch by inch it crawled through the orange-plantation, along the lane, up the fields, into the grounds—until by the time the crevasse was really closed it spread an unbroken lake over La Rose Blanche, across Bon Soldat, and beat against the steps of the River-View great-house miles away down the river.

Only the rear-cane-fields somehow escaped and stood high and dry above the water, and here in a snug corner the mules and cattle were housed.

At first the waves, that lapped softly against the basement windows and rippled away over the lawn and sparkled in the hot sunlight, were thick and muddy. But gradually they became clear; then, as if in a vast mirror, we could see the soft grass, and the little hedges and rose-bushes and the violet-beds, emerald-green, waving back and forth with a gentle undulatory motion far below the wind-stirred surface. The partly submerged rose-hedges bloomed defiantly, their glossy leaves and waxen buds reflecting in the clear pool below;

the tall cane standing deep in the flood rustled its plummy tufts gayly.

But, after awhile, a sickly yellow began to steal over the fields; the hedges strewed the waves with white unopened buds; a thick scum overspread the water and a damp, clinging, curious odor pervaded the air.

We seemed to be living in a strange, new world. Sometimes a fish leaped up near a trellis showing his white glistening sides as he fell back with a splash. Then the little boys would rush headlong into the house for their poles and lines, and they would hang for hours over the banisters waiting for a nibble. Long, slimy, greenish snakes would coil themselves on the steps to bask in the sunshine, and hardly take the trouble to slide off when anybody came down to the boats moored against the pillars with their paddles laid across. Once, a monstrous alligator glided across the lawn, swimming, his rusty nose in the air, and dived under the rose-garden gate. Ten minutes later, a baby-one, three or four feet long, came crawling up the steps, making a funny little puffing noise as he came, and when he reached the veranda he stretched himself out with a grunt and lay there lazily opening and shutting his small eyes.

Boats were darting about all day long from one part of the plantation to another. Uncle Joshua every morning piloted out a fleet of little pirogues to some point where work could yet be done. Hester and Mammy went and came from the Quarter, paddling themselves awkwardly, while Jake and Grief in their light dug-outs danced jeer-

ing and chaffing around them. Often a yell of derisive laughter would bring us to the back gallery, and there would come the two dear old souls, dripping, muddy, and scolding; dragging their overturned boat after them, and threatening with up-lifted oars the saucy youngsters.

Every day mother, in the "ladies'-boat," pulled by Jerry, went to our little church at the landing, taking one or more of us children with her; sometimes she made a visit to Madame Brion at Bon Soldat; or even ventured as far as River-View to fetch back something for Mère, who never trusted herself in a boat.

One night the fleet of pirogues came sweeping along the lane between the high rose-hedges; the men were singing, keeping time to the splash of their paddles. They turned, one after another, into the wide gateway, their rich, mellow voices floating across to us where we sat in the starlight on the veranda.

As they bore away toward the Quarter, a boat detached itself from the dark mass and shot noiselessly over the lawn to the house.

It was the "ladies'-boat," which had been to carry Cousin Nellie to Bon Soldat for the night.

As Jerry drew up alongside the steps and rested on his oars, a large dog rose in the hinder part of the boat and leaped out. He stood a moment, as if hesitating, on the lower step and then bounded swiftly up and disappeared into the hall.

The next morning the little boys came down from their play-room under the roof in a high state of excitement.

"We've got a new dog," said Sam. "It isn't Madame Brion's Cæsar-dog, either."

"Such a nice dog," added Will.

"He let us play with him," explained little Percy. And they hurried away with a plateful of bread for their playmate.

The new dog was really a comfort, mother said. Her mind had not been so easy about the boys since the flood came with its snakes and alligators, and perhaps other and undreamed-of dangers. They were at least safe up in the garret with a good-natured dog.

They trotted off every morning as soon as they had finished breakfast, with an ample supply for Mont'rey—his name was "Mont'rey," they said, "after Grandpa's leg"—and shouts of gleeful laughter and joyous cries would presently come ringing down the stairs.

One day they took old Jupe up to the play-room to introduce him to the new dog. But Jupe evidently did not find the new dog to his liking, for we heard him utter a wild yell, and directly he came tearing down the stairs, with his tail between his legs and the skin fairly quivering on his lean body. He plunged into the water and made for Mammy's cabin; and no threats or coaxing could thereafter induce him to enter the great-house.

One afternoon, when the glee overhead was louder even than usual, Mère, who had a headache, said to mother: "Lucille, I wish you would go up and tell the little boys, and the new dog, to be just a little more quiet."

When mother reached the head of the second

stairway, she opened the door of the play-room and looked in.

They were playing "soldier." Little Percy marched at the head of the line, beating lustily upon an old tin bucket; Will followed, with his lath sword held stiffly against his breast; Charley and Sam trod hard upon his heels, their stick-guns upon their shoulders and their canteens swinging at their sides. And the new dog, with Percy's straw hat stuck on the back of his head, brought up the rear, walking on his hind legs.

Mother turned pale at the sight of him, and almost swooned. The new dog was a big shaggy, half-grown black bear!

He had been driven in by the overflow and tamed by the innocent confidence of his little hosts!

He dropped on all-fours and growled when mother came in, but, seeing that his comrades marched away undisturbed, he cocked his head a little on one side and stood up again; and there they went, around and around, the tin drum rattling, the small Captain gravely marking time, the "comp'ny" keeping step.

"Boom!" said an imaginary cannon. Charley and Sam fell down groaning. The bear stood still and looked at them. But Captain Will gave him a smart slap with his lath sword, and down he tumbled in a heap with the others.

"Isn't he a good doggie, mother?" asked Charley, when they had all scrambled to their feet.

Mother said yes, though her knees trembled.

"We've put another name to him," Sam said.

"We call him 'Mont'rey' after Grandpa's leg, and 'Bull Run' after Captain Brion's battle."

After that Mont'rey-Bull-Run was brought down stairs and became one of the family. His antics kept the whole house in an uproar; even Mère, who was afraid of him, could not help laughing at him.

The water by this time was beginning to drain slowly away from the plantation; the tops of the little hedges showed first, and then the leaves of the violet-beds and finally the yellowed grass.

One morning when Mammy opened the dining-room door she uttered a cry of dismay. The floor was strewn with broken dishes, chairs and tables were overturned, the doors of the side-board were swung open, the lower panes of the long windows were smashed. In the midst of the chaos sat Mont'rey-Bull-Run digging his paws into a broken honey-jar clasped in his arm, and licking them with little snorts of delight. Mammy pounced upon him with her broom.

We never saw Mont'rey-Bull-Run again.

(By permission of Major Thomas E. Davis and Lothrop, Lee & Shepherd Co.)

WILLIAM BARRETT TRAVIS.

WILLIAM BARRETT TRAVIS was born in Conecuh County, Alabama, in 1811. He practiced law for a short time, but poverty soon led him, in the hope of better opportunities, to move to Texas. His courageous death there, March 6, 1836, has made his name synonymous with bravery throughout the world.

Before the Texas War of Independence the Mexicans had converted the old mission station near San Antonio into a fortress and had named it Fort Alamo. Shortly after the beginning of hostilities Travis, with one hundred and forty men, was sent to defend the Alamo. It was besieged by Santa Anna and his army of four thousand troops. For ten days the Texans repelled every attack, until, worn down to a handful, the Mexicans entered the fort, and in a hand-to-hand combat thinned down the ranks of the defenders until but six remained, and among these immortal six were Travis, Crockett and Bowie. Santa Anna's blood thirst was not satisfied till these too were cut to pieces.

The heroism of these men has often been described, but never so perfectly and so briefly as in the familiar sentence, "Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat, the Alamo had none."

A LETTER FROM THE ALAMO.

COMMANDANCY OF THE ALAMO,
BEJAR, February 24th, 1836.

*To the People of Texas and all Americans in the
World:*

Fellow-Citizens and Compatriots—I am besieged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continual

bombardment and cannonade for twenty-four hours, and have not lost a man. The enemy has demanded a surrender at discretion, otherwise the garrison are to be put to the sword, if the fort is taken. I have answered the demand with a cannon shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. I shall never surrender or retreat. Then, I call on you in the name of Liberty, of patriotism and everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all dispatch. The enemy is receiving reinforcements daily, and no doubt will increase to three or four thousand in four or five days. If this call is neglected I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor and that of his country. Victory or death!

• WILLIAM BARRETT TRAVIS,
Lt. Col. Comdt.

P. S.—The Lord is on our side. When the enemy appeared in sight we had not three bushels of corn. We have since found in deserted houses eighty or ninety, and got into the walls twenty or thirty head of beeves. TRAVIS.

JAMES TINKER SMITH.

JAMES TINKER SMITH was born in St. Mary's Parish, Louisiana, in 1816. He was left an orphan in his early boyhood. He was sent by his guardians to Scotland, where he was graduated from the University of Edinburgh. He returned to Louisiana to manage his large plantations.

He published a collection of his own poems together with a translation of the Meditations of Lamartine. He died at Franklin, La., August 10, 1854.

THE MOTHER'S SONG.

WHAT is sweeter than the song,
When the lark to heaven doth soar?
What is sweeter than night's rest,
When the work of day is o'er?
What sweeter than the sound
Of the small waves on the shore?
'Tis the sound of little feet,
As they patter on the floor.

What is softer than the down
Which the pretty ducklings seek,
As they crowd the parent round
In the pool or in the creek?
What is sweeter than the words
Which the dearest friends may speak?
It is little baby's kiss,
When he kisses mother's cheek.

What is lovelier than the rose,
As it blushes on the stalk?
What is sweeter in the garden
Than the merry mocker's mock?
It is to hear the prattle
Of the little baby's talk,
And to see the tiny footprints
When he toddles o'er the walk.

There is music in the voice
Of the bird upon the tree,
There is music in the wings
Of the little summer bee;
But not a chord in nature's harp,
Though sweetly strung it be,
Has half the music in it
Of my baby's laugh to me.

O Father of the innocent,
Look from thy throne on high,
And shield my little baby
With the power of thine eye!
For often in the dreary night
I lay me down and cry,
To think how desolate I'd be
Should little baby die.

POET'S THOUGHTS.

WHAT doth the poet think about?

Sweet maiden, 'tis a question deep,
And thou must ask of many a one
Who night and daily vigils keep;
For every poet hath a thought,
To which all other ones are naught;
And yet that cherished thought shall be
A thing on earth he ne'er shall see.

What doth the poet think upon?

The hope that earth shall ne'er fulfill,
Amid his cloud-piled thoughts, that run
Far heavenward, doth he wander still—
Still in their false, unstable breast,
In vain his sinking feet seek rest;
As one who dream-crazed walks the sea,
The poet's fevered search shall be.

What doth the poet think upon?

When first life's prospect doth unroll,
He sees that light-clothed form alone,
That with fierce gladness clasps his soul;
No other thought than that is near,
To shake his soul with joy or fear;
That love, which never bliss shall see,
His first wild fevered love shall be.

What doth the poet think upon?

When that first fevered love is dead,
The wish, the light of life is gone,
And desolate he lifts his head.

Another love shall fire his heart,
And teach to dare the patriot's part;
Yet curses, chains and calumnie,
The patriot-poet's dream shall see.

He turns from earth, and God is sought,
'Midst all the cabalistic lore,
That sage and scholiast have brought,
Ages and ages searching o'er;
For truth he seeks, and yet can scan
Nought but the mummeries of man;
He seeks for God, and finds at last
A molten image men have cast.

His soul is sick—his dreams depart
To lands that sages never knew;
The thought-bulb planted in his heart
Hath burst the vase in which it grew;
His shattered vision streams on high,
Far, maiden, far beyond the sky!
And 'lone by lake, or wood, or sea,
He dreams of God, and love, and thee.

Yet deem not horrid all his task,
Nor all unblest the poet's dream;
In sunset beauty doth it bask,
And oft in morning glory gleam;
And for him, ringing in the air,
Are sounds that mortals never hear;
Then give me, with its blasting fire,
The poet's curse—the poet's lyre!

ALEXANDER WALKER.

THIS distinguished journalist was born in Fredericksburg, Va., October 13, 1819. He enjoyed the benefits of an exceptionally good education and soon displayed literary tastes and ambitions. He moved to New Orleans in 1840, where his preference for a career of letters caused him to abandon the practice of law and give himself entirely to the profession of his choice. He became editor, at various times, of the *Jeffersonian*, *Delta*, *Times*, *Herald*, and *Picayune*, all of New Orleans, and of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*.

Among his best received works were *Jackson and New Orleans*; *Life of Andrew Jackson*, and *Butler at New Orleans*. The simplicity, naturalness and animation of his style all combine to make his books delightful reading.

LAFITTE "THE PIRATE" FROM JACKSON AND NEW ORLEANS

About one mile above New Orleans, opposite the flourishing City of Jefferson, and on the right bank of the Mississippi, there is a small canal, now used by fishermen and hunters, which approaches within a few hundred yards of the river's bank.

The small craft that ply on this canal are taken up on cars, which run into the water by an inclined plane, and are then hauled by mules to the river. Launched upon the rapid current of the Mississippi, these boats are soon borne into the Crescent port of New Orleans. Following this canal, which runs nearly due west for five or six miles, we reach a deep, narrow and tortuous bayou.

Descending this bayou, which for forty miles threads its sluggish course through an impenetrable swamp, we pass into a large lake girt with sombre forests and gloomy swamps, and resonant with the hoarse croakings of alligators and the screams of swamp fowls.

From this lake, by a still larger bayou, we pass into another lake, and from that to another, until we reach an island, on which are discernible, at a considerable distance, several elevated knolls, and where a scant vegetation and a few trees maintain a feeble existence. At the lower end of this island there are some curious high mounds of shells, which are thought to mark the burial of some extinct tribes. This surmise has been confirmed by the discovery of human bones below the surface of these mounds. The elevation formed by the series of mounds is known as the Temple, from a tradition that the Natchez Indians used to assemble there to offer sacrifices to their chief deity, the "Great Sun." This lake or bayou finally empties into the Gulf of Mexico by two outlets between which lies the beautiful island of Grand Terre.

This island is now occupied and cultivated by a Creole family as a sugar plantation, producing annually four or five hundred hogsheads of sugar. At the western extremity of the island stands a large and powerful fortification, which has been quite recently erected by the United States, and named after one of the most distinguished benefactors of Louisiana, Edward Livingston. This fort commands the western entrance or strait leading from the Gulf into the

lake or bay of Barataria. Here, safely sheltered, some two or three miles from the Gulf, is a snug little harbor, where vessels drawing from seven to eight feet of water may ride in safety, out of the reach of the fierce storms that so often sweep the Gulf of Mexico.

Here may be found, even now, the foundations of houses, the brickwork of a rude fort, and other evidences of an ancient settlement. This is the spot which has become so famous in the history and romances of the Southwest as the "Pirate's Home," the retreat of the dread Corsair of the Gulf, whom the genius of Byron, and of many succeeding poets and novelists, has consecrated as one who

"Left a corsair's name to other times,
Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes."

Such is poetry—such is romance. But authentic history, by which alone these sketches are guided, dissipates all these fine flights of the poet and romancer.

Jean Lafitte, the so-called Pirate and Corsair, was a blacksmith from Bordeaux, France, who, within the recollection of several old citizens now living in New Orleans, kept his forge at the corner of Bourbon and St. Philip Streets. He had an older brother, Pierre, who was a seafaring character, and had served in the French navy. Neither was a pirate, and Jean knew not enough of the art of navigation to manage a jolly boat. But he was a man of good address and appearance, of considerable shrewdness, of generous and liberal heart and adventurous spirit.

Shortly after the cession of Louisiana to the United States, a series of events occurred which made the Gulf of Mexico the arena of the most extensive and profitable privateering. First came the war between France and Spain, which afforded the inhabitants of the French islands a good pretence to depredate upon the rich commerce of the Spanish possessions—the most valuable and productive in the New World. The Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea swarmed with privateers, owned and employed by men of all nations, who obtained their commissions (by purchase) from the French authorities at Martinique and Guadalupe. Among these were not a few neat and trim crafts belonging to the staid citizens of New England, who, under the tricolor of France, experienced no scruples in perpetrating acts which, though not condemned by the laws of nations, in their spirit as well as in their practical results bear a strong resemblance to piracy. The British capture and occupation of Guadalupe and Martinique, in 1806, in which expeditions Colonel Ed. Pakenham, who will figure conspicuously in these sketches, distinguished himself and received a severe wound, broke up a favorite retreat of these privateers. Shortly after this Colombia declared her independence of Spain, and invited to her port of Carthagená the patriots and adventurers of all nations to aid her struggle against the mother country. Thither flocked all the privateers and buccaneers of the Gulf. Commissions were promptly given or sold to them to sail under the Colombian flag and to prey upon

the commerce of poor old Spain, who, invaded and despoiled at home, had neither means nor spirit to defend her distant possessions.

The success of the privateers was brilliant. It is a narrow line at the best which divides piracy from privateering, and it is not at all wonderful that the reckless sailors of the Gulf sometimes lost sight of it. The shipping of other countries was, no doubt, frequently mistaken for that of Spain. Rapid fortunes were made in this business. Capitalists embarked their means in equipping vessels for privateering. Of course they were not responsible for the excesses which were committed by those in their employ, nor did they trouble themselves to inquire into all the acts of their agents. Finally, however, some attention was excited by this wholesale system of legalized pillage. The privateers found it necessary to secure some safe harbor, into which they could escape from the ships of war, where they could be sheltered from the northerners, and where, too, they could establish a depot for the sale and smuggling of their spoils. It was a sagacious thought which selected the little bay or cove of Grand Terre for this purpose. It was called Barataria, and several huts and storehouses were built there, and cannon planted on the beach. Here rallied the privateers of the Gulf, with their fast-sailing schooners, armed to the teeth and manned by fierce-looking men, who wore sharp cutlasses, and might be taken anywhere for pirates, without offence. They were the desperate men of all nations, embracing as well those who

had occupied respectable positions in the naval or merchant service, who were instigated to their present pursuit by the love of gain, as those who had figured in the bloody scenes of the buccaneers of the Spanish Main. Besides its inaccessibility to vessels of war, the Bay of Barataria recommended itself by another important consideration: it was near to the City of New Orleans, the mart of the growing valley of the Mississippi, and from it the lakes and bayous afforded an easy water communication, nearly to the banks of the Mississippi, within a short distance of the city. A regular organization of the privateers was established, officers were chosen, and agents appointed in New Orleans to enlist men and negotiate the sale of goods.

Among the most active and sagacious of these town agents was the blacksmith of St. Philip Street, who, following the example of much greater and more pretentious men, abandoned his sledge and anvil, and embarked in the lawless and more adventurous career of smuggling and privateering. Gradually, by his success, enterprise and address, Jean Lafitte obtained such ascendancy over the lawless congregation at Barataria that they elected him their captain or commander.

There is a tradition that this choice gave dissatisfaction to some of the more warlike of the privateers, and particularly to Gambio, a savage, grim Italian, who did not scruple to prefer the title and character of "Pirate" to the puling, hypocritical one of "Privateer." But it is said, and

the story is verified by an aged Italian, one of the only two survivors of the Baratarians, now resident in Grand Terre, who rejoices in the "nickname," indicative of a ghastly sabre cut across the face, of "Cut Nose," that Lafitte found it necessary to sustain his authority by some terrible example, and when one of Gambio's followers resisted his orders he shot him through the heart before the whole band. Whether this story be true or not, there can be no doubt that in the year 1813, when the association had attained its greatest prosperity, Lafitte held undisputed authority and control over it. He certainly conducted his administration with energy and ability. A large fleet of small vessels rode in the harbor, besides others that were cruising. Their storehouses were filled with valuable goods. Hither resorted merchants and traders from all parts of the country to purchase goods, which, being cheaply obtained, could be retailed at a large profit. A small number of vessels were employed in transporting goods to New Orleans, through the bayou we have described, just as oysters, fish and game are now brought.

On reaching the head of the bayou, these goods would be taken out of the boats and placed on the backs of mules, to be carried to the river bank, whence they would be ferried across into the city at night. In the city they had many agents who disposed of these goods.

In July, 1814, the grand jury of New Orleans made a terrible exposure of the audacity and extent of these unlawful transactions. The re-

port concludes with a severe reproof of the executive of the State, and of the United States, for neglecting the proper measures to suppress these evil practices.

The tenor of this presentment leads to the belief that the word "piracy," as used by the grand jury, was intended to include only the more common offences of fitting out privateers within the United States to operate against the ships of nations with which they were at peace, and that of smuggling.

Pierre Lafitte was arrested on these indictments. An application for bail was refused, and he was incarcerated in the calaboose, or city prison, now occupied by the Sixth District Court of New Orleans.

These transactions betokening a vigorous determination on the part of the authorities to break up the establishment at Barataria, Jean Lafitte proceeded to that place, and was engaged in collecting the vessels and property of the association, with a view of departing to some more secure retreat, when an event occurred which he thought would afford him an opportunity of propitiating the favor of the government and securing for himself and his companions a pardon for their offences.

It was on the morning of the second of September, 1814, that the settlement of Barataria was aroused by the report of cannon in the direction of the Gulf. Lafitte immediately ordered out a small boat, in which, rowed by four of his men, he proceeded toward the mouth of the strait. Here he perceived a brig of war, lying

just outside of the inlet, with the British colors flying at the masthead. As soon as Lafitte's boat was perceived, the gig of the brig shot off from her side and approached him.

In this gig were three officers, clad in naval uniform, and one in the scarlet of the British army. They bore a white signal in the bows and a British flag in the stern of their boat. The officers proved to be Captain Lockyer, of his Majesty's navy, with a lieutenant of the same service, and Captain McWilliams, of the army. On approaching the boat of the Baratarians, Captain Lockyer called out his name and style, and inquired if Mr. Lafitte was at home in the bay, as he had an important communication for him. Lafitte replied that the person they desired could be seen ashore, and invited the officers to accompany him to their settlement. They accepted the invitation, and the boats were rowed through the strait into the Bay of Barataria. On their way Lafitte confessed his true name and character, whereupon Captain Lockyer delivered to him a paper package. Lafitte enjoined upon the British officers to conceal the true object of their visit from his men, who might, if they suspected their design, attempt some violence against them. Despite these cautions, the Baratarians, on recognizing the uniform of the strangers, collected on the shore in a tumultuous and threatening manner, and clamored loudly for their arrest. It required all Lafitte's art, address and influence to calm them. Finally, however, he succeeded in conducting the British to his apartments, where

they were entertained in a style of elegant hospitality, which greatly surprised them.

The best wines of old Spain, the richest fruits of the West Indies, and every variety of fish and game were spread out before them, and served on the richest carved silver plate. The affable manner of Lafitte gave great zest to the enjoyment of his guests. After the repast, and when they had all smoked cigars of the finest Cuban flavor, Lafitte requested his guests to proceed to business. The package directed to "Mr. Lafitte" was then opened and the contents read. They consisted of a proclamation and several letters.

The originals of these letters may now be seen in the records of the United States District Court in New Orleans, where they were filed by Lafitte. They contain the most flattering offers to Lafitte, on the part of the British officials, if he would aid them, with his vessels and men, in their contemplated invasion of the State of Louisiana. Captain Lockyer proceeded to enforce the offers by many arguments. He stated that Lafitte, his vessels and men, would be enlisted in the honorable service of the British navy; that he would receive the rank of captain (an offer which must have brought a smile to the face of the unnautical blacksmith of St. Philip Street), and the sum of thirty thousand dollars; that, being a Fenchman, proscribed and persecuted by the United States, with a brother then in prison, he should unite with the English, as the English and French were now fast friends; that a splendid prospect was now opened to him

in the British navy, as from his knowledge of the Gulf coast he could guide them in their expedition to New Orleans, which had already started; that it was the purpose of the English government to penetrate the upper country and act in concert with the forces in Canada; that everything was prepared to carry on the war with unusual vigor; that they were sure of success, expecting to find little or no opposition from the French and Spanish population of Louisiana, whose interests and manners were opposed and hostile to those of the Americans; and, finally, it was declared by Captain Lockyer to be the purpose of the British to free the slaves and arm them against the white people who resisted their authority and progress.

Lafitte, affecting an acquiescence in these propositions, begged to be permitted to go to one of the vessels lying out in the bay to consult an old friend and associate in whose judgment he had great confidence. Whilst he was absent the men, who had watched suspiciously the conference, many of whom were Americans, and not the less patriotic because they had a taste for privateering, proceeded to arrest the British officers, threatening to kill or deliver them up to the Americans. In the midst of this clamor and violence, Lafitte returned and immediately quieted his men by reminding them of the laws of honor and humanity, which forbade any violence to persons who come among them with a flag of truce. He assured them that their honor and rights would be safe and sacred in his charge. He then

escorted the British to their boats, and, after declaring to Captain Lockyer that he only required a few days to consider the flattering proposals, and would be ready at a certain time to deliver his final reply, took a respectful leave of his guests, and, escorting them to their boat, kept them in view until they were out of reach of the men on shore.

Lafitte affected an acquiescence in these propositions. But immediately after the departure of the British he sat down and addressed a long letter to Mr. Blanque, a member of the House of Representatives of Louisiana, which he commenced by declaring that, "though proscribed in my adopted country, I will never miss an occasion of serving her, or of proving that she has never ceased to be dear to me." He then details the circumstances of Captain Lockyer's arrival in his camp, and encloses the letters to him. He then proceeds to say: "I may have evaded the payment of duties to the custom-house, but I have never ceased to be a good citizen, and all the offences I have committed have been forced upon me by certain vices in the laws." He then expresses the hope that the service he is enabled to render the authorities by delivering the enclosed letters "may obtain some amelioration of the situation of an unhappy brother," adding with considerable force and feeling: "Our enemies have endeavored to work upon me, by a motive which few men would have resisted. They represented to me a brother in irons, a brother who is to me very dear, whose deliverer I might

become, and I declined the proposal, well persuaded of his innocence. I am free from fear as to the issue of a trial, but he is sick and not in a place where he can receive the assistance he requires." Through Mr. Blanque, Lafitte addressed a letter to Governor Claiborne, in which he stated very distinctly his position and desires.

Upon the receipt of these letters, Governor Claiborne convoked a council of the principal officers of the army, navy and militia then in New Orleans, to whom he submitted the letters.

The only result of this council was to hasten the steps, which had been previously commenced, to fit out an expedition to Barataria to break up Lafitte's establishment. In the meantime, the two weeks asked for by Lafitte to consider the British proposal having expired, Captain Lockyer appeared off Grand Terre, and hovered around the inlet several days, anxiously awaiting the approach of Lafitte. At last, his patience being exhausted, and mistrusting the intentions of the Baratarians, he retired. It was about this time that the spirit of Lafitte was sorely tried by the intelligence that the constituted authorities, whom he had supplied with such valuable information, instead of appreciating his generous exertions in behalf of his country, were actually equipping an expedition to destroy his establishment. This was truly an ungrateful return for services which may now be justly estimated. Nor is it satisfactorily shown that mercenary motives did not mingle with those which prompted some of the parties engaged in this expedition.

The rich plunder of the "Pirate's Retreat," the valuable fleet of small coasting vessels that rode in the Bay of Barataria, the exaggerated stories of a vast amount of treasure, heaped up in glittering piles, in dark, mysterious caves, of chests of Spanish doubloons, buried in the sand, contributed to inflame the imagination and avarice of some of the individuals who were active in getting up this expedition.

A naval and land force was organized under Commodore Paterson and Colonel Ross, which proceeded to Barataria, and with a pompous display of military power entered the Bay. The Baratarians at first thought of resisting with all their means, which were considerable. They collected on the beach, armed; their cannon were placed in position, and matches were lighted; when, lo! to their amazement and dismay, the Stars and Stripes became visible through the mist.

Against the power which that banner proclaimed they were unwilling to lift their hands. They then surrendered, a few escaping up the bayou in small boats. Lafitte, conformably to his pledge, on hearing of the expedition, had gone to the German Coast—as it is called—above New Orleans. Commodore Paterson seized all the vessels of the Baratarians, and, filling them and his own with the rich goods found on the island, returned to New Orleans loaded with spoils. The Bartarians who were captured were ironed and committed to the calaboose. The vessels, money and stores taken in this expedition were claimed as lawful prizes of Commodore Paterson and

Colonel Ross. Out of this claim grew a protracted suit, which elicited the foregoing facts, and resulted in establishing the innocence of Lafitte of all other offences but those of privateering, or employing persons to privateer against the commerce of Spain under commissions from the Republic of Colombia, and bringing his prizes to the United States, to be disposed of, contrary to the provisions of the neutrality act.

The charge of piracy against Lafitte, or even against the men of the association of which he was the chief, remains to this day unsupported by a single particle of direct and positive testimony.

(By permission of Norman McF. Walker.)





Mary Ashley Tompkins.

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

MARY ASHLEY (VAN VOORHIS) TOWNSEND was born in Lyons, N. Y., in 1836, was married in 1856 to Gideon Townsend, and moved to New Orleans, which city she made her home until her death. When the Cotton States Exposition was opened in New Orleans she was selected to deliver the dedication poem. Her first literary effort was the prose story *Brother Clerks; A Tale of New Orleans*. This was followed by *Down the Bayou and Other Poems*, and *Distaff and Spindle*. The latter contains nearly seventy sonnets and includes the best of her poetry. Mrs. Townsend is a striking instance of the unfortunate and unjust conditions that have, until recently, denied Southern writers their proper position in the world of letters. Her poetry, written in a Northern community, would have won for her the acknowledged rank of one of the foremost of American poetesses.

DOWN THE BAYOU.

WE DRIFTED down the long lagoon,
My Love, my Summer Love and I,
Far out of sight of all the town,
The old Cathedral sinking down,
With spire and cross, from view below
The borders of St. John's bayou,
As toward the ancient Spanish Fort,
With steady prow and helm a-port,
We drifted down, my Love and I,
Beneath an azure April sky,
My Love and I, my Love and I,
Just at the hour of noon.

We drifted down, and drifted down,
My Love, my Summer Love and I,
Beyond the Creole part of town;
Its red-tiled roofs, its stucco walls;
Its belfries, with their sweet bell-calls;
The Bishop's Palace, which enshrines
Such memories of the Ursulines;
Past balconies where maidens dreamed
Behind the shelter of cool vines;
Past open doors where parrots screamed;
Past courts where mingled shade and glare
Fell through pomegranate boughs, to where
The turbaned negress, drowsy grown,
Sat nodding in her ample chair;
Beyond the joyance and the stress,
Beyond the greater and the less,
Beyond the tiresome noonday town,
The parish prison's cupolas,
The bridges, with their creaking draws,
And many a convent's frown,—
We drifted on, my Love and I,
Beneath the semi-tropic sky,
While the clock-towers in the town
Spake the meridian bells that said,—

'Twas morn—'tis noon—
Time flies—and soon
Night follows noon.
Prepare! Beware!
Take care! Take care!
For soon—so soon—
Night follows noon,—
Dark night the noon,—
Noon! noon! noon! noon!

To right, to left the tiller turned,
In all its gaud, our painted prow.
Bend after bend our light keel spurned,
For sinuously the bayou's low
Dark waters 'neath the sunshine burned,
There, in that smiling southern noon,
As if some giant serpent wound
Along the lush and mellow ground
To mark the path we chose to go;
When, in sweet hours remembered now,
The long lagoon we drifted down;
My Love, my Summer Love and I,
Far out of reach of all the town,
Beyond the Ridge of Metairie,
And all its marble villages
Thronged with their hosts of Deaf and Dumb,
Who, to the feet of Death have come
And laid their earthly burdens down!

The wind was blowing from the south
When we had reached the bayou's mouth,
It laden came with rare perfumes,—
With spice of bays and orange blooms,
And mossy odors from the glooms
Of cypress swamps. Now and again,
Upon the fair Lake Pontchartrain,
White sails went nodding to the main;
And round about the painted hulls
Darted the sailing, swooping gulls,
Wailing and shrieking, as they flew
Unrestingly 'twixt blue and blue,
Like ghosts of drowned mariners
Rising from deep sea sepulchres,
To warn, with weird and woeful lips,

Who go down to the sea in ships.
We moored our boat beside the moat
Beneath the old Fort's crumbling wall.
No sudden drum gave warning sharp,
No martial order manned the Fort,
No watchful step the bastion smote,
No challenge from a sentry's throat
Sent down to us its questioning call.
No gleam of bayonet met the eye,
No banner broadened 'gainst the sky,
No clash of grounded arms was heard,
No ringing cheer, no murmured word,
No feet of armies marching by,
From moat and scarp and counterscarp,
From parapet to sally-port,
All lay untenanted and mute.
One grim, invisible sentinel,
Silence, gave to us sad salute,
Then died, as there our footsteps fell.

We climbed the ramparts, hand in hand,
There had the dumb, industrious moss
Woven its tapestries across
The ancient brickwork, with a touch
Like Love, which, loving, giveth much.
There, undisturbed, the lichen's slow,
Gray finger all the walls along
Had writ, in untranslated song,
Its history of the fair, low land,
Its courtly dames, its maidens fair,
Its men, brave, proud and debonair,
Its romance and its chivalry,
As known a hundred years ago.

Softly the fragrant southern breeze
From o'er the Mexic Gulf blew on,
Stirring the blossomed orange-trees,
And leafless groves of the pecan.
O'er crumbling paths we laughing went,
My Love, my Summer Love and I,
Or o'er the hidden trenches bent,
And lingered with a vague content
On bastion and on battlement.

There were the cannon, bleak and black,
Directed toward no foeman's track;
Swart battle's puny infants swung
In the rude cradle of a time
When dreams were dwarfs, invention young,
And science, with its white, sublime,
Eternal face, yet scarcely free
From swaddles of its infancy.
With deep throats void of e'en a threat,
Prone on the grass-grown parapet
In mute impotency they lay.
Up to the rigid mouth of one
A clambering rose its way had spun:
Freighting the air with sweet increase
Of fragrance, lavished near and far,
It clung there, like a kiss of Peace
On the barbaric lips of War.
With reverent hands we touched the strange,
Mute relics, that so sternly spake
Of strides that make the nations quake
With awe before the march of change.
To what might be, from what had been,
Our thoughts o'er luminous courses swept,
Till every boundary they o'erleapt

That marks the untried and unseen.
Then Doubt from her chill cloisters crept,
Surrendering unto Progress there
The rusting keys of all the realms
Dominioned by the dwarf, Despair;
And, wondering, conquered, awed, and dumb,
She gazèd toward the Yet to Come.

Like one some gladness overwhelms,
Till, in the joy with which 'tis rife,
Is drowned all dread of chancing grief,
I laughed, I dreamed, that sunny day,
And bound in one full fragrant sheaf
The goldenest harvests of my life.

(By Permission of Lewis H. Stanton.)

WILLIAM WIRT.

WILLIAM WIRT achieved distinction as a lawyer, orator, statesman, and author. He was born in Bladensburg, Md., November 8, 1774. He was well educated and in later years became more widely read than perhaps any other man of this country. He moved to Virginia to practice law, became Legislator, Judge, United States Attorney and, in 1817, Attorney General of the United States, and held this position for twelve years.

Some of his works were Addresses; Rainbow; Letters of the British Spy, and Life of Patrick Henry. So great is the charm of this last work that, although written a hundred years ago, it still retains an unusual popularity.

He died in Washington, D. C., February 18, 1834.

MR. HENRY AGAINST JOHN HOOK.

FROM

LIFE OF PATRICK HENRY.

HOOK was a Scotchman, a man of wealth, and suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. During the distresses of the American army, consequent upon the joint invasion of Cornwallis and Phillips in 1781, a Mr. Venable, an army commissary, had taken two of Hook's steers for the use of the troops. The act had not been strictly legal; and on the establishment of peace, Hook, under the advice of Mr. Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr. Venable in the district court of New London. Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and is

said to have disported himself in this cause to the infinite enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook always excepted. After Mr. Henry became animated in the cause, says a correspondent (Judge Stuart), he appeared to have complete control over the passions of his audience; at one time he excited their indignation against Hook; vengeance was visible in every countenance; again, when he chose to relax and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter. He painted the distresses of the American army, exposed almost naked to the rigour of a winter's sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they marched with the blood of their unshod feet—"where was the man," he said, "who had an American heart in his bosom who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellar, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast to have received with open arms the meanest soldier in that little band of patriots? Where is the man? There he stands; but, whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge." He then carried the jury, by the powers of his imagination, to the plains around York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of; he depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors of his eloquence—the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British, as they marched out of their trenches; they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot face, and heard the shouts of victory and the cry of "Washington and Liberty!" as it rang and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores

of the neighboring river—"but, hark! what notes of discord are these which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory? They are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, beef! beef! beef!"

The whole audience was convulsed: a particular incident will give a better idea of the effect than any general description. The clerk of the court, unable to command himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum in his place, rushed out of the courthouse, and threw himself on the grass, in the most violent paroxysm of laughter, where he was rolling when Hook, with very different feelings, came out for relief into the yard also. "Jimmy Steptoe," said he to the clerk, "what ails you, man?" Mr. Steptoe was only able to say that he could not help it. "Never you mind," said Hook, "wait till Billy Cowan gets up; he'll show him the law." Mr. Cowan, however, was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client that when he rose to reply to Mr. Henry he was scarcely able to make an intelligible or audible remark. The cause was decided almost by acclamation. The jury retired for form's sake, and instantly returned with a verdict for the defendant. Nor did the effect of Mr. Henry's speech stop here. The people were so highly excited by the Tory audacity of such a suit that Hook began to hear around him a cry more terrible than that of beef; it was the cry of tar and feathers; from the application of which, it is said, that nothing saved him but a precipitate flight and the speed of his horse.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY was born in England while his father was in that country as Commissioner for the United States. He remained in England for nine years, then came to Maryland, the home of his parents. He completed his education in Baltimore, entered the Navy and served for eight years, returned to Baltimore, practiced law, edited the *Marylander*, and was Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Maryland. He died April 11, 1828. He was the author of a collection of poems.

A HEALTH.

I FILL this cup to one made up

Of loveliness alone :

A woman, of her gentle sex

The seeming paragon ;

To whom the better elements

And kindly stars have given

A form so fair that, like the air,

'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,

Like those of morning birds,

And something more than melody

Dwells ever in her words ;

The coinage of her heart are they,

And from her lips each flows

As one may see the burthened bee

Forth issue from the rose.

Of her bright face one glance will trace

A picture on the brain,

And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain ;
But memory such as mine of her
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone :
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon—
Her health ! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

SONG.

WE break the glass, whose sacred wine
To some beloved health we drain,
Lest future pledges, less divine,
Should e'er the hallowed toy profane ;
And thus I broke a heart, that poured
Its tide of feelings out for thee,
In draughts, by after-times deplored,
Yet dear to memory.

But still the old empassioned ways
And habits of my mind remain,
And still unhappy light displays
Thine image chambered in my brain,
And still it looks as when the hours
Went by like flights of singing birds,
Or that soft chain of spoken flowers
And airy gems, thy words.

THOMAS JEFFERSON GREEN.

THOUGH more distinguished as a soldier than as an author, Thomas Jefferson Green has written an account of the chief event in his life, *The Mier Expedition*, in a style simple, vivid and graphic, that makes his book more readable than many a more polished one.

He was born in Warren County, North Carolina, in 1801, and died there December 13, 1863. He went to Texas at the time of her struggle for independence, and, entering into that conflict, was promoted to be brigadier general of volunteers. In 1843, defying the authority of his superior officer, General Summerville, he attacked the town of Mier. He was defeated and, together with one hundred and ninety-three of his men, was taken, prisoner, to the town of Salado. Shortly after their arrival each tenth man was, by the order of Santa Anna, shot to death. On September 16, 1844, Green and the others that had survived the horrors of the imprisonment were released. He returned to Texas, moved from there to California, and later back to the State of his birth. He served in the Confederate Army during the early campaigns in Virginia, but, broken in health, returned to his home to die before the war was over.

TEXAS PATRIOTS PRISONERS IN MEXICO.

FROM

THE MIER EXPEDITION.

SOON after they arrived, our men received the melancholy intelligence that they were to be decimated, and each tenth man shot.

It was now too late to resist this horrible order. Our men were closely ironed and drawn up in front of all their guards, who were in readiness to fire. Could they have known it previously they would have again charged their guards, and made them pay dearly for the last breach of faith. It was now too late! A manly gloom and a proud defiance filled all faces. They had but one resort, and that was to invoke their country's vengeance upon their murderers, consign their souls to God, and die like men.

The decimator, Colonel Domingo Huerta, who was especially nominated to this black deed, had arrived at Salado ahead of our men. The "Red-cap" company were to be the executioners; those men whose lives had been so humanely spared by our men at this place on the 11th of February.

The decimation took place by the drawing of black and white beans from a small earthen mug. The white ones signified life and the black death. One hundred and fifty-nine white beans were placed in the bottom of the mug with seventeen black ones upon the top of them. The beans were not stirred, and had so slight a shake that it was perfectly clear that they had not been mixed together. Such was their anxiety to execute Captain Cameron, and perhaps the balance of the officers, that first Cameron, and afterward the other officers, were made to draw a bean each from the mug in this condition.

Cameron said, with his usual coolness: "Well, boys, we have to draw; let's be at it." So saying, he thrust his hand into the mug and drew out a white bean. Next came Colonel Wilson, who was

chained to him; then Captain Ryan, and then Judge Gibson, all of whom drew white beans. Next came Captain Eastland, who drew the first black one, and then came the balance of the men. The knocking off the irons from the unfortunates alone told who they were.

They all drew their beans with that manly dignity and firmness which showed them superior to their condition. None showed change of countenance; and as the black beans failed to depress so did the white beans fail to elate. Some of lighter temper jested over the tragedy. One would say: "Boys, this beats raffling all to pieces;" another would say: "This is the tallest gambling scrape I ever was in."

Major Cocke, when he first drew the fatal bean, held it up before his forefinger and thumb, and with a smile of contempt said: "Boys, I told you so; I never failed in my life to draw a prize."

Soon after, the fated men were placed in a separate courtyard, where about dark they were executed. Several of our men were permitted to visit the unfortunates to receive their dying requests.

Just previous to the firing they were bound together with cords, and their eyes being bandaged they were set upon a log near the wall with their backs to the executioners. They all begged the officer to shoot them in front and at a short distance. This he refused; and, to make his cruelty as refined as possible, he fired at several paces.

During the martyrdom of these patriots the main body of our men were separated from them by a stone wall some fifteen feet high. The next

morning, as they marched on the road to Mexico, they passed the bodies of their dead comrades, whose bones now lie upon the plains of Salado, a perishing remembrance of exalted patriotism.

Upon our arrival at the village of Perote, in looking north about one mile we could see the massive walls of the castle, with its numerous port-holes and dark-mouthed artillery. Upon nearer approach, in making our way through its winding entrance and across the drawbridge over the great moat, the din of arms and the clank of chains opened our eyes to the reality of imprisonment.

There is a mockery in many things in Mexico, and now there was a mock mercy by way of three days' grace extended to us before our chains were riveted. During these three days we had the privilege of walking about in certain parts of the castle in the daytime, estimating its capacity, military strength, etc.

At 9 o'clock on the fourth day after our confinement the Mier men were ordered to stand aside to receive their chains, a full ton of which had been brought out and laid in a heap, with a corresponding quantity of cumbrous, rudely made clevises to fit around the ankles. Here stood the fat old officer in charge, a Captain Gozeman. He desired Fisher and me to make choice of our chain. In fact, there was no choice between them, the lightest weighing twenty pounds; and, even if there had been any difference, neither of us was in the temper to make the choice. We held forth our feet, the one a right and the other a left foot, and the son of Vulcan riveted us together as

though we had been a pair of unbroken oxen just being introduced to the yoke.

Colonel Fisher and I being first ironed, laughed at the "jewelry," as the boys called the chains. We started to our cells, but the inconvenience of being coupled so closely together determined us to separate. Upon reaching our cell, we looked out for the means of breaking so large a chain. Texans are a most ingenious people, and are usually equal to the emergency. We soon found means to accomplish our purpose.

In our prison room lay a loose stone, about one foot across, one side of which was slightly concave. In the room we also found a six-pound cannon shot. We sat flat upon the floor with the stone in our laps, the concave side up, and, covered with a blanket as a non-conductor of sound, to prevent the alarm of the sentinel at the door. Then, placing the middle link of the chain across the concave surface of the stone, and another fold of the blanket over the link, we commenced hammering upon it until it came to fit the stone, turning it over and beating it back until it also fitted the other side, and thus, after twenty turnings of the link, it parted, leaving each of us about five feet of chain.

Our companions in turn were all ironed, and many were the devices they resorted to in order to free themselves from their chains when not in the presence of the officers. In that horribly cold place, sleeping upon the cold pavement, with the still colder iron for your bedfellow, is no pleasant situation. Some would bribe the blacksmith to make them leaden instead of iron rivets, which,

when blackened with charcoal, had much the appearance of iron, while they could be easily taken out or reheaded. Half a dollar would buy a leaden rivet; and for some time this ruse was practiced. Our old friend told the governor "that it would require as many blacksmiths to keep us ironed as there were Texans in the castle."

Our rations were such as, even without labor, would hardly have kept soul and body together. We fortunately had a small balance of funds. So long as it lasted our room-mates made out pretty well. A half a dollar each of lard, onions and red pepper, cut fine, put into our rations of poor beef, and recooked over a small earthen stove, made quite a savory meal for several. We also purchased sugar and coffee, and every day, at 12 o'clock, from the milkman, a gallon of donkey's milk. When we had the means, all of us took a hand at cooking.

A short time after we were ironed our fat friend very politely informed us that we must prepare to go to work. We very politely replied that, as we were Texan officers, we would do no such thing. He went with our reply to the governor. April 6th our corpulent friend returned to our prison and said that he had positive orders from the governor to make us go to work. Colonel Fisher, Captain Reese, and Lieutenant Clark, the only Mier officers present, pledged themselves to me that they would be shot down sooner than submit to the order, and so we informed him.

Time passed heavily, and, though we were repeatedly told that we must go to work, yet the order was not enforced. The balance of the men,

with the exception of those who had been excused, from inability or other causes, were, however, compelled to work.

I determined to return to my country or perish in the attempt. To escape from this strong place, guarded as it was with the most unremitting vigilance, was considered impossible by the Mexicans, and the project required the greatest caution, coolness and calculation. I made known my determination to Captain Reese, who agreed to join me in the enterprise, and also to stake his life upon the issue.

Our first plan was to scale the different walls, the height of which we could carefully estimate by the eye, during some stormy night when the sentinels could be most easily passed. We accordingly set about making arrangements. With all arrangements completed for our migration, we were yet prevented from doing so at this time, on account of the following circumstances:

In the central one of our prison rooms, which contained thirty-six of our countrymen, a few lion-hearted fellows determined also to make the attempt at escaping. They had commenced digging through an eight-foot wall, and if Captain Reese and I escaped by scaling the walls, which we now considered pretty certain of accomplishing, it would break up all further chances of others doing so by any means whatever. We then determined to join the plan of going through the walls, and all escaping at the same time.

All who determined upon the hazard were in high spirits, when we were informed, through General Thompson, that we would be released on

the 13th of June, Santa Anna's birthday. The 13th of June drew near, and every officer we met told us that "in a little time we would leave that place and return to our country and friends." The soldiers, by way of congratulating us, in their mixture of Spanish and English, would make a flourish peculiar to the Mexican people, dash their right hand through their left in the direction of Texas, and say: "Texas in a little while." Even this from the most stupid soldier flattered our desire; but the 13th came and went, and no liberation. The next day it was promised, but the next failed of liberation. The next, and still the next came and passed under a like promise from our officers, bringing with each successive day the chagrin of disappointment to take the place of joyous hopes.

Our arched cells were twenty feet wide by seventy long, with a door at one end opening in the castle, and a loophole at the other opening upon the outside, underneath which is the great moat. This loophole is a small aperture, upon the outside about four by twelve inches, and gradually widening through the eight-foot wall to about two feet upon the inside.

The tools with which we worked were narrow, inferior carpenter's chisels. Some of our men were employed in the carpenter shop making artillery carriages; and as they would come to their meals, and sleep in the same prison cells, they would smuggle the chisels out of the shop under their blankets.

As a water-drip will wear away the hardest granite, so the breach in the wall gradually grew

deeper under our incessant labor. This work was principally accomplished by drilling holes into the stone and mortar with the chisel, and prying off small pieces; and frequently after a hard day's labor not more than a hatful could be loosed. On the first day of July the hole had been drilled down to a thin shell on the outer side, which could be easily burst out, after the final preparation was made for leaving.

For some weeks previous to our escape those who intended to go were busily engaged, every safe opportunity, in completing their arrangements—fixing their knapsacks, saving all the bread they could procure, laying aside every cent to purchase fat bacon and chocolate. Having been furnished money by a friend in Mexico, I was enabled to supply several with sugar, coffee, and bacon.

At length, Sunday, the second day of July, opened upon us with a favorable sign. We passed the word for all who intended to go to be in readiness by night. Sixteen of our number finally determined to make the effort.

At seven o'clock we commenced our final preparations before leaving the room. This was to remove the shell of the wall yet upon the outside, then to make one end of the rope fast inside the room, and pass it through. By this we would have to let ourselves down to the bottom of the moat. When this was done, it was found that the hole was too small upon the outside to allow any but the smallest of our men to pass through, and it required two hours' hard work to scale some pieces of stone and mortar from one side of it, so

as to permit the larger ones to pass. This required until nine o'clock.

All things being now ready, John Toowig, a gallant son of the Emerald Isle, got into the hole feet foremost, and, drawing his bundle after him, inch by inch squeezed out, and let himself down hand over hand about thirty feet to the bottom of the moat. The depth and smallness of the hole rendered this operation exceedingly slow. Another and another followed, and at half past twelve, after three hours and a half of hard labor, all of the sixteen had safely landed.

The moon had gone down at eight o'clock, and being favored by the darkness in the bottom of the moat, through which the sentinels overhead could not penetrate, we slowly crossed over to the outer wall in Indian file, and then felt along the wall until we came to a flight of narrow steps eighteen inches wide, upon which we crawled on all-fours. When we reached the top we breathed more freely, for we were now in the wide world, and felt more like free men; and as the sentinels drolled out their sleepy notes of "Sentinel, watch out!" we jumped up, and cracked our heels together three times as a substitute for cheers three times three.

CHARLES JOSEPH COLTON.

CHARLES JOSEPH COLTON, journalist, poet and essayist, was born in New Orleans in 1868, and died there in 1916. He was admitted to the bar, but did not practice. For years he was connected with the *Times-Democrat*, leaving that paper to become editor of *Colton's Magazine*. He collected a number of his poems from these journals and published them under the title of *Various Verse*.

He unselfishly gave a large part of his time, as School Director, to the development and improvement of the school system of this city. His efforts, especially those directed towards the improvement of the methods of teaching spelling, have met with excellent results.

His life was made beautiful by his love for children and by the warmth and genuineness of their affection for him.

TO MY BABY BOY.

FROM

VARIOUS VERSE.

WHEN my baby's eyes first open
In the early morning light,
I go to him, and, peering
Down in those orbs so bright,
I ask, "Where's papa's baby?"
With such a roguish air
His hand will tap his bosom,
As he answers me,
"Wight dare."



Chas. J. Colton.

"Where are the little angels
That played with you, my boy,
As in your dreams you wandered
Last night in realms of joy?"
He seems to comprehend me;
Straight upward in the air
One chubby finger's pointing,
And the answer comes,
"Wight dare."

Along on through the daytime,
When dirt, from head to foot,
Encrusts his form and features,
The question I will put,
"Where is one clean spot, baby,
On that face anywhere?"
He points up to his forehead
And he answers me,
"Wight dare."

And when the years go winging,
And his time comes to die,
Among the angels singing
In bliss beyond the sky,
O Ruler of the Heavens
I beg Thee hear my prayer—
See to it, in Thy goodness,
That my darling is
"Wight dare."

A KITCHEN FREE-FOR-ALL.

FROM

VARIOUS VERSE.

THE fork said the corkscrew was crooked;
The remark made the flatiron sad;
The steel knife at once lost its temper,
And called the tea-holder a cad.
The tablespoon stood on its mettle;
The kettle exhibited bile;
The stove grew hot at the discussion,
But the ice remained cool all the while.

The way that the cabbage and lettuce
Kept their heads was a something sublime;
The greens dared the soup to mix with them,
And the latter, while it hadn't much thyme,
Got so mad it boiled over; the fire
Felt put out, and started to cry;
The oven then roasted the turkey,
And the cook gave the grease-spot the lye.

The plate said the clock in the corner
Transacted its business on tick,
And the plate, which for years had been battered,
The clock said was full of old nick.
The salt said the cream should be whipped;
The cinnamon laughed—in a rage;
The cream said the salt was too fresh,
And its friend wasn't thought to be sage.

Next the pepper, whose humor is spicy,

“I dare any fellow,” did cry,

“To caster reflection upon me.”

The mirror took up the defi.

Then the ax, with a wit sharp and cutting,

Declared that the rug had the floor,

While the key said the knob should be worshiped,

‘Cause it was the right thing to adore.

The bell, ringing in, said the cook-book

Must be bashful, else wherefore so read?

The stove-brush, a thing of some polish,

Looked down on the saucer and said

It thought that the same was too shallow,

But admitted the cup was quite deep;

The coffee tried to climb on the tea-leaves,

But discovered the same were too steep.

You’d not think a thing that’s so holey

As the sieve would have mixed in the fuss,

But it did, for it said that the butter

Was a slippery sort of a cuss.

No one knows how the row would have ended,

Had not the cook, Maggie O’Dowd,

Her work being done, closed the kitchen,

And thusly shut up the whole crowd.

(By permission of Mrs. Charles J. Colton.)

SUSAN BLANCHARD ELDER.

SUSAN B. ELDER was born in Fort Jessup, Sabine Parish, Louisiana, April 19, 1835. She spent a few of her earlier years in Massachusetts, but returned to attend school at St. Michael's Convent of the Sacred Heart, St. James Parish, Louisiana. She then made her home in New Orleans, but after the capture of the city she went to Selma, Ala. There she found the opportunity to serve the Confederacy with a labor of love and mercy, converting her house into a hospital for the wounded.

Soon after her return to New Orleans she became Instructor of Natural Science in the Girls' High School.

Her poems bespeak a pure and earnest nature and the fervor of devout religious feeling.

She has written the Life of Archbishop Elder; Life of Abbé Adrien Rouquette; Savonarola, and Elder Flowers.

A STATUE DUE SIEUR DE BIENVILLE.

(A Paper Read Before the Louisiana Historical Society, January, 1916.)

IT IS hardly credible that Louisiana does not possess a statue of Bienville, the explorer of the State, the father of the colony, the founder of New Orleans and the governor of the whole territory for nearly thirty years.

History, upon its pages, writes his name in large letters as the father of Louisiana. Yet not a single enduring monument has been erected to his memory.

There is a medallion of this hero in the Marble Hall of the Custom-House, but it belongs to the United States Government, and not to Louisiana.

Few persons know of even this small testimonial, and fewer still have seen or understood it.

A parish, a school-house, a street; these are the only memorials of him who gave his entire self and his best energies to the land that appears to have forgotten him!

Recently there seems to have been rekindled the recollection of the great French explorer and colonizer, and there is a movement in embryo to erect a splendid bronze statue of Bienville here in our midst, which shall be worthy of the father of Louisiana and of his people.

A model, small but exquisite, has already been made by a distinguished sculptor, and which is to be seen, at present, in our State Museum. The dress has been copied from historical sources, and the pose of the figure is true to life.

If the project be carried to completion the statue, life-size and impressive, will stand somewhere in the "Vieux Carre." In front of the Cabildo would seem to be the proper place.

There its noble, silent presence will teach our youth far better than books can do the history of that eventful past whose dangers, difficulties, grandeur and achievements resulted in the Louisiana of to-day.

He stood on Louisiana soil in 1699—a mere stripling, but full of enthusiasm for his king and country and imbued with the grand idea of winning a new jewel for France—a new realm for his king.

He lived to be an old man, but throughout his eighty-six years his one and only love was Louisiana.

Ever busy planning, fighting, governing in
(7)

the interest of the colony, he found no time for wooing any maiden, and went to his grave unmated and alone.

Made Governor in 1701 by the death of the *Sieur de Sauvole*, Iberville being still away, the young commander showed wonderful wisdom in his dealings with white men and with Indians.

Exploring among the natives, he once met three hundred warriors waiting to attack him, yet he skillfully changed their enmity into friendship, and, moreover, secured them as allies. These were the *Colapissa* tribe, first fruits of *Bienville's* tact and judgment.

Another time he managed to turn back an English vessel which was ascending the great river, its captain having orders to plant the flag of England on the Mississippi shore.

And how easily this could have been accomplished! The vessel carried sixteen guns, and there was not a French post nor a French soldier upon the borders to oppose this scheme.

Young *Bienville* grasped the situation at once and realized the danger to his country's cause.

Bienville in his canoe seemed no match for his English foe in his large and well-equipped vessel of war; but diplomacy won a victory.

The polite *Bienville* assured Captain Barr, the English commander, that the river they were on watered a French dependency, subject to Canada, then in the possession of France, and he would probably find the object of his desires further to the west.

As *Bienville* knew his right (as rediscoverer

with Iberville of the river) to settle on its banks, his statement was not without foundation.

However, this incident showed Iberville on his return from France the great necessity of establishing some settlement on a river which had become the desired object of possession by the mightiest power of Europe.

A temporary village was erected on a spot selected by Bienville, at a distance of eighteen leagues from the Gulf of Mexico, being the first place on the river above inundation; and, when Iberville sailed again for France, Bienville was placed in command of the fort on the Mississippi, whence he soon became sole ruler of the entire province.

One of the wisest things he did was to establish a post on the Sabine River, and another where stands Natchitoches to-day, all under command of the splendid soldier, M. de Saint Denis, who held these forts against both Indian foes and Spanish pretensions.

In a word, Bienville, through every trial and difficulty maintained the power of France, and by wise appointments of his associates held the colony in all its parts true to the king whom he served.

The Spaniards were on the alert to take possession of Louisiana, as it lay between their two domains, namely, Mexico and Florida; but Bienville guarded against this danger successfully.

The English also were scheming to acquire control, the many Indian tribes, instigated by the English, were treacherous enemies of the Governor and of his race.

Think of such a position, and no one would

envy these conditions, nor express aught but praise for a man who valiantly, unfalteringly stood at his post and guided events, and guarded his people so as to secure peace and a due amount of prosperity.

Kingly favor did not always smile upon him. Envy and malice caused him to be removed from office, but at the end of ten years he was gladly replaced in his governorship, for none had equaled him in administrative ability or in wise generalship.

He saw the birth of Louisiana; he reared it into power, and he agonized over its passing into Spanish keeping.

His name and his deeds are indissolubly connected with that of Louisiana from 1699, when he rediscovered La Salle's lost river, until 1767, when his great heart broke with anguish because the land of his love was handed over to the king of Spain, and his tears and supplications in its behalf were no longer of avail. He was eighty-six years old, and his last public act was offered for Louisiana's welfare; yet that State has not the smallest memorial which all might see, and, seeing, learn the facts of his noble life and their deep, priceless and forever enduring influence upon the conditions of the present day.

His language still survives among our people. We hear it in the prayers of the church, in the laws of our courts, the schools of his kindred.

In a work entitled "Course of Study" for the use of all teachers in the elementary schools of our city, published in 1905, occurs this instruction:

"Tell the story of the famous brothers, Iber-

ville and Bienville. Dwell on the part they played in founding Louisiana and New Orleans."

If the teacher could point to a splendid statue of Bienville, ornamenting some well-known locality, and tell all the valor of the youth, all the trials of the manhood, all the sorrows and disappointments of the old age of Governor Bienville, the lesson would be more impressive than the pages of a book.

If the scores of battles against Indian foes, fought with that drawn sword held in Bienville's hand, could be related, while the sad face of the gallant hero looks out upon the future, the student would begin to understand what Louisiana owes to her father, friend and founder.

Detroit is so proud of Cadillac, once its Governor, that the whole city seems to re-echo his name.

Chicago so venerates the name of Père Marquette that evidences of this deep feeling are seen and heard on every side.

Cadillac was Governor of the post about five years; Bienville watched over Louisiana for more than three strenuous decades.

Père Marquette worked among the Illinois Indians for five or six years; Bienville pacified, fought and dealt with fifty tribes for nearly thirty years.

What Detroit and Chicago have done to embalm the memory of their great or saintly heroes New Orleans should do for him who gave it existence, name and fame; who planned its future, and who, not knowing the decrees of Providence, held for the United States the grandest, vastest, richest, noblest portion of her possessions.

LADY APRIL.

BY

E. J. NICHOLSON.

HA, HA, HA, old March may bluster,
I have given him the slip—
Tral, la, la, through wood and meadow,
I am free to dance and skip.

I'm the child of Lady Shower
And Lord Sunshine, and I came
From the fairy land of Rainbow—
Lady April is my name.

All the poets call me fickle,
But my pretty foolish face
Sets the wisest o' them crazy,
And to singing of my grace.

And the wily landscape painters
Slyly follow me about,
Till they catch me in their pictures,
While I smile, and cry, and pout.

Rise, blue daisies trim and slender,
Let me set you in a row—
Tender notes for birds to whistle
And to sing by, listen!—so!

Ankle deep in balm and blossom,
I must watch my pretty toes,
And step quickly; if I loiter
Each will bud into a rose.

Ho! my spinner, busy spider,
Wind your thread from tree to tree—
Spin a dainty pair of stockings
On your magic wheel for me.

Ho! my soft and silent workman,
Ho! my jeweler, Sir Dew,
Diamond buckles for my garter,
Diamond buckles for my shoe!

Veil your face and chastely kneeling
Set the jewels quickly. Look!
Ha! I see my naked picture
In the mirror of the brook.

Shame upon you, Water Lilies!
Peeping at me in the rill
You could see the picture blushing
If the water would be still.

Oh, red maple, fold your mantle
Round me closely, and with buds
Button it from throat to ankle
Like a row of ruby studs.

When the buds burst into blossom
I will blush myself away,
With a gentle sigh of pleasure,
In the arms of young Lord May.

ALCEE FORTIER.

ALCÉE FORTIER was born in St. James Parish, Louisiana, June 5, 1856. He completed his preparation for his life's work at the University of Virginia and the universities of Paris. He occupied the chair of Romance Languages and Literature at the University of Louisiana and its successor, the Tulane University, from 1879 to 1913, the time of his death. He was president of the Modern Language Association, the American Folk-Lore Society, the Athénée Louisianais, and the Louisiana Historical Society. He was a lecturer for the French Government on the French languages and literature. He was a deep and earnest student and devoted to his work by an ardent love for his subject. He is the author of numerous works both in French and English. Among these are the History of Louisiana; Louisiana Studies, and Louisiana Folk-Lore.

He has done more than anyone else to encourage the study of the French language in the United States and to create a French literature there.

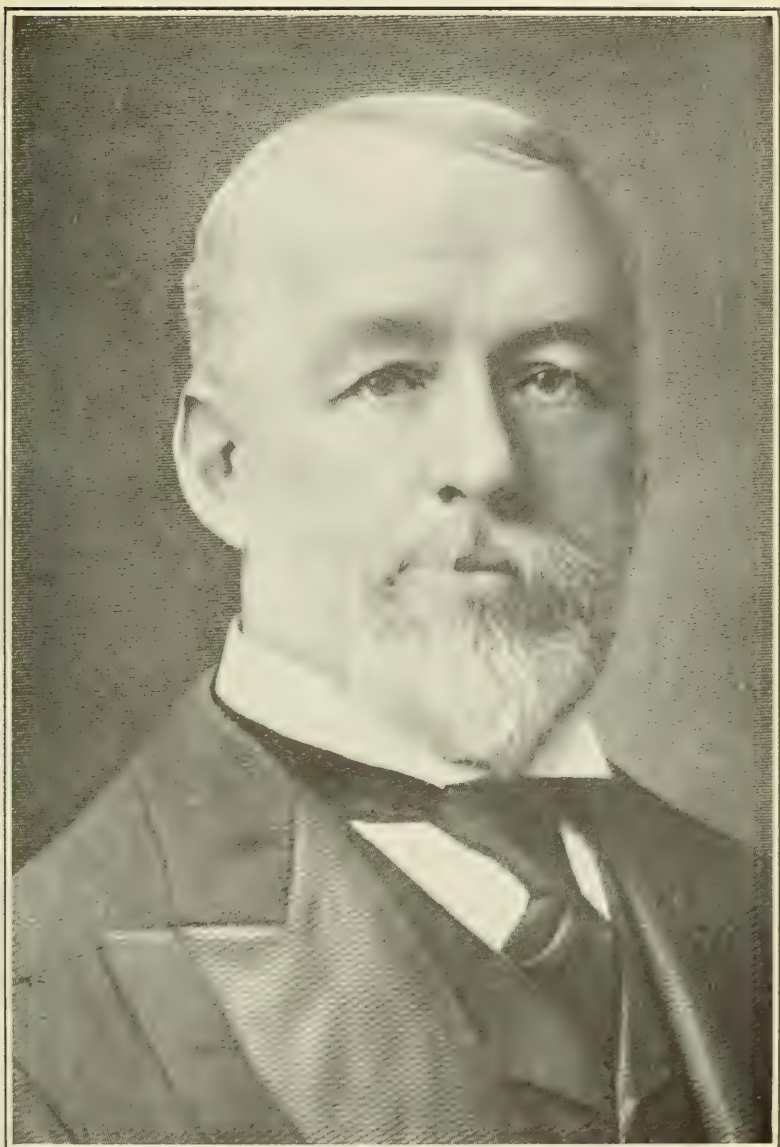
HISTORIC NEW ORLEANS.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT JACKSON BARRACKS
OCTOBER 31, 1909.

Mr. President (President Taft) :

We have now completed the historical ride, during which we have had the pleasure of being guides to a highly distinguished party, and, as chairman of the committee, I shall have the honor to give, on this occasion, an outline of Louisiana's contribution to the history of the United States.

Indeed, Mr. President, the events which have taken place on our soil have more than local im-



Alcée Fortier,

portance, and should be known to all Americans. As citizens of the United States we take an interest in the glorious records of all the States of the American Union. We read with pleasure the inscriptions to be found on the monuments in Boston, at Lexington and at Concord, but we do not believe that all the history of our country is centered in and around Boston. We believe that a great part of that history took place in and around New Orleans.

On leaving Canal Street at *Rue Royale* you entered, Mr. President, the *Vieux Carré* of our city, the *Nouvelle-Orléans* of 1718, which is so admirably situated between the deep and broad Mississippi and beautiful Lake Pontchartrain. Bienville had understood the great importance of establishing his new town on the banks of the mighty river which we see rushing towards the Gulf. The Mississippi had been explored to its mouth in 1682 by the heroic La Salle, who had given to the immense country watered by it and its tributaries the euphonious name of *Louisiane*, for Louis XIV, who was then ruling France with untiring energy and wonderful magnificence. La Salle's discoveries were of great importance for the future history of the United States, and so were, in 1699, the settlement of the colony of Louisiana at Old Biloxi, now Ocean Springs, and the rediscovery of the Mississippi by Iberville, the brave Canadian sailor.

The streets of New Orleans bear still the names given them by the founder of the city. We have *Royale*, *Bourbon*, *Bourgogne*, *Orleans*, *Conti*, *St. Louis*, and we had *Condé*, now *Chartres*, where

we have just seen the Archbishopric, formerly the Convent of the Ursuline nuns, who were the first teachers of girls in the colony, and who contributed to give to the women of New Orleans the elegance and charm which still characterize them. The gentle Sisters arrived in 1727, and their order has had a distinguished career in Louisiana.

It was no easy matter to succeed in establishing a colony in the New World, and the French, under Iberville and Bienville, and the descendants of those men, were just as energetic as the Englishmen who settled Virginia and Massachusetts. On the banks of the Mississippi there were forests to be cut down in order to cultivate the fertile land deposited by the great river; the turbulent waters of that river were to be held in their bed by strong embankments, and the hostile Natchez and Chickasaws had to be subdued. It was only then that the work of civilization could be begun, and the admirable culture of the French could be extended to the Mississippi Valley. The future of New Orleans was predicted in 1722 by Father Charlevoix, who said that the place would one day be an opulent city and the metropolis of a great and rich colony. The prediction has been verified, and New Orleans is at present the metropolis of our southern country, and, with the opening of the Panama Canal, and with deep water from the Lakes to the Gulf, it will be one of the greatest cities in the world.

Bienville left the colony in 1743, and was succeeded by Vaudreuil, who became Governor of Canada in 1752. On the Plains of Abraham the fate of Canada was decided, and the approaching independence of the English colonies might have

been foreseen. By the treaty of Fontainebleau, in 1762, and by the treaty of Paris, in 1763, Louis XV lost his colonial empire in America. Canada had been conquered, but Louisiana was given away by a wretched King. The Louisianians rose against the Spanish domination on October 29th, 1768, under an eloquent and patriotic leader, Nicolas de Lafrénière. They expelled the Spanish Governor and thought of establishing a republic in New Orleans. The French colonists were animated by the same spirit as the English colonists in 1776, and we are proud that our ancestors of 1768 should have been the first men on this continent to have thought of making themselves independent from the rule of a European monarch. This contribution of a spirit of heroism and independence to the civilization of the future United States is of the greatest importance, and deserves careful notice. The chiefs of the revolution of October, 1768, were cruelly put to death in October, 1769, and the Spanish domination was firmly established. It became popular under Governor Bernardo de Galvez, who gave to the Louisianians the glory of having taken part in the war of the American Revolution.

It gives me great pleasure, Mr. President, to mention the campaigns of Galvez, as they are not known as they should be. In their glorious struggle for independence the Americans obtained the aid of France, and the names of Lafayette and of Rochambeau will never be forgotten in the history of the United States. We should also remember the aid given by Spanish Louisiana, and the name of Galvez, who captured from the British the town of Baton Rouge in 1779, Mobile in 1780 and Pensa-

cola in 1781. The campaign against the latter city is of the greatest interest. As the man-of-war *San Ramon* had run aground in attempting to enter the harbor of Pensacola, the Spanish commodore refused to allow his frigates to run the same risk. Thereupon Galvez ordered his small fleet from Louisiana—a brig, a schooner and two gunboats—to force an entrance into the port. He embarked on board the brig *Galveztown*, commanded by Rousseau, a native Louisianian, caused his pennant to be raised, so that his presence on board the brig should be known, and boldly entered the port. The Spanish squadron followed the next day, and Pensacola capitulated on May 9th, 1781. Charles III of Spain rewarded Galvez by giving him a high military rank and by allowing him to place on his coat-of-arms the brig *Galveztown*, with the proud words, “I Alone.” In letters to Galvez, Washington acknowledged the help given the Americans by the Spanish troops, among whom were many Louisianians. This is surely an important contribution to the history of the United States, and important, also, were the attempts made by Governor Miro of Louisiana, in 1788, and by Governor Carondelet, in 1797, to separate the western country from the Union and join it to the Spanish possessions in the South.

We had the honor, Mr. President, to take you to Jackson Square, the former *Place d’Armes* of the French. From the square one sees our historic Cathedral, situated between two imposing buildings. The one to the right of the church is Spanish, like the Cathedral. It is the Cabildo, where took place, in 1803, the transfer of Louisiana from

Spain to France, and from France to the United States. When Bonaparte ceded Louisiana to President Jefferson he himself prepared Article Third of the treaty of cession, and guaranteed to the Louisianians their political and religious freedom, and, from 1803 to our days, there has been absolute religious toleration in Louisiana, an admirable contribution to the civilization of the United States.

When the American banner replaced the French tricolor in 1893 there was no longer colonial Louisiana. But the history of the French and Spanish dominations should be carefully studied. The Latin races which ruled Louisiana for more than a century have left upon her an indelible mark. To them are due the greater part of her laws, a high sense of the æsthetic and an exalted chivalric spirit.

The Province of Louisiana was immense at the time of the cession by Bonaparte, and the acquisition of that vast territory, which extended as far as the Rocky Mountains, rendered inevitable the expansion of the United States beyond the Rockies to the west and to the Rio Grande to the south. As soon as the Mississippi became an American river from its source to its mouth, it was certain that its tributaries would be thoroughly explored, and, in fact, the Missouri, the greatest of its tributaries, and itself a noble river, led Lewis and Clark to the unknown West in 1804. The same year the Territory of Orleans was organized.

From 1804 to 1812 the only events of general importance in the history of Louisiana are the presence of Aaron Burr in New Orleans, at the

time of his mad attempt to establish for himself an empire in the Southwest, and the revolution at Baton Rouge in 1810, which added that city and West Florida to the domain of Louisiana. In 1812 the Territory of Orleans became the State of Louisiana, as guaranteed by Bonaparte.

The most glorious event of the war of 1812 was the battle of New Orleans, which was fought at a short distance from this place. It was in vain that the British succeeded, on December 23rd, 1814, in reaching the Mississippi River, and in establishing their headquarters a few miles from the City of New Orleans. Andrew Jackson attacked them with wonderful impetuosity and skill on the very evening of their arrival, and repulsed them on December 28th, on January 1st, and on January 8th, 1815. On the plain of Chalmette the American troops, commanded by General Jackson, inflicted upon the British invaders, commanded by General Pakenham, the most crushing defeat that history mentions. At the spot where stands the monument erected to commemorate his victory Jackson stood to direct his valiant troops in their defense of the soil of Louisiana, and, therefore, of the United States. From the monument one sees a row of trees which grow on a ditch, which is the celebrated Rodriguez Canal, on the side of which Jackson built his impregnable parapet. On the other side of the canal is the field of Chalmette, and there, at daybreak, on January 8th, 1815, the British army advanced to attack the Americans. In the space from the river to the wood, when the sun rose, there was a swarm of British soldiers marching against the American line of battle, and

at half-past eight in the morning the plain of Chalmette was covered with the bodies of brave men defeated by Jackson's army. There fell Gibbs and Keane, Rennié and Wilkinson, and the gallant Pakenham himself, leading his troops in a vain charge.

Bravely and well did they fight, Jackson and his men—Tennesseans, Kentuckians, Mississippians, Louisianians, Frenchmen, and the so-called pirates of Lafitte.

If, however, the men had not succeeded in repelling the invaders, there is no doubt, as Bernard de Marigny said, that there would have been found among the Creole women another inspired Maid of Orleans to rout the English. The soil of Louisiana cannot be conquered by a foreign foe.

We are glad, Mr. President, that it was while you were Secretary of War that the land on which stands the Chalmette Monument was conveyed by the State of Louisiana to the United States. That shaft is an important memento of the heroism of our fathers, and we are grateful to the patriotic and energetic women of the Society of the United States Daughters of 1776 and 1812, who have completed the monument, and who guard it so zealously.

The Louisianians fought valiantly in all the wars in our history after 1815; they have contributed to the literature of the country works of merit in French and English, and they have established educational institutions which have trained many Americans to fulfill their duty as enlightened men and women in the uplifting of the civilization of the United States.

ST. GEORGE TUCKER.

ST. GEORGE TUCKER was born on the island of Bermuda, July 10, 1752, and died in Nelson County, Virginia, November 10, 1828. He fought in the War of the American Revolution, was chosen by his State to be Judge and member of the Annapolis Convention, and by his college of William and Mary to teach law. By marriage with the Widow Frances Bland Randolph he became the stepfather of the famous John Randolph, of Roanoke, Va.

He was the author of Poems; Probationary Odes; Commentary on the Constitution; Dissertation on Slavery, and an edition of Blackstone.

RESIGNATION, OR DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

DAYS of my youth,
Ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth,
Ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth,
Your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth,
Ye are furrowed all o'er;
Strength of my youth,
All your vigor is gone;
Thoughts of my youth,
Your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth,
I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth,
I'm content ye should fall;
Eyes of my youth,
You much evil have seen;

Cheeks of my youth,
 Bathed in tears you have been ;
Thoughts of my youth,
 You have led me astray ;
Strength of my youth,
 Why lament your decay ?

Days of my age,
 Ye will shortly be past ;
Pains of my age,
 Yet awhile ye can last ;
Joys of my age,
 In true wisdom delight ;
Eyes of my age,
 Be religion your light ;
Thoughts of my age,
 Dread ye not the cold sod ;
Hopes of my age,
 Be ye fixed on your God.

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY.

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY was born in Baltimore, Md., October 25, 1795. He served as a volunteer in the War of 1812, studied law, became a prominent man in public life, served both in the Legislature and in Congress, and was appointed Secretary of the Navy under President Fillmore, in which latter position he aided in preparing the famous expeditions of Perry to Japan and Kane to the Arctic Regions.

He died at Newport, R. I., August 18, 1870, and was buried in Baltimore.

His best-known works are his novels, *Horse Shoe Robinson*, *Swallow Barn*, and *Rob of the Bowl*.

WHAT ONE BOY DID TO WIN OUR COUNTRY'S FREEDOM.

FROM

HORSE-SHOE ROBINSON.

ON THE morning that succeeded the night in which Horse-Shoe Robinson arrived at Musgrove's the stout and honest sergeant might have been seen, about eight o'clock, leaving the main road from Ninety-six, at the point where that leading to David Ramsay's separated from it, and cautiously urging his way into the deep forest by the more private path into which he had entered. The knowledge that Innis was encamped along the Ennoree, within a short distance of the mill, had compelled him to make an extensive circuit to reach

Ramsay's dwelling, whither he was now bent, and he had experienced considerable delay in his morning journey by finding himself frequently in the neighborhood of small foraging parties of Tories, whose motions he was obliged to watch for fear of an encounter. He had once already been compelled to use his horse's heels in what he called "fair flight," and once to ensconce himself a full half hour under cover of the thicket afforded him by a swamp. He now, therefore, according to his own phrase, "dived into the little road that scrambled down through the woods towards Ramsay's, with all his eyes about him, looking out as sharply as a fox on a foggy morning," and with this circumspection he was not long in arriving within view of Ramsay's house.

Having satisfied himself as to the safety of his visit, he entered the dwelling.

"Mistress Ramsay," said he, walking up to the dame, who was occupied at a table, "I wish luck to you, ma'am, and all your house! I hope you have none of these clinking and clattering bullies about you that are as thick over this country as the frogs in the kneading troughs that they tell of."

"Good lack, Mr. Horse-Shoe Robinson," exclaimed the matron, offering the sergeant her hand. "What has brought you here? What news? Who are with you? For patience sake, tell me!"

"I am alone," said Robinson, "and a little wet-tish, mistress," he added, as he took off his hat and shook the water from it. "It has just set up a rain and looks as if it were going to give us enough of it. You don't mind doing a little dinner work of a Sunday, I see—shelling of beans, I s'pose, is tan-

tamount to dragging a sheep out of a pond, as the preachers allow on the Sabbath. Ha, ha! Where's Davy?"

"He's gone over to the meeting-house on Ennoree, hoping to hear something of the army at Camden. Perhaps you can tell us the news from that quarter?"

"Faith, that's a mistake, Mistress Ramsay. Though I don't doubt that they are hard upon the scratches by this time. But at this present speaking I command the flying artillery. We have out one man in the corps—and that's myself, and all the guns we have is this piece of ordnance that hangs in this old belt by my side (pointing to his sword)—and that I captured from the enemy at Blackstock's. I was hoping I might find John Ramsay at home; I have need of him as a recruit."

"Ah, Mr. Robinson, John has a heavy life of it over there with Sumpter. The boy is often without his natural rest or a meal's victuals, and the general thinks so much of him that he can't spare him to come home. I haven't the heart to complain as long as John's service is of any use, but it does seem, Mr. Robinson, like needless tempting of the mercies of providence. We thought that he might have been here to-day; yet I am glad he didn't come, for he would have been certain to get into trouble. Who should come in this morning, just after my husband had cleverly got away on his horse, but a young cock-a-whoop ensign, that belongs to Ninety-six, and four great Scotchmen with him, all in red coats; they had been out thieving, I warrant, and were now going home again.

And who but they! Here they were—swaggering all about my house—and calling for this, and calling for that, as if they owned the fee-simple of everything on the plantation. And it made my blood rise, Mr. Horse-Shoe, to see them run out in the yard and catch up my chickens and ducks and kill as many as they could string about them, and I not daring to say a word, though I did give them a piece of my mind, too.”

“Who is at home with you?” inquired the sergeant eagerly.

“Nobody but my youngest boy, Andrew,” answered the dame.

“What arms have you in the house?” asked Robinson.

“We have a rifle and a horseman’s pistol that belongs to John.”

“They took the route towards Ninety-six, you said, Mistress Ramsay?”

“Yes, went straight forward on the road.”

“Isn’t there an old field, about a mile from this, on that road?” inquired the sergeant, still intent upon his own thoughts.

“There is,” replied the dame; “with the old school-house upon it.”

“A lop-sided, rickety log-cabin in the middle of the field. Am I right, good woman?”

“Yes.”

“And nobody lives in it? It has no door to it?”

“There has not been anybody in it these seven years.”

“I know the place very well,” said the sergeant, thoughtfully. “There are woods just on this side of it.”

"That's true," replied the dame, "but what is it you are thinking about, Mr. Robinson?"

"How long before this rain began was it that they quitted this house?"

"Not above fifteen minutes."

"Mistress Ramsay, bring me the rifle and pistol both, and the powder horn and bullets."

"As you say, Mr. Horse-Shoe," answered the dame, as she turned round to leave the room, "but I am sure I can't suspicion what you mean to do."

In a few minutes the woman returned with the weapons and gave them to the sergeant.

"Where is Andy?" asked Horse-Shoe.

The hostess went to the door and called her son, and almost immediately afterwards a sturdy boy of about twelve or fourteen years of age entered the apartment, his clothes dripping with rain.

"How would you like a scrimmage, Andy, with those Scotchmen that stole your mother's chickens this morning?" asked Horse-Shoe.

"I'm agreed," replied the boy, "if you will tell me what to do."

"You are not going to take the boy out on any of your desperate projects, Mr. Horse-Shoe?" said the mother, with the tears starting instantly into her eyes. "You wouldn't take such a child as that into danger?"

"Bless your soul, Mrs. Ramsay, there is no danger about it. Don't take on so. It's a thing that is either done at a blow or not done, and there's an end of it. I want the lad only to bring home the prisoners for me, after I have taken them."

"Ah, Mr. Robinson, I have one son already in these wars—God protect him—and you men don't know how a mother's heart yearns for her children in these times. I cannot give another," she added, as she threw her arms over the shoulders of the youth and drew him to her bosom.

"Oh, it is nothing," said Andrew, in a sprightly tone. "It's only snapping of a pistol, mother—pooh! If I'm not afraid you oughtn't to be."

"I give you my honor, Mistress Ramsay," said Robinson, "that I will bring or send your son safely back in one hour, and that he sha'n't be put in any sort of danger whatsoever. Come, that's a good woman."

"You are not deceiving me, Mr. Robinson?" asked the matron, wiping away a tear. "You wouldn't mock the sufferings of a weak woman in such a thing as this?"

"On the honesty of a soldier, ma'am," replied Horse-Shoe, "the lad shall be in no danger."

"Then I will say no more," answered the mother. "But Andy, my child, be sure to let Mr. Robinson keep before you."

Horse-Shoe now loaded the fire-arms, and having slung the pouch across his body, he put the pistol into the hands of the boy; then shouldering his rifle he and his young ally left the room.

"Now, Andy, my lad," said Horse-Shoe, after he had mounted Captain Peter, "you must get up behind me." The boy sprang upon the horse, and Horse-Shoe, putting his mount up to a gallop, took the road in the direction that had been pursued by the soldiers.

As soon as our adventurers had gained a wood

at the distance of about half a mile, the sergeant relaxed his speed and advanced at a pace a little above a walk.

"Andy," he said, "we have got rather a ticklish sort of a job before us, so I must give you your lesson, which you will understand better by knowing something of my plan. As soon as your mother told me that these thieving villains had left her house about fifteen minutes before the rain came on, and that they had gone along upon this road, I remembered the old field up here, and the little log hut in the middle of it, and it was natural to suppose that they had just got about near that hut when this rain came up, and then it was the most supposable case in the world that they would naturally go into it, as the driest place they could find. So now, you see, it's my calculation that the whole batch is there at this very point of time. We will go slowly along until we get to the other end of this wood, in sight of the old field, and then, if there is no one on the lookout, we will open our first trench. You know what that means, Andy."

"It means, I s'pose, that we'll go right smack at them," replied Andrew.

"Pretty exactly," said the sergeant. "But listen to me. Just at the edge of the woods you will have to get down and put yourself behind a tree. I'll ride forward, as if I had a whole troop at my heels, and if I catch them, as I expect, they will have a little fire kindled, and, as likely as not, they'll be cooking some of your mother's fowls."

"Yes, I understand," said the boy eagerly.

"No, you don't," replied Horse-Shoe, "but you will when you hear what I am going to say. If I

get at them unawares, they'll be mighty apt to think they are surrounded, and will bellow like fine fellows for quarter. And, thereupon, Andy, I'll cry out 'stand fast,' as if I was speaking to my own men, and when you hear that, you must come up full tilt, because it will be a signal to you that the enemy has surrendered. Then it will be your business to run into the house and bring out the muskets as quick as a rat runs through a kitchen, and when you have done that, why, all's done. But if you should hear any popping of fire-arms—that is, more than one shot, which I may chance to let off—do you take that for a bad sign and get away as fast as you can heel it. You comprehend?"

"Oh, yes," replied the lad, "and I'll do what you want and more, too, may be, Mr. Robinson."

"Captain Robinson, remember, Andy; you must call me captain in the hearing of these Scotchmen."

"I'll not forget that either," answered Andrew.

By the time that these instructions were fully impressed upon the boy our adventurous forlorn hope, as it may be fitly called, had arrived at the place which Horse-Shoe Robinson had designated for the commencement of active operations. They had a clear view of the old field, and it afforded them a strong assurance that the enemy was exactly where they wished him to be, when they discovered smoke arising from the chimney of the hovel.

Andrew was soon posted behind a tree, and Robinson only tarried a moment to make the boy repeat the signals agreed on, in order to ascertain that he had them correctly in his memory. Being satisfied from this experiment that the intelli-

gence of his young companion might be depended upon, he galloped across the intervening space, and, in a few seconds, abruptly reined up his steed, in the very doorway of the hut. The party within was gathered around a fire at the further end, and in the corner near the door were four muskets thrown together against the wall. To spring from his saddle and thrust himself one pace inside the door was a movement which the sergeant executed in an instant, shouting at the same time:

"Halt! File off right and left to both sides of the house, and wait orders. I demand the surrender of all here," he said, as he planted himself between the party and their weapons. "I will shoot down the first man who budges a foot."

"Leap to your arms," cried the young officer who commanded the little party inside of the house. "Why do you stand?"

"I don't want to do you or your men any harm, young man," said Robinson, as he brought his rifle to a level; "but, by my father's son, I will not leave one of you to be put upon a muster-roll if you raise a hand at this moment."

Both parties now stood, for a brief space, eyeing each other in a fearful suspense, during which there was an expression of doubt and irresolution visible on the countenances of the soldiers, as they surveyed the broad proportions and met the stern glance of the sergeant, whilst the delay, also, began to raise an apprehension in the mind of Robinson that his stratagem would be discovered.

"Shall I let loose upon them, Captain?" said Andrew Ramsay, now appearing, most unexpectedly to Robinson, at the door of the hut. "Come

on, boys!" he shouted, as he turned his face towards the field.

"Keep them outside of the door—stand fast," cried the doughty sergeant, with admirable promptitude, in the new and sudden posture of his affairs caused by this opportune appearance of the boy. "Sir, you see that it's not worth while fighting five to one; and I should be sorry to be the death of your brave fellows; so, take my advice, and surrender to the Continental Congress and this scrap of its army which I command."

During this appeal the sergeant was ably seconded by the lad outside, who was calling out first on one name and then on another, as if in the presence of a troop. The device succeeded, and the officer within, believing the forbearance of Robinson to be real, at length said: "Lower your rifle, sir. In the presence of a superior force, taken by surprise and without arms, it is my duty to save bloodshed. With the promise of fair usage and the rights of prisoners of war I surrender this little foraging party under my command."

"I'll make the terms agreeable," replied the sergeant. "Never doubt me, sir. Right hand file, advance, and receive the arms of the prisoners!"

"I'm here, captain," said Andrew, in a conceited tone, as if it were a mere occasion of merriment; and the lad quickly entered the house and secured the weapons, retreating with them some paces from the door.

"Now, sir," said Horse-Shoe to the Ensign, "your sword, and whatever else you might have about you of the ammunitions of war!"

The officer delivered up his sword and a pair of pocket pistols.

“Ensign, your servant,” said Horse-Shoe, still preserving this unusual exhibition of politeness. “You have defended your post like an old soldier, although you haven’t much beard on your chin; but, seeing you have given up, you shall be treated like a man who has done his duty. You will walk out now, and form yourselves in line at the door. I’ll engage my men shall do you no harm; they are of a merciful breed.”

When the little squad of prisoners submitted to this command, and came to the door, they were stricken with equal astonishment and mortification to find, in place of the detachment of cavalry which they expected to see, nothing but a man, a boy, and a horse. Their first emotions were expressed in curses, which were even succeeded by laughter from one or two of the number. There seemed to be a disposition on the part of some to resist the authority that now controlled them; and sundry glances were exchanged, which indicated a purpose to turn upon their captors. The sergeant no sooner perceived this than he halted, raised his rifle to his breast, and, at the same instant gave Andrew Ramsay an order to retire a few paces, and to fire one of the captured pieces at the first man who opened his lips.

Finding the conqueror determined to execute summary martial law upon the first who should mutiny, the prisoners submitted, and marched in double file from the hut back towards Ramsay’s—Horse-Shoe, with Captain Peter’s bridle dangling over his arm, and his gallant young auxiliary, An-

drew, laden with double the burden of Robinson Crusoe (having all the firearms packed upon his shoulders), bringing up the rear. In this order victors and vanquished returned to David Ramsay's.

"Well, I have brought you your ducks and chickens back, Mistress," said the sergeant, as he halted the prisoners at the door; "and, what's more, I have brought home a young soldier worth his weight in gold."

"Heaven bless my child! my brave boy!" cried the mother, seizing the lad in her arms, and unheeding anything else in the present perturbation of her feelings. "I feared ill would come of it; but Heaven has preserved him. Did he behave handsomely, Mr. Robinson? But I am sure he did."

"A little more venturesome, ma'am, than I wanted him to be," replied Horse-Shoe; "but he did excellent service. These are his prisoners, Mistress Ramsay. I should never have gotten them if it hadn't been for Andy. Show me another boy in America that's made more prisoners than there were men to fight them with, that's all!"

(By permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

ADRIEN ROUQUETTE.

ADRIEN EMMANUEL ROUQUETTE was born in New Orleans, February 13, 1813. He was educated in France, and after being graduated from the College of Nantes he traveled through Europe for ten years. He returned to Louisiana, made his home in St. Tammany Parish, and began the study of law, but soon abandoned it to prepare for the priesthood. After his ordination he devoted his life, with the zeal of the true missionary, to the service of the Choctaw Indians who still lingered on the banks of the Tchefuncta, the Bogue-Falaya, and Bayou Lacombe. He died in New Orleans, July 15, 1887. His best-known poems are *Wild Flowers*; *Sacred Poetry*; *Les Savanes*, and *Poemes Patriotiques*.

THE WILD LILY AND THE PASSION- FLOWER.

SWEET flow'r of light,
The queen of solitude,
The image bright
Of grace-born maidenhood,

Thou risest tall,
Midst struggling weeds that droop:
Thy lieges all,
They humbly bow and stoop!

Dark-colored flow'r,
How solemn, awful, sad!—
I feel thy pow'r,
O king, in purple clad!

With head recline,
Thou art the emblem, dear,
Of woes divine;
The flow'r I most revere!

The lily white,
The purple passion-flow'r,
Mount Thabor bright,
The gloomy Olive bow'r.

Such is our life—
Alternate joys and woes,
Short peace, long strife,
Few friends, and many foes!

My friend, away
All wailings here below:
The ROYAL WAY
To realms above is woe!

TO NATURE, MY MOTHER.

O NATURE, powerful, smiling, calm,
To my unquiet heart,
Thy peace distilling as a balm,
Thy mighty life impart.

O Nature, mother, still the same,
So lovely mild with me,
To live in peace, unsung by fame,
Unchanged I come to thee ;

I come to live as saints have lived,
I fly where they have fled,
By men unholy never grieved,
In prayer my tears to shed.

Alone with thee, from cities far,
Dissolved each earthly tie ;
By some divine magnetic star
Attracted still on high.

Oh, that my heart, inhaling love
And life with ecstasy,
From this low world to worlds above
Could rise exultingly !

JAMES DUNWOODY BROWNSON DE BOW.

DE BOW was the greatest statistician that this country has produced. He brought to the aid of his natural talents his varied experience as lawyer, journalist, and business man.

He was born in Charleston, S. C., July 10, 1820, and died in Elizabeth, N. J., February 27, 1867.

He was Superintendent of the Census during the administration of President Pierce.

His best literary work was done as editor of the *Commercial Review*.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

FROM

THE COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

THIS noble inland ocean, whose accumulated waters, after a passage of three thousand miles, lose themselves in the immense basin of the Mexican Gulf, remained for countless ages wild, solitary and unexplored. We can imagine the savage standing alone by its banks, and, as the winds and the waters whispered to him of a Great Spirit, indulging vague notions of his own being. But those days have passed and the savage no longer lingers. The white man has dispelled the romance. The axe of the forester is heard; the plow, the harrow, the blacksmith-shop and the farm-house, the thriving village, the busy town, the popula-

tion, the civilization, are sweeping up the banks of the noble river even to its high sources in the Itasca Lake.

A Spaniard, in 1538, stood by the side of this stream; he had been allured to the distant West by hopes of gain—by restless ambition—by love of adventure. “Fernando de Soto,” says the historian, “found nothing so remarkable as his burying-place.”

In 1668, two Canadian Fathers carried the cross westward from the lakes—Marquette and Allouez. They receive from Indian lips vague notions of a “great river;” and Marquette, with Joliet, a citizen of Quebec, reaches its banks, and floats his canoe from the mouth of the Wisconsin to Arkansas.

But there was one whom nature was preparing for higher purposes. There crossed the waters from France, at this time, a man of highest resolves—most elevated conceptions—sternest endurance, and unlimited enterprise—La Salle.

This adventurer dreamed that away in the remote sources of the Mississippi was to be found that western passage to China and India for which the world had so long sighed. The brain of La Salle was dazzled with the dream, and he saw himself at once a prince in the glory and wealth which the discovery would bring to France.

A vessel was launched on the lakes. The “Griffon,” of sixty tons, first disturbed the quiet of those waters, and carried La Salle to the southward of Michigan. On the Miamis, on the Kankakee, on the Illinois, the adventurer and his party floated in canoes; they addressed a party of

Indians on the banks, in relation to the "Great River;" but old Nikanape, a chief, shook his head discouragingly.

They said that others had perished in the attempt; that the banks were inhabited by a strong and terrible race of men, who killed everybody that came among them; that the waters swarmed with crocodiles, serpents, and frightful monsters, and that, even if the boat was large and strong enough to escape these dangers, it would be dashed in pieces by the falls and rapids, or meet with inevitable destruction in a hideous whirlpool at the river's mouth, where the river itself was swallowed up and lost.

La Salle was not deterred. On the 6th of February, 1681, his canoe floated upon the broad bosom of the Mississippi, and the current carried him on. It was now two months, and the river presented three channels. The party divided in these channels, and in a few days the glad voices of civilized men broke upon the solitude of the Mexican Gulf—La Salle had navigated the Mississippi river to its mouth. A column was erected, banners floated, artillery echoed, and "God Save the King" was chanted by monks.

The adventurer returned to France. The ministry and the people were ready to second his scheme of a colony, to be located at the river's mouth. The vessels sail; but fate has made another decree. Catastrophe follows catastrophe, misfortunes unparalleled. The Bay of St. Bernard, in Texas, is mistaken for the mouth of the Mississippi—La Salle discovers the error, and, in struggling to correct it, dies by the hand of an assassin.

FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR.

THIS many-sided man was born in Baldwin County, Georgia, in 1822. He was well educated, completing his medical studies in New York and Philadelphia.

At his farm, "Torch Hill," near Columbus, he became a successful grower of fruits and flowers, indulged himself in the pleasure of music, drawing, and poetry, and won the hearts of his neighbors as a good and devoted country doctor.

He possessed the genius of the poet, and if he had given his entire attention to letters his fame would be more in accord with his ability. His poems were collected and published in 1879, five years after his death.

LITTLE GIFFEN.

OUT of the focal and foremost fire ;
Out of the hospital's walls as dire,
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
Eighteenth battle and he sixteen—
Spectre, such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen of Tennessee.

Take him and welcome, the surgeons said,
Not the doctor can help the dead !
So we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet in our summer air,
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed
Utter Lazarus, heel to head !

And we watched the war with abated breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton death!
Months of torture, how many such!
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch,
And still a glint in the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die.

And didn't! Nay! More! In death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write—
"Dear Mother!" at first, of course, and then
"Dear Captain!"—inquiring about the men!
Captain's answer: "Of eighty and five,
Giffen and I are left alive!"

"Johnson pressed at the front," they say;
Little Giffen was up and away!
A tear, his first, as he bade good-bye,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye;
"I'll write, if spared!"—there was news of fight,
But none of Giffen! he did not write!

I sometimes fancy that were I King
Of the courtly knights of Arthur's ring,
With the voice of the minstrel in mine ear
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For Little Giffen of Tennessee.

LOYAL.

THE Douglas, in the days of old,
The gentle minstrels sing,
Wore at his heart, encased in gold,
The heart of Bruce, his King.

Through Panim lands to Palestine,
Befall what peril might,
To lay that heart on Christ, his shrine,
His Knightly word he plight.

A weary way, by night and day,
Of vigil and of fight,
Where never rescue came by day
Nor ever rest by night.

And one by one the valiant spears
They faltered from his side;
And one by one his heavy tears
Fell for the Bruce who died.

All fierce and black, around his track,
He saw the combat close,
And counted but a single sword
Against uncounted foes.

He drew the casket from his breast,
He bared his solemn brow;
Oh, Kingliest of Kingliest,
Go first in battle now!

Where leads my Lord of Bruce, the sword
Of Douglas shall not stay!
Forward, and to the feet of Christ
I follow thee to-day.

The casket flashed! The Battle clashed,
Thundered and rolled away;
And dead above the heart of Bruce
The heart of Douglas lay.

“Loyal!” Methinks the antique mould
Is lost! Or Theirs alone,
Who sheltered Freedom’s heart of gold
Like Douglas with their own.

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Lippincott Co.)

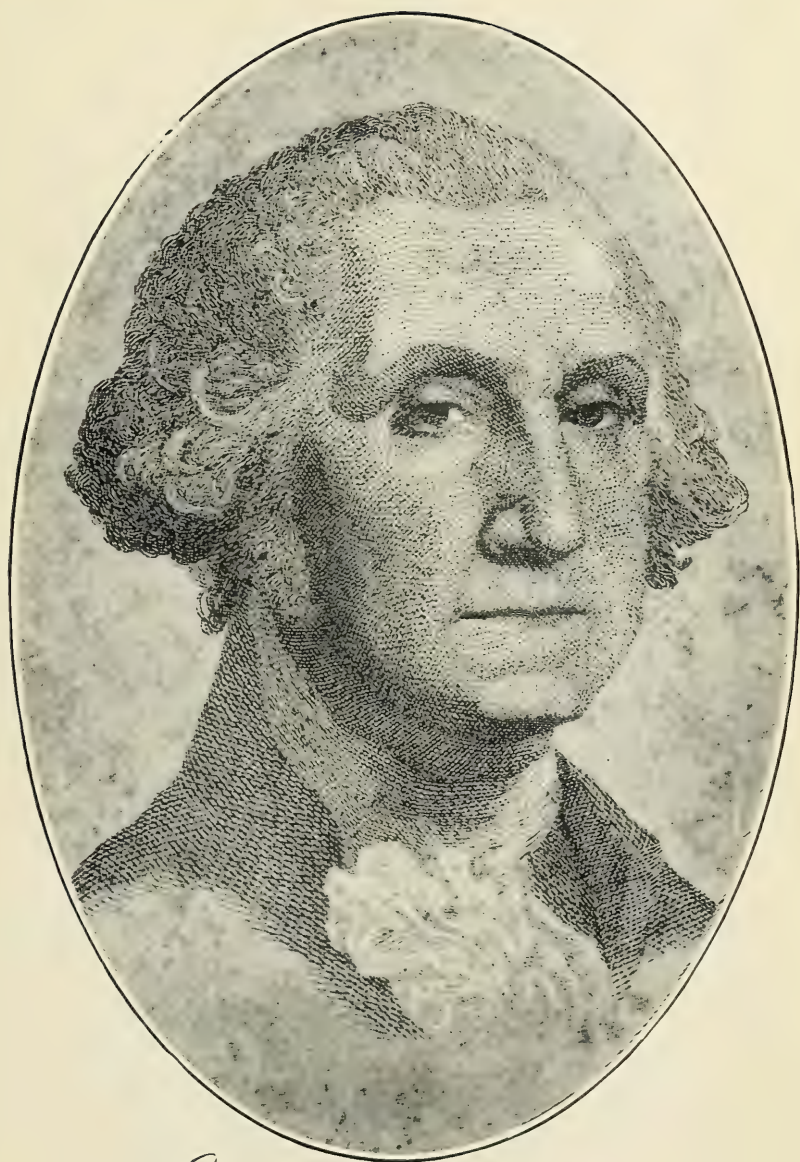
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THE "Father of His Country" was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, February 22, 1732. He had but little education. At sixteen he became public surveyor. He served as aide to General Braddock in the French and Indian War. He was a member of the Virginia Legislature, a delegate to the two Continental Congresses, Commander of the Continental Armies; was president of the Convention of 1787, and the first President of the United States, serving two terms, and would have been elected to a third term but refused to remain in office any longer, alleging that a too long continuance in office was contrary to the democratic spirit of our Constitution.

George Washington is deserving of all the praise that has been lavished upon him, and the more we study the history of his life and times the more we realize that he was the great and directing power that won for the Colonies their freedom. His patience, perseverance, diplomacy, statesmanship, military skill, the lofty mindedness of the man, and his exalted patriotism and love of freedom loom larger and larger as we come more into his presence.

Trent says of Washington's writings that the student of literature will turn to them, "since he not merely did noble deeds, but uttered and recorded noble words, which will stir mankind as long as sublime characters inspire reverent admiration."

His works, collected by Sparks, fill twelve large volumes with their Messages; State Papers; Letters, and Speeches.



Geo Washington

RULES OF CIVILITY AND DECENT BE-
HAVIOUR IN COMPANY AND
CONVERSATION.

(These rules were collected by Washington when he was little more than thirteen years of age.)

1. SHOW not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

2. When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

3. Wherein you reprove another be unblamable yourself, for example is more prevalent than precepts.

4. Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

5. Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings sit neatly, and clothes handsomely.

6. Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

7. Speak not injurious words neither in jest nor earnest; scoff at none, although they give occasion.

8. Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

9. Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.

10. Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

A SURVEYING EXPEDITION.
FROM
THE DIARY OF WASHINGTON WHEN SIX-
TEEN YEARS OLD.

MARCH 13th.—Rode to his Lordship's (Lord Fairfax's) quarter. About four miles higher up the River Shenandoah we went through most beautiful groves of sugar trees, and spent the best part of the day in admiring the trees and richness of the land.

14th.—We sent our baggage to Captain Hite's, near Fredericktown (afterwards Winchester), and went ourselves down the river about sixteen miles (the land exceedingly rich all the way, producing abundance of grain, hemp, and tobacco), in order to lay off some land on Cate's Marsh and Long Marsh.

15th.—Worked hard till night, and then returned. After supper we were lighted into a room, and I, not being so good a woodsman as the rest, stripped myself very orderly and went into the bed, as they called it, when, to my surprise, I found it to be nothing but a little straw matted together, without sheet or anything else but only one threadbare blanket, with double its weight of dirt. I was glad to get up and put on my clothes, and lie as my companions did. Had we not been very tired I am sure we should not have slept much that night. I made a promise to sleep so no more,

choosing rather to sleep in the open air before a fire.

18th.—We traveled to Thomas Berwick's, on the Potomac, where we found the river exceedingly high, by reason of the great rains that had fallen among the Alleghanies. They told us it would not be fordable for several days, it being now six feet higher than usual, and rising. We agreed to stay till Monday. We this day called to see the famed Warm Springs. We camped out in the field this night.

20th.—Finding the river not much abated, we, in the evening, swam our horses over to the Maryland side.

21st.—We went over in a canoe and traveled up the Maryland side all day in a continued rain to Colonel Cresap's, over against the mouth of the South Branch, about forty miles from our place of starting in the morning, and over the worst road I believe that ever was trod by man or beast.

23rd.—Rained till about two o'clock, and then cleared up, when we were agreeably surprised at the sight of more than thirty Indians coming from war with only one scalp. We had some stores with us, of which we gave them a part. This, elevating their spirits, put them in the humor of dancing. We then had a war-dance. After clearing a large space and making a great fire in the middle, the men seated themselves around it, and the speaker made a grand speech, telling them in what manner they were to dance. After he had finished, the best dancer jumped up, as one awakened from sleep, and ran and jumped about the

ring in a most comical manner. He was followed by the rest. Then began their music, which was performed with a pot half full of water and a deerskin stretched tight over it and a gourd with some shot in it to rattle, and a piece of horse's tail tied to it to make it look fine. One person kept rattling and another drumming all the while they were dancing.

25th.—Left Cresap's, and went up to the mouth of Patterson's Creek. There we swam our horses over the Potomac and went over ourselves in a canoe, and traveled fifteen miles, where we camped.

26th.—Traveled up to Solomon Hedge's, Esquire, one of his Majesty's justices of the peace in the County of Frederic, where we camped. When we came to supper there was neither a knife on the table, nor a fork to eat with; but, as good luck would have it, we had knives of our own.

29th.—This morning went out and surveyed five hundred acres of land. Shot two wild turkeys.

30th.—Began our intended business of laying off lots.

April 2nd.—A blowing, rainy night! Our straw, upon which we were lying, took fire, but I was luckily preserved by one of our men awaking when it was in a flame. We have run off four lots this day.

THOMAS HART BENTON.

THOMAS HART BENTON was born in Orange County, North Carolina, March 14, 1872, and died in Washington, D. C., April 10, 1858. When he was about eight years of age his father died, and his mother had much difficulty in giving him a partial education. Before he could finish his course at the University of North Carolina she found it necessary to take him, as her chief support for her large family, to Tennessee. There on the edge of civilization, where the settler and the Indian still disputed for the possession of the land, she owned a large tract in the wilderness.

Benton studied law under St. George Tucker, and began to practice as the protegee of Andrew Jackson.

He served in the war of 1812, part of the time as Jackson's aide.

In 1815 he moved to St. Louis, Mo., was elected one of the Senators when Missouri was admitted to the Union, and served in the Senate for thirty years. His life was a most picturesque one, with its struggles of a pioneer, its duels, its strong love for Jackson, and its bitter hatreds.

He has written *Thirty Years' View* and *Abridgment of the Debates of Congress*. His speeches were calm, deliberative and argumentative.

THE VISIT OF LAFAYETTE TO THE UNITED STATES IN 1824.

IN the summer of this year General Lafayette, accompanied by his son, Mr. George Washington Lafayette, and under an invitation from the President, revisited the United States after a lapse of

forty years. He was received with unbounded honor, affection and gratitude by the American people. To the survivors of the Revolution it was the return of a brother; to the new generation, born since that time, it was the apparition of an historical character, familiar from the cradle, and combining all the titles to love, admiration, gratitude, enthusiasm, which could act upon the heart and the imagination of the young and the ardent. He visited every State in the Union, doubled in number since, as the friend and pupil of Washington; he had spilt his blood and lavished his fortune for their independence. His progress through the States was a triumphal procession, such as no Roman ever led up—a procession not through a city, but over a continent—followed, not by captives in chains of iron, but by a nation in the bonds of affection. To him it was an unexpected and overpowering reception. His modest estimate of himself had not allowed him to suppose that he was to electrify a continent. He expected kindness but not enthusiasm. He expected to meet with surviving friends—not to rouse a young generation. As he approached the harbor of New York he made inquiry of some acquaintance to know whether he could find a hack to convey him to a hotel. Illustrious man, and modest as illustrious! Little did he know that all America was on foot to receive him—to take possession of him the moment he touched her soil; to fetch and to carry him; to feast and applaud him; to make him the guest of cities, States and the nation, as long as he could be detained. Many were the happy meetings which he had with old comrades, survivors for near half

a century of their early hardships and dangers, and most grateful to his heart it was to see them, so many of them, exceptions to the maxim which denies to the beginners of revolutions the good fortune to conclude them (and of which maxim his own country had just been so sad an exemplification), and to see his old comrades not only conclude the one they began, but live to enjoy its fruits and honors. Three of his old associates he found ex-presidents (Adams, Jefferson and Madison), enjoying the respect and affection of their country, after having reached its highest honors. Another and the last one that Time would admit to the presidency (Mr. Monroe) now in the presidential chair, and inviting him to revisit the land of his adoption. Many of his early associates seen in the two Houses of Congress, many in the State governments, and many more in all the walks of private life, respected for their characters and venerated for their patriotic services. He was received in both Houses of Congress with equal honor, but the Houses did not limit themselves to honors; they added substantial rewards for long past services and sacrifices—two hundred thousand dollars in money, and twenty-four thousand acres of fertile lands in Florida. These noble grants did not pass without objection—objection to the principle, not to the amount. The ingratitude of republics is the theme of any declaimer; it required a Tacitus to say that gratitude was the death of republics and the birth of monarchies, and it belongs to the people of the United States to exhibit an exception to that profound remark (as they do to so many other lessons

of history), and show a young republic that knows how to be grateful without being unwise, and is able to pay the debt of gratitude without giving its liberties in the discharge of the obligation. The venerable Mr. Macon, yielding to no one in love and admiration of Lafayette and appreciation of his services and sacrifices in the American cause, opposed the grants in the Senate, and did it with the honesty of purpose and the simplicity of language which distinguished all the acts of his life. He said it was with painful reluctance that he felt himself obliged to oppose his voice to the passage of this bill. He admitted, to the full extent claimed for them, the great and meritorious services of General Lafayette, and he did not object to the precise sum which this bill proposed to award him, but he objected to the bill on this ground: he considered General Lafayette, to all intents and purposes, as having been, during our revolution, a son adopted into the family, taken into the household and placed in every respect on the same footing with the other sons of the same family. To treat him as others were treated was all, in this view of his relation to us, that could be required, and this had been done. "That General Lafayette made great sacrifices and spent much of his money in the service of this country," said Mr. M., "I as firmly believe as I do any other thing under the sun. I have no doubt that every faculty of his mind and body was exerted in the Revolutionary war, in defense of this country; but this was equally the case with all the sons of the family. Many native Americans spent their all, made great sacrifices and devoted their lives in the same cause." This

was the ground of his objection to this bill, which, he repeated, it was as disagreeable to him to state as it could be to the Senate to hear. He did not mean to take up the time of the Senate in debate upon the principle of the bill, or to move any amendment to it. He admitted that, when such things were done, they should be done with a free hand. It was to the principle of the bill, therefore, and not to the sum proposed to be given by it, that he objected.

The ardent Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, reporter of the bill in the Senate, replied to the objections, and first showed from history (not from Lafayette, who would have nothing to do with the proposed grant) his advances, losses and sacrifices in our cause. He had expended for the American service in six years, from 1777 to 1783, the sum of 700,000 francs (\$140,000), and under what circumstances? A foreigner owing us nothing and throwing his fortune into the scale with his life, to be lavished in our cause. He left the enjoyments of rank and fortune and the endearments of his family to come and serve in our almost destitute armies, and without pay. He equipped and armed a regiment for our service, and freighted a vessel to us, loaded with arms and munitions. It was not until the year 1794, when almost ruined by the French revolution and by his efforts in the cause of liberty, that he would receive the naked pay, without interest, of a general officer for the time he had served with us. He was entitled to land as one of the officers of the Revolution, and 11,500 acres was granted to him, to be located on any of the public lands of the United States. His

agent located 1,000 acres adjoining the city of New Orleans, and Congress afterwards, not being informed of the location, granted the same ground to the city of New Orleans. His location was valid and he was so informed; but he refused to adhere to it, saying that he would have no contest with any portion of the American people, and ordered the location to be removed, which was done, and carried upon ground of little value—thus giving up what was then worth \$50,000 and now \$500,000. These were his moneyed advances, losses and sacrifices, great in themselves, and of great value to our cause, but perhaps exceeded by the moral effect of his example in joining us and his influence with the king and ministry, which procured us the alliance of France.

The grants were voted with great unanimity, and with the general concurrence of the American people. Mr. Jefferson was warmly for them, giving as a reason in a conversation with me while the grants were depending (for the bill was passed in the Christmas holidays, when I had gone to Virginia and took the opportunity to call upon that great man), which showed his regard for liberty abroad as well as at home, and his far-seeing sagacity into future events: He said there would be a change in France, and Lafayette would be at the head of it and ought to be easy and independent in his circumstances, to be able to act efficiently in conducting the movement. This he said to me on Christmas day, 1824. Six years afterwards this view into futurity was verified. The old Bourbons had to retire: the Duke of Orleans, a brave general in the republican armies, at the commence-

ment of the revolution, was handed to the throne by Lafayette and became the "citizen, king, surrounded by republican institutions." And in this Lafayette was consistent and sincere. He was a republican himself, but deemed a constitutional monarchy the proper government for France, and labored for that form in the person of Louis XVI, as well as in that of Louis Philippe.

Loaded with honors and with every feeling of his heart gratified in the noble reception he had met in the country of his adoption, Lafayette returned to the country of his birth the following summer, still as the guest of the United States and under its flag. He was carried back in a national ship of war, the new frigate *Brandywine*—a delicate compliment (in the name and selection of the ship) from the new President, Mr. Adams, Lafayette having wet with his blood the sanguinary battle field which takes its name from the little stream which gave it first to the field and then to the frigate. Mr. Monroe, then a subaltern in the service of the United States, was wounded at the same time. How honorable to themselves and to the American people that nearly fifty years afterwards they should again appear together and in exalted station; one as President, inviting the other to the great republic and signing the acts which testified a nation's gratitude; the other as a patriot hero, tried in the revolutions of two countries and resplendent in the glory of virtuous and consistent fame.

WILLIAM HENRY HOLCOMBE.

DR. HOLCOMBE was born in Lynchburg, Va., May 29, 1825, and died in New Orleans, November 28, 1893. He practiced medicine for a time in Cincinnati, Ohio, then moved to the South, finally settling in New Orleans, where he became one of the most eminent of the practitioners of Homeopathy that that city has known. He was a constant writer and has published many books. His writings, especially verse, display great delicacy of feeling and a refined literary taste.

Some of his books are *In Both Worlds; The Other Life; Southern Voices; Poems*, and *A Mystery of New Orleans*.

THE STREAMLET'S WARNING.

O! HASTEN, pretty Streamlet!

O! hasten to the sea,
Nor dally in this meadow,
Elysian though it be.

The summer months are coming,
The sun will rise in wrath,
And pour his burning arrows
Upon thy winding path.

The sands will yawn to take thee,
Thy rocks will all be dry;
Thy waves no more will whisper
To the flowerets blooming by.

Delay not in this meadow,
Elysian though it be ;
But hasten, pretty Streamlet !
O hasten to the sea !

I cannot leave this meadow,
And hasten to the sea ;
I cannot leave this meadow
With its April witchery.

For the sun is bright and gentle,
His kiss is sweet and warm,
And he mirrors in my bosom,
The glory of his form.

Upon my banks so mossy
The Roses have their seat—
The Roses and the Lilies—
And I sparkle at their feet.

I sing to them so softly
They bend and smile to me ;
O, I can not leave this meadow
Nor hasten to the sea ;
I can never leave this meadow
With its April witchery.

THE DESECRATED CHAPEL.

A SWEDISH LEGEND

A CHAPEL by the Baltic shore
 Stood on a knoll of green,
Far out at sea, a league or more,
 Its gilded spire was seen.

But wicked Barons of the land
 Drove forth the saintly priest,
And met upon that quiet strand
 To keep unbridled feast.

They tore the pictures from the wall,
 They broke the sacred spire,
The altar and the benches all
 To feed th' unholy fire.

They rode the ring, the spear they sped,
 They broke the glittering lance,
They quaffed the wine and gaily led
 Their ladies to the dance.

But while they stunned the waning night
 With sound of boisterous glee,
A storm arose, with hoarded might,
 And burst upon the sea.

The sea forsook its ancient path,
 And rolled upon the shore;
It lashed the sloping hills in wrath,
 And inland sent its roar.

And when the waves sank to their place,
Of chapel on the green,
Of lords or ladies not a trace
Was longer to be seen.

But still they say sometimes a light
Gleams upward from the sea ;
The Baltic sailor hears at night
Mysterious melody.

He gazes down the placid deep
Enchanted at his oar,
But lo ! the sky's bespangled steep
Is mirrored there no more.

The knoll is seen, the torches glance,
The chapel reappears ;
Fair ladies tricked for merry dance,
And knights with golden spears.

They kneel upon the emerald sward,
And heavenward fix their eyes,
Whilst "misereres" to the Lord
In solemn chant arise.

So weirdly from the buried shore
Gleams up the fearful light,
The Baltic sailor bends his oar,
And flies the phantom sight.

(By permission of Mrs. Gayle Aiken and J. B. Lippincott Co.)

HENRY CLAY.

HENRY CLAY was born in Hanover County, Virginia, April 12, 1777, died in Washington, June 29, 1852, and was buried in Lexington, Ky.

He had a very imperfect education. After studying law he moved to Kentucky. He was, by that State, sent to the Legislature and to the House of Representatives for about fourteen years. For thirteen years he was the Speaker of the House. He served in the United States Senate for about sixteen years. He was one of our Commissioners who signed the Treaty of Ghent.

He was the author of the Missouri Compromise Measure; The Tariff Compromise of 1832, and the Bill for Protection and Internal Improvements. His efforts to preserve the peace between the two sections of the country won for him the name "The Great Pacificator."

He was the author of the often-repeated saying, "I know no North, no South, no East, no West."

A large number of his Speeches have been collected and published.

ADDRESS TO LAFAYETTE.

DELIVERED BY HENRY CLAY,

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

DECEMBER 10, 1824.

GENERAL: The House of Representatives of the United States, impelled alike by its own feelings and by those of the whole American people, could not have assigned to me a more gratifying duty than that of presenting to you cordial congratulations upon the occasion of your recent arrival in the United States in compliance with the wishes of

Congress, and to assure you of the very high satisfaction which your presence affords on this early theatre of your glory and renown. Although but few of the members who compose this body shared with you in the war of our revolution, all have, from impartial history or from faithful tradition, a knowledge of the perils, the sufferings and the sacrifices which you voluntarily encountered, and the signal services in America and in Europe which you performed for an infant, a distant and an alien people, and all feel and own the very great extent of the obligations under which you have placed our country. But the relations in which you have ever stood to the United States, interesting and important as they have been, do not constitute the only motive of the respect and admiration which the House of Representatives entertains for you. Your consistency of character, your uniform devotion to regulated liberty, in all the vicissitudes of a long and arduous life, also command its admiration. During all the recent convulsions of Europe, and after the dispersion of every political storm the people of the United States have beheld you, true to your old principles, firm and erect, cheering and animating with your well-known voice the votaries of liberty, its faithful and fearless champion, ready to shed the last drop of that blood which here you so freely and nobly spilt in the same holy cause.

The vain wish has been sometimes indulged that Providence would allow the patriot, after death, to return to his country and to contemplate the intermediate changes which had taken place; to view the forests felled, the cities built, the

mountains leveled, the canals cut, the highways constructed, the progress of the arts, the advancement of learning and the increase of population. General, your present visit to the United States is a realization of the consoling object of that wish. You are in the midst of posterity. Everywhere you must have been struck with the great changes, physical and moral, which have occurred since you left us. Even this very city (Washington), bearing a venerated name, alike endeared to you and to us, has since emerged from the forest which then covered its site. In one respect you behold us unaltered, and this is in the sentiment of continued devotion to liberty and of ardent affection and profound gratitude to your departed friend, the father of his country, and to you and to your illustrious associates in the field and in the cabinet, for the multiplied blessings which surround us, and for the very privilege of addressing you, which I now exercise. This sentiment, now fondly cherished by more than ten millions of people, will be transmitted, with unabated vigor, down the tide of time, through the countless millions, who are destined to inhabit this continent, to the latest posterity.



Grace King.

GRACE ELIZABETH KING.

GRACE KING was born in New Orleans in 1852. Her earlier years were divided between the city and the family plantation. Under her father's tutelage she cultivated a desire for reading, and acquired the habit of observation that has borne fruit in the vivid pictures of both city and country scenes, characters and customs that make her stories so real and lifelike.

Phelps says of her fiction, and especially of her short stories: "Her stories are bits of significant life told simply, truthfully and with that clear directness which implies art of the highest kind."

In the writing of history, her work has been facilitated by her knowledge of both the French and Spanish languages and her opportunity for the study of the archives of those countries during her frequent visits to Europe.

Among her works are *Bienville*; *De Soto in the Land of Florida*; *New Orleans, the Place and the People*; *Monsieur Motte*; *Tales of a Time and Place*, and *Balcony Stories*.

A DRAMA OF THREE.

FROM

BALCONY STORIES.

It was a regular dramatic performance every first of the month in the little cottage of the old General and Madame B——.

It began with the waking up of the General by his wife, standing at the bedside with a cup of black coffee.

“He! Ah! Oh, Honorine! Yes; the first of the month, and affairs—affairs to be transacted.”

On those mornings when affairs were to be transacted there was not much leisure for the household; and it was Honorine who constituted the household. Not the old dressing-gown and slippers, the old, old trousers, and the ante-diluvian neck-foulard of other days! Far from it. It was a case of warm water (with even a fling of cologne in it), of the trimming of beard and mustache by Honorine, and the black broadcloth suit, and the brown satin stock, and that ease of manner and air of self-satisfaction which no one could possess or assume like the old General. Whether he possessed or assumed it is an uncertainty which hung over the fine manners of all the gentlemen of his day, who were kept through their youth in Paris to cultivate elegance and an education.

It was also something of a gala day for Madame la Général, too, as it must be a gala day for all old wives to see their husbands pranked in all the manners and graces that had conquered their maidenhood, and exhaling once more that ambrosial fragrance which once so well incensed their compelling presence.

Ah, to the end a woman loves to celebrate her conquest! It is the last touch of misfortune with her to lose in the old, the ugly, and the commonplace her youthful lord and master. If one could look under the gray hairs and wrinkles with which time thatches old women, one would be surprised to see the flutterings, the quiverings, the thrills, the emotions, the coals of the heart-fires which death alone extinguishes when he commands the tenant to vacate.

Honorine's hands chilled with the ice of sixteen as she approached scissors to the white mustache and beard. When her finger-tips brushed those lips, still well formed and roseate, she felt it, strange to say, on her lips. When she asperged the warm water with cologne—it was her secret delight and greatest effort of economy to buy this cologne—she always had one little moment of what she called faintness—that faintness which had veiled her eyes and chained her hands, and stilled her throbbing bosom when as a bride she came from the church with him. It was then she noticed the faint fragrance of the cologne bath. The lips would open as they did then, and she would stand for a moment and think thoughts to which, it must be confessed, she looked forward from month to month. What a man he had been!

When the General had completed—let it be called no less than the ceremony of—his toilet, he took his chocolate and his French rolls. Honorine could not imagine him breakfasting on anything but French rolls. Then he sat himself in his large armchair before his *escritoire* and began transacting his affairs with his usual:

“But where is that idiot, that dolt, that slug-gard, that snail, with my mail?”

Honorine, busy in the breakfast-room:

“In a moment, husband. In a moment.”

“But he should be here now. It is the first of the month, it is nine o'clock, I am ready; he should be here.”

“It is not yet nine o'clock, husband.”

“Not yet nine! Not yet nine! Am I not up? Am I not dressed? Have I not breakfasted before nine?”

"That is so, husband. That is so."

Honorine's voice, prompt in cheerful acquiescence, came from the next room, where she was washing his cup, saucer and spoon.

"It is getting worse and worse every day. I tell you, Honorine, Pompey must be discharged. He is worthless. He is trifling. Discharge him! Discharge him! Do not have him about! Chase him out of the yard! Chase him as soon as he makes his appearance! Do you hear, Honorine?"

"You must have a little patience, husband."

It was perhaps the only reproach one could make to Madame Honorine that she never learned by experience.

"Patience! Patience! Patience is the invention of dullards and sluggards. In a well-regulated world there should be no need of such a thing as patience. Patience should be punished as a crime, or at least as a breach of the peace. Wherever patience is found police investigation should be made as for smallpox. Patience! Patience! I never heard the word, I assure you; I never heard the word in Paris. What do you think would be said there to the messenger who craved patience of you? Oh, they know too well in Paris, a rataplan from the walking stick on his back that would be the answer; and a 'My good fellow, we are not hiring professors of patience, but legs.'"

"But, husband, you must remember we do not hire Pompey. He only does it to oblige us, out of his kindness."

"Oblige us! Oblige me! Kindness! A negro oblige me! Kind to me! That is it; that is it. That is the way to talk under the new régime.

It is a favor, and oblige, and education, and monsieur, and madame, now. What child's play to call this a country—a government! I would not be surprised"—jumping to his next position on this ever-recurring first of the month theme—"I would not be surprised if Pompey has failed to find the letter in the box. How do I know that the mail has not been tampered with? From day to day I expect to hear it. What is to prevent? Who is to interpose? The honesty of the officials? Honesty of the officials, that is good! What a farce—honesty of officials! That is evidently what has happened. The thought has not occurred to me in vain. Pompey has gone. He has not found the letter, and—well, that is the end."

But the General had still another theory to account for the delay in the appearance of his mail which he always posed abruptly after the exhaustion of the arraignment of the postoffice.

"And why not Journal?" Journal was their landlord, a fellow of means but no extraction, and a favorite aversion of the old gentleman's.

"Journal himself? You think he is above it, eh? You think Journal would not do such a thing? Ha! your simplicity, Honorine; your simplicity is incredible. It is miraculous. I tell you I have known the Journals from father to son for, yes, for seventy-five years. Was not his grandfather the overseer on my father's plantation? I was not five years old when I began to know the Journals. And this fellow, I know him better than he knows himself. I know him as well as God knows him. I have made up my mind. I have made it up carefully that the first time that letter fails on the first of the month I shall have Journal arrested as a thief.

I shall land him in the penitentiary. What you think? I shall submit to have my mail tampered with by a Journal? Their contents appropriated? What! You think there was no coincidence in Journal's offering me his postoffice box just the month before those letters began to arrive? You think he did not have some inkling of them? Mark my words, Honorine, he did, by some of his subterranean methods. And all these five years he has been arranging his plans—that is all. He was arranging theft, which no doubt has been consummated to-day. Oh, I have regretted it, I assure you that I have regretted it, that I did not promptly reject his proposition; that, in fact, I ever had anything to do with the fellow."

It was almost invariably, so regularly do events run in this world, it was almost invariably that the negro messenger made his appearance at this point. For five years the General had perhaps not been interrupted as many times, either above or below the last sentence. The mail, or rather the letter, was opened and the usual amount—three ten-dollar bills—was carefully extracted and counted. And as if he scented the bills, even as the General said he did, within ten minutes after their delivery, Journal made his appearance to collect the rent.

It could only have been in Paris, among that old retired nobility, who counted their names back, as they expressed it, "to the days before the deluge," that could have been acquired the proper manner of treating a plebeian landlord; to measure him with the eyes from head to foot; to hand the rent—the ten-dollar bill—with the tips of the fingers; to scorn a look at the humbly tendered re-

ceipt; to say: "The cistern needs repairing, the roof leaks; I must warn you that unless such notifications meet with more prompt attention than in the past, you must look for another tenant," etc., in the monotonous tone of supremacy, and in the French, not of Journe!s dictionary, nor of the dictionary of any such as he, but in the French of Racine and Corneille; in the French of the above suggested circle, which inclosed the General's memory, if it had not inclosed, as he never tired of recounting, his star-like personality.

A sheet of paper always infolded the bank-notes. It always bore, in fine but sexless tracery, "From one who owes you much."

There, that was it, that sentence, which, like a locomotive, bore the General and his wife far on these firsts of the month to two opposite points of the horizon; in fact, one from the other, "From one who owes you much."

The old gentleman would toss the paper aside with the bill receipt. In the man to whom the bright New Orleans itself almost owed its brightness, it was a paltry act to search and pick for a debtor. Friends had betrayed and deserted him; relatives had forgotten him; merchants had failed with his money; bank presidents had stooped to deceive him; for he was an old man, and had about run the gamut of human disappointments—a gamut that had begun with a C major of trust, hope, happiness and money.

His political party had thrown him aside. Neither for ambassador, plenipotentiary, senator, congressman, not even for a clerkship, could he be nominated by it. Certes! "From one who owed him much." He had fitted the cap to a new head,

the first of every month, for five years, and still the list was not exhausted. Indeed, it would have been hard for the General to look anywhere and not see some one whose obligations to him far exceeded this thirty dollars a month. Could he avoid being happy with such eyes?

But poor Madame Honorine! She who gathered up the receipts, and the "From one who owes you much"; who could at an instant's warning produce the particular ones for any month of the past half-decade; she kept them filed, not only in her armoire, but the scrawled papers, skewered, as it were, somewhere else, where women have from time immemorial skewered such unsigned papers. She was not original in her thoughts—no more, for the matter of that, than the General was. Tapped at any time on the first of the month, then she would pause in her drudgery to reimpale her heart by a sight of the written characters on the scrap of paper; her thoughts would have been found flowing thus, "One can give everything, and yet be sure of nothing."

When Madame Honorine said "everything," she did not, as women in such cases often do, exaggerate. When she married the General she in reality gave the youth of sixteen, the beauty (ah, do not trust the denial of those wrinkles, the thin hair, the faded eyes!) of an angel, the dot of an heiress. Alas. It was too little at the time. Had she in her own person united all the youth, all the beauty, all the wealth, sprinkled parsimoniously so far and wide over all the women in this land, would she at that time have done aught else with this than immolate it on the burning pyre of the General's affection? And yet be sure of nothing."

It is not necessary, perhaps, to explain that last clause. It is very little consolation for wives that their husbands have forgotten, when some one else remembers. Some one else! Ah! there could be so many some one elses in the General's life, for in truth he had been irresistible to excess. But this was one particular some one else who had been faithful for five years. Which one?

When Madame Honorine solves that enigma she has made up her mind how to act.

As for Journal, it amuses him more and more. He would go away from the little cottage rubbing his hands with pleasure (he never saw Madame Honorine, by the way, only the General). He would have given far more than thirty dollars a month for this drama; for he was not only rich, but a great joker.

(By permission of Miss Grace King.)

MADISON JULIUS CAWEIN.

MADISON JULIUS CAWEIN is one of the striking exceptions to the present-day influence of commercialism. His appreciation of the beauties of nature, and the apparently inexhaustible poetic forms in which he has expressed that knowledge and love, hold out to us the hope that the art of the poet will even in this day renew its youth.

Cawein was born in Kentucky in 1865, and made his home in Louisville until his death, December 7, 1914.

His poems fill some fifteen volumes.

RAIN AND WIND.

I HEAR the hoofs of horses
Galloping over the hill,
Galloping on and galloping on,
When all the night is shrill
With wind and rain that beats the pane—
And my soul with awe is still.

For every dripping window
Their headlong rush makes bound,
Galloping up and galloping by,
Then back again and around,
Till the gusty roofs ring with their hoofs,
And the draughty cellars sound.

And then I hear black horsemen
Hallooing in the night ;
Hallooing and hallooing,
They ride o'er vale and height,
And the branches snap and the shutters clap
With the fury of their flight.

Then at each door a horseman,—
With burly bearded lip
Hallooing through the keyhole,—
Pauses with cloak a-drip ;
And the door-knob shakes and the panel quakes
'Neath the anger of his whip.

All night I hear their gallop,
And their wild halloo's alarm ;
The tree-tops sound and vanes go round
In forest and on farm ;
But never a hair of a thing is there—
Only the wind and the storm.

WOOD-WORDS.

THE spirits of the forest,
That to the winds give voice—
I lie the livelong April day
And wonder what it is they say
That makes the leaves rejoice.

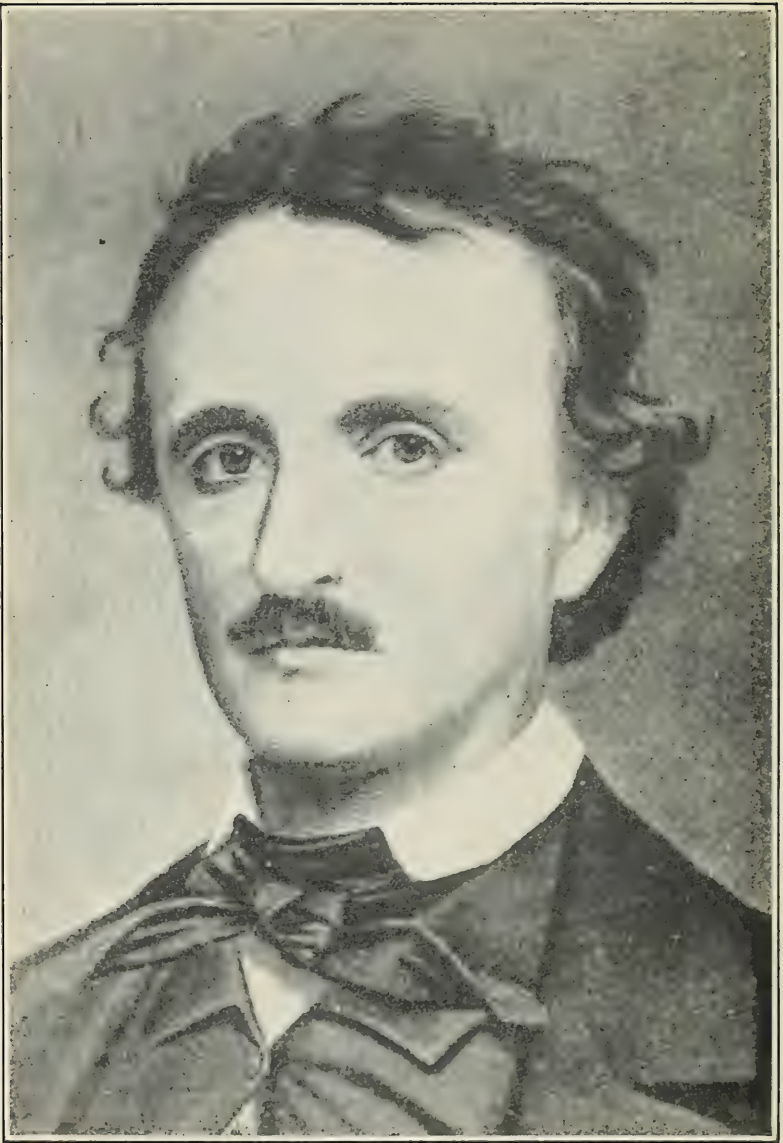
The spirits of the forest,
That breathe in bud and bloom—
I walk within the black-haw brake
And wonder how it is they make
The bubbles of perfume.

The spirits of the forest,
That live in every spring—
I lean above the brook's bright blue
And wonder what it is they do
That makes the water sing.

The spirits of the forest,
That haunt the sun's green glow—
Down fungus ways of fern I steal
And wonder what they can conceal
In dews that twinkle so.

The spirits of the forest,
They hold me, heart and hand—
And oh! The bird they send by light,
The jack-o'-lantern gleam by night,
To guide to Fairyland!

(By permission of Mrs. Madison J. Cawein and
John P. Morton & Co.)



Edgar A. Poe.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THIS greatest of American writers, as he is declared to be by the European critics and by a large number of our own men of letters, was born in Boston, January 19, 1809. His father came from a distinguished Baltimore family, and his mother, Elizabeth Arnold, was an English actress, a woman of exceptional beauty and possessed of most fascinating manners. Left an orphan when not quite three years of age, Poe was taken into the home of a Scotch merchant living in Richmond, Va.

Poe was taken to Scotland, perhaps travelled on the continent, and placed in an English school. After several years he was brought back to Richmond and lived in the comfortable surroundings of his kind protector's home. He became conspicuous at school by his remarkable intelligence, the thorough and systematic preparation for his work, and for his physical strength and dexterity in athletic sports. His sensitive nature was constantly wounded by the taunts or insinuations of his aristocratic school-mates, who could not forgive the fact that his mother was an actress and that he was a pensioner.

Poe studied at the University of Virginia and at West Point. He drifted into bad habits; and Mr. Allan took him from college and put him into a business house. Poe ran away, joined the army for a while, drifted from one magazine to another, grew poorer and more morose and melancholy. He married his child cousin, Virginia Clemm, whose death plunged him deeper still into an almost despairing gloom. His tragic death came in a Baltimore hospital, October 7, 1849. His faults have been greatly exaggerated by many of the other authors of his time, whose faults and follies he so mercilessly criticized. His wonderful combination of a mathematical and poetic mind, of logic and romantic imagination, and the everpresent influence of an

overmastering love of the beautiful have given to Poe a quality that we find in no one else.

While the number of his poems are few, he has written a considerable number of short stories, stories of the grotesque, of weird mysteries and detective stories—a new form of story invented by him.

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM.

I was sick—sick unto death with that long agony; and when they at length unbound me, and I was permitted to sit, I felt that my senses were leaving me. The sentence—the dread sentence of death—was the last of distinct accentuation which reached my ears. After that the sound of the inquisitorial voices seemed merged in one dreamy indeterminate hum. It conveyed to my soul the idea of *revolution*—perhaps from its association in fancy with the burr of a mill-wheel. This only for a brief period, for presently I heard no more. Yet, for a while, I saw—but with how terrible an exaggeration! I saw the lips of the black-robed judges. They appeared to me white—whiter than the sheet upon which I trace these words—and thin even to grotesqueness; thin with the intensity of their expression of firmness—of immovable resolution—of stern contempt of human torture. I saw that the decrees of what to me was Fate were still issuing from those lips. I saw them writhe with a deadly locution. I saw them fashion the syllables of my name; and I shuddered because no sound succeeded. I saw, too, for a few moments of delirious horror, the soft and nearly imperceptible waving of the sable draperies which enveloped the walls of the apartment. And then my vision fell upon the seven tall candles upon the

table. At first they wore the aspect of charity, and seemed white slender angels who would save me; but then, all at once, there came a most deadly nausea over my spirit, and I felt every fibre in my frame thrill as if I had touched the wire of a galvanic battery, while the angel forms became meaningless spectres, with heads of flame, and I saw that from them there would be no help. And then there stole into my fancy, like a rich musical note, the thought of what sweet rest there must be in the grave. The thought came gently and stealthily, and it seemed long before it attained full appreciation; but just as my spirit came at length properly to feel and entertain it, the figures of the judges vanished, as if magically, from before me; the tall candles sank into nothingness; their flames went out utterly; the blackness of darkness supervened; all sensations appeared swallowed up in a mad rushing descent as of the soul into Hades. Then silence, and stillness, and night were the universe.

I had swooned; but still will not say that all of consciousness was lost. What of it remained I will not attempt to define, or even to describe; yet all was not lost. In the deepest slumber—no! In delirium—no! In a swoon—no! In death—no! even in the grave all *is not* lost. Else there is no immortality for man. Arousing from the most profound of slumbers, we break the gossamer web of *some* dream. Yet in a second afterward (so frail may that web have been) we remember not that we have dreamed. In the return to life from the swoon there are two stages; first, that of the sense of mental or spiritual; secondly, that of the sense of physical, existence. It seems probable that if,

upon reaching the second stage, we could recall the impressions of the first, we should find these impressions eloquent in memories of the gulf beyond. And that gulf is—what? How at least shall we distinguish its shadows from those of the tomb? But if the impressions of what I have termed the first stage, are not at will, recalled, yet, after long interval, do they not come unbidden, while we marvel whence they come? He who has never swooned, is not he who finds strange palaces and wildly familiar faces in coals that glow; is not he who beholds floating in mid-air the sad visions that the many may not view; is not he who ponders over the perfume of some novel flower; is not he whose brain grows bewildered with the meaning of some musical cadence which has never before arrested his attention.

Amid frequent and thoughtful endeavors to remember, amid earnest struggles to regather some token of the state of seeming nothingness into which my soul had lapsed, there have been moments when I have dreamed of success; there have been brief, very brief periods when I conjured up remembrances which the lucid reason of a later epoch assures me could have had reference only to that condition of seeming unconsciousness. These shadows of memory tell, indistinctly, of tall figures that lifted and bore me in silence down—down—still down—till a hideous dizziness oppressed me at the mere idea of the interminableness of the descent. They tell also of a vague horror at my heart, on account of that heart's unnatural stillness. Then comes a sense of sudden motionlessness throughout all things; as if those who bore

me (a ghastly train) had outrun, in their descent, the limbs of the limitless, and paused from the wearisomeness of their toil. After this I call to mind flatness and dampness; and then all is *madness*—the madness of a memory which busies itself among forbidden things.

Very suddenly there came back to my soul motion and sound—the tumultuous motion of my heart, and in my ears, the sound of its beating. There was a pause in which all is blank. Then again sound, and motion, and touch—a tingling sensation pervading my frame. Then the mere consciousness of existence, without thought—a condition which lasted long. Then very suddenly, *thought*, and shuddering terror, and earnest endeavour to comprehend my true state. Then a strong desire to lapse into insensibility. Then a rushing revival of soul and a successful effort to move. And now a full memory of the trial, of the judges, of the sable draperies, of the sentence, of the sickness, of the swoon. Then entire forgetfulness of all that followed; of all that a later day and much earnestness of endeavour have enabled me vaguely to recall.

So far, I had not opened my eyes. I felt that I lay upon my back unbound. I reached out my hand, and it fell heavily upon something damp and hard. There I suffered it to remain for many minutes, while I strove to imagine where and *what* I could be. I longed, yet dared not, to employ my vision. I dreaded the first glance at objects around me. It was not that I feared to look upon things horrible, but that I grew aghast lest there should be *nothing* to see. At length, with a wild

desperation at heart, I quickly unclosed my eyes. My worst thoughts, then, were confirmed. The blackness of eternal night encompassed me. I struggled for breath. The intensity of the darkness seemed to oppress and stifle me. The atmosphere was intolerably close. I still lay quietly and made effort to exercise my reason. I brought to mind the inquisitorial proceedings, and attempted from that point to deduce my real condition. The sentence had passed; and it appeared to me that a very long interval of time had since elapsed. Yet not for a moment did I suppose myself actually dead. Such a supposition, notwithstanding what we read in fiction, is altogether inconsistent with real existence;—but where and in what state was I? The condemned to death, I knew, perished usually at the *auto-da-fés*, and one of these had been held on the very night of the day of my trial. Had I been remanded to my dungeon, to await the next sacrifice, which would not take place for many months? This I at once saw could not be. Victims had been in immediate demand. Moreover, my dungeon, as well as all the condemned cells at Toledo, had stone floors, and light was not altogether excluded.

A fearful idea now suddenly drove the blood in torrents upon my heart, and for a brief period I once more relapsed into insensibility. Upon recovering, I at once started to my feet, trembling convulsively in every fibre. I thrust my arms wildly above and around me in all directions. I felt nothing; yet dreaded to move a step, lest I should be impeded by the walls of a *tomb*. Perspiration burst from every pore, and stood in cold big beads

at length intolerable, and I cautiously moved forward, with my arms extended, and my eyes straining from their sockets in the hope of catching some faint ray of light. I proceeded for many paces; but still all was blackness and vacancy. I breathed more freely. It seemed evident that mine was not, at least, the most hideous of fates.

And now, as I still continued to step cautiously onward, there came thronging upon my recollection a thousand vague rumors of the horrors of Toledo. Of the dungeons there had been strange things narrated—fables I had always deemed them—but yet strange, and too ghastly to repeat, save in a whisper. Was I left to perish of starvation in this subterranean world of darkness; or what fate, perhaps even more fearful, awaited me? That the result would be death, and a death of more than customary bitterness, I knew too well the character of my judges to doubt. The mode and the hour were all that occupied or distracted me.

My outstretched hands at length encountered some solid obstruction. It was a wall, seemingly of stone masonry—very smooth, slimy, and cold. I followed it up; stepping with all the careful distrust with which certain antique narratives had inspired me. This process, however, afforded me no means of ascertaining the dimensions of my dungeon, as I might make its circuit and return to the point whence I set out without being aware of the fact, so perfectly uniform seemed the wall. I therefore sought the knife which had been in my pocket when led into the inquisitorial chamber; but it was gone; my clothes had been exchanged for a

wrapper of coarse serge. I had thought of forcing the blade in some minute crevice of the masonry, so as to identify my point of departure. The difficulty, nevertheless, was but trivial; although, in the disorder of my fancy, it seemed at first insuperable. I tore a part of the hem from the robe and placed the fragment at full length, and at right angles to the wall. In groping my way around the prison, I could not fail to encounter this rag upon completing the circuit. So, at least, I thought; but I had not counted upon the extent of the dungeon, or upon my own weakness. The ground was moist and slippery. I staggered onward for some time, when I stumbled and fell. My excessive fatigue induced me to remain prostrate; and sleep soon overtook me as I lay.

Upon awaking, and stretching forth an arm, I found beside me a loaf and a pitcher with water. I was too much exhausted to reflect upon this circumstance, but ate and drank with avidity. Shortly afterward, I resumed my tour around the prison, and with much toil came at last upon the fragment of the serge. Up to the period when I fell I had counted fifty-two paces, and, upon resuming my walk, I had counted forty-eight more—when I arrived at the rag. There were in all, then, a hundred paces; and, admitting two paces to the yard, I presumed the dungeon to be fifty yards in circuit. I had met, however, with many angles in the wall, and thus I could form no guess at the shape of the vault, for vault I could not help supposing it to be.

I had little object—certainly no hope—in these researches; but a vague curiosity prompted me to

continue them. Quitting the wall, I resolved to cross the area of the enclosure. At first, I proceeded with extreme caution, for the floor, although seemingly of solid material, was treacherous with slime. At length, however, I took courage, and did not hesitate to step firmly—endeavouring to cross in as direct a line as possible. I had advanced some ten or twelve paces in this manner, when the remnant of the torn hem of my robe became entangled between my legs. I stepped on it, and fell violently on my face.

In the confusion attending my fall, I did not immediately apprehend a somewhat startling circumstance, which yet, in a few seconds afterward, and while I still lay prostrate, arrested my attention. It was this: my chin rested upon the floor of the prison, but my lips, and the upper portion of my head, although seemingly at a less elevation than the chin, touched nothing. At the same time my forehead seemed bathed in a clammy vapour, and the peculiar smell of decayed fungus arose to my nostrils. I put forward my arm, and shuddered to find that I had fallen at the very brink of a circular pit, whose extent, of course, I had no means of ascertaining at the moment. Groping about the masonry just below the margin, I succeeded in dislodging a small fragment, and let it fall into the abyss. For many seconds I harkened to its reverberations as it dashed against the sides of the chasm in its descent; at length, there was a sullen plunge into water, succeeded by loud echoes. At the same moment there came a sound resembling the quick opening and as rapid closing of a door overhead, while a faint gleam of light flashed

suddenly through the gloom, and as suddenly faded away.

I saw clearly the doom which had been prepared for me, and congratulated myself upon the timely accident by which I had escaped. Another step before my fall, and the world had seen me no more. And the death just avoided was of that very character which I had regarded as fabulous and frivolous in the tales respecting the Inquisition. To the victims of its tyranny, there was the choice of death with its direct physical agonies, or death with its most hideous moral horrors. I had been reserved for the latter. By long suffering my nerves had been unstrung, until I trembled at the sound of my own voice, and had become in every respect a fitting subject for the species of torture which awaited me.

Shaking in every limb, I groped my way back to the wall—resolving there to perish rather than risk the terrors of the wells of which my imagination now pictured many in various positions about the dungeon. In other conditions of mind I might have had courage to end my misery at once, by a plunge into one of these abysses; but now I was the veriest of cowards. Neither could I forget what I had read of these pits—that the *sudden* extinction of life formed no part of their most horrible plan.

Agitation of spirit kept me awake for many long hours, but at length I again slumbered. Upon arousing, I found by my side, as before, a loaf and a pitcher of water. A burning thirst consumed me, and I emptied the vessel at a draught. It must have been drugged—for scarcely had I drunk, be-

fore I became irresistibly drowsy. A deep sleep fell upon me—a sleep like that of death. How long it lasted, of course, I know not; but when, once again, I unclosed my eyes, the objects around me were visible. By a wild, sulphurous luster, the origin of which I could not at first determine, I was enabled to see the extent and aspect of the prison.

In its size I had been greatly mistaken. The whole circuit of its walls did not exceed twenty-five yards. For some minutes this fact occasioned me a world of vain trouble; vain indeed—for what could be of less importance, under the terrible circumstances which environed me, than the mere dimensions of my dungeon? But my soul took a wild interest in trifles, and I busied myself in endeavours to account for the error I had committed in my measurement. The truth at length flashed upon me. In my first attempt at exploration I had counted fifty-two paces, up to the period when I fell: I must then have been within a pace or two of the fragment of serge; in fact, I had nearly performed the circuit of the vault. I then slept—and upon awaking, I must have turned upon my steps—thus supposing the circuit nearly double what it actually was. My confusion of mind prevented me from observing that I began my tour with the wall to the left, and ended with the wall to the right.

I had been deceived, too, in respect to the shape of the enclosure. In feeling my way I had found many angles, and thus deduced an idea of great irregularity; so potent is the effect of total darkness upon one arousing from lethargy or sleep! The angles were simply those of a few slight de-

pressions, or niches at odd intervals. The general shape of the prison was square. What I had taken for masonry seemed now to be iron, or some other metal, in huge plates, whose sutures or joints occasioned the depression. The entire surface of this metallic enclosure was rudely daubed in all the hideous and repulsive devices to which the charnel superstition of the monks has given rise. The figures of fiends in aspects of menace, with skeleton forms, and other more really fearful images, overspread and disfigured the walls. I observed that the outlines of these monstrosities were sufficiently distinct, but that the colors seemed faded and blurred, as if from the effects of a damp atmosphere. I now noticed the floor, too, which was of stone. In the center yawned the circular pit from whose jaws I had escaped; but it was the only one in the dungeon.

All this I saw indistinctly and by much effort—for my personal condition had been greatly changed during slumber. I now lay upon my back, and at full length, on a species of low framework of wood. To this I was securely bound by a long strap resembling a surcingle. It passed in many convolutions about my limbs and body, leaving at liberty only my head, and my left arm to such extent that I could, by dint of much exertion, supply myself with food from an earthen dish which lay by my side on the floor. I saw, to my horror, that the pitcher had been removed. I say to my horror—for I was consumed with intolerable thirst. This thirst it appeared to be the design of my persecutors to stimulate—for the food in the dish was meat pungently seasoned.

Looking upward, I surveyed the ceiling of my prison. It was some thirty or forty feet overhead, and constructed much as the side walls. In one of its panels a very singular figure riveted my whole attention. It was the painted figure of Time as he is commonly represented, save that, in lieu of a scythe, he held what, at a casual glance, I supposed to be picture image of a huge pendulum, such as we see on antique clocks. There was something, however, in the appearance of this machine which caused me to regard it more attentively. While I gazed directly upward at it (for its position was immediately over my own) I fancied that I saw it in motion. In an instant afterward the fancy was confirmed. Its sweep was brief, and of course slow. I watched it for some minutes somewhat in fear, but more in wonder. Wearied at length with observing its dull movement, I turned my eyes upon the other objects in the cell.

A slight noise attracted my notice, and looking to the floor I saw several enormous rats traversing it. They had issued from the well which lay just within view to my right. Even then, while I gazed, they came up in troops, hurriedly, with ravenous eyes, allured by the scent of the meat. From this it required much effort and attention to scare them away.

It might have been half an hour, perhaps even an hour (for I could take but imperfect note of time), before I again cast my eyes upward. What I then saw confounded and amazed me. The sweep of the pendulum had increased in extent by nearly a yard. As a natural consequence its velocity was also much greater. But what mainly disturbed me

was the idea that it had perceptibly *descended*. I now observed—with what horror it is needless to say—that its nether extremity was formed of a crescent of glittering steel, about a foot in length from horn to horn; the horns upward, and the under edge evidently as keen as that of a razor. Like a razor also, it seemed massive and heavy, tapering from the edge into a solid and broad structure above. It was appended to a weighty rod of brass, and the whole *hissed* as it swung through the air.

I could no longer doubt the doom prepared for me by monkish ingenuity in torture. My cognizance of the pit had become known to the inquisitorial agents—*the pit*, whose horrors had been destined for so bold a recusant as myself—*the pit*, typical of hell and regarded by rumor as the Ultima Thule of all their punishments. The plunge into this pit I had avoided by the merest of accidents, and I knew that surprise, or entrapment into torment, formed an important portion of all the grotesquerie of these dungeon deaths. Having failed to fall, it was no part of the demon plan to hurl me into the abyss; and thus (there being no alternative) a different and a milder destruction awaited me. Milder! I half smiled in my agony as I thought of such application of such a term.

What boots it to tell of the long, long hours of horror more than mortal, during which I counted the rushing oscillations of the steel! Inch by inch—line by line—with a descent only appreciable at intervals that seemed ages—down and still down it came! Days passed—it might have been that many days passed—ere it swept so closely over me as to fan me with its acrid breath. The odor of

the sharp steel forced itself into my nostrils. I prayed—I wearied heaven with my prayer for its more speedy descent. I grew frantically mad, and struggled to force myself upward against the sweep of the fearful scimitar. And then I fell suddenly calm, and lay smiling at the glittering death, as a child at some rare bauble.

There was another interval of utter insensibility; it was brief; for, upon again lapsing into life, there had been no perceptible descent in the pendulum. But it might have been long—for I knew there were demons who took note of my swoon, and who could have arrested the vibration at pleasure. Upon my recovery, too, I felt very—oh! inexpressibly—sick and weak, as if through long inaction. Even amid the agonies of that period the human nature craved food. With painful effort I outstretched my left arm as far as my bonds permitted, and took possession of the small remnant which had been spared me by the rats. As I put a portion of it within my lips, there rushed to my mind a half-formed thought of joy—of hope. Yet what business had *I* with hope? It was, as I say, a half-formed thought—man has many such, which are never completed. I felt that it was of joy—of hope; but I felt also that it had perished in its formation. In vain I struggled to perfect—to regain it. Long suffering had nearly annihilated all my ordinary powers of mind. I was an imbecile—an idiot.

The vibration of the pendulum was at right angles to my length. I saw that the crescent was designed to cross the region of the heart. It would fray the serge of my robe—it would return

and repeat its operations—again—and again. Notwithstanding its terrifically wide sweep (some thirty feet or more), and the hissing vigor of its descent, sufficient to sunder these very walls of iron, still the fraying of my robe would be all that, for several minutes, it would accomplish. And at this thought I paused. I dared not go further than this reflection. I dwelt upon it with a pertinacity of attention—as if, in so dwelling, I could arrest *here* the descent of the steel. I forced myself to ponder upon the sound of the crescent as it should pass across the garment—upon the peculiar thrilling sensation which the friction of cloth produces on the nerves. I pondered over all this frivolity until my teeth were on edge.

Down—steadily down it crept. I took a frenzied pleasure in contrasting its downward with its lateral velocity. To the right—to the left—far and wide—with the shriek of a damned spirit! to my heart, with the stealthy pace of the tiger! I alternately laughed and howled, as the one or the other idea grew predominant.

Down—certainly, relentlessly down! It vibrated within three inches of my bosom! I struggled violently—furiously—to free my left arm. This was free only from the elbow to the hand. I could reach the latter, from the platter beside me, to my mouth, with great effort, but no farther. Could I have broken the fastenings above the elbow, I would have seized and attempted to arrest the pendulum. I might as well have attempted to arrest an avalanche!

Down — still unceasingly — still inevitably down! I gasped and struggled at each vibration. I shrank convulsively at its every sweep. My eyes

followed its outward or upward whirls with the eagerness of the most unmeaning despair; they closed themselves spasmodically at the descent, although death would have been a relief, oh, how unspeakable! Still I quivered in every nerve to think how slight a sinking of the machinery would precipitate that keen, glistening axe upon my bosom. It was *hope* that prompted the nerve to quiver—the frame to shrink. It was *hope*—the hope that triumphs on the rack—that whispers to the death-condemned even in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

I saw that some ten or twelve vibrations would bring the steel in actual contact with my robe—and with this observation there suddenly came over my spirit all the keen, collected calmness of despair. For the first time during many hours—or perhaps days—I *thought*. It now occurred to me that the bandage, or surcingle, which enveloped me was *unique*. It was tied by no separate cord. The first stroke of the razor-like crescent athwart any portion of the band would so detach it that it might be unwound from my person by means of my left hand. But how fearful, in that case, the proximity of the steel! The result of the slightest struggle, how deadly! Was it likely, moreover, that the minions of the torturer had not foreseen and provided for this possibility? Was it probable that the bandage crossed my bosom in the track of the pendulum? Dreading to find my faint and, as it seemed, my last hope frustrated, I so far elevated my head as to obtain a distinct view of my breast. The surcingle enveloped my limbs and body close in all directions—*save in the path of the destroying crescent*.

Scarcely had I dropped my head back into its original position, when there flashed upon my mind what I cannot better describe than as the unformed half of that idea of deliverance to which I have previously alluded, and of which a moiety only floated indeterminately through my brain when I raised food to my burning lips. The whole thought was now present—feeble, scarcely sane, scarcely definite—but still entire. I proceeded at once, with the nervous energy of despair, to attempt its execution.

For many hours the immediate vicinity of the low framework upon which I lay had been literally swarming with rats. They were wild, bold, ravenous—their red eyes glaring upon me as if they waited but for motionlessness on my part to make me their prey. “To what food,” I thought, “have they been accustomed in the well?”

They had devoured, in spite of all my efforts to prevent them, all but a small remnant of the contents of the dish. I had fallen into an habitual see-saw or wave of the hand about the platter; and, at length, the unconscious uniformity of the movement deprived it of effect. In their voracity, the vermin frequently fastened their sharp fangs in my fingers. With the particles of the oily and spicy viand which now remained, I thoroughly rubbed the bandage wherever I could reach it; then, raising my hand from the floor, I lay breathlessly still.

At first the ravenous animals were startled and terrified at the change—at the cessation of movement. They shrank alarmedly back; many sought the well. But this was only for a moment. I had

not counted in vain upon their voracity. Observing that I remained without motion, one or two of the boldest leaped upon the framework and smelt of the surcingle. This seemed the signal for a general rush. Forth from the well they hurried in fresh troops. They clung to the wood—they overran it, and leaped in hundreds upon my person. The measured movement of the pendulum disturbed them not at all. Avoiding its strokes, they busied themselves with the anointed bandage. They pressed—they swarmed upon me in ever-accumulating heaps. They writhed upon my throat; their cold lips sought my own! I was half stifled by their thronging pressure; disgust, for which the world has no name, swelled by bosom, and chilled, with a heavy clamminess, my heart. Yet one minute, and I felt that the struggle would be over. Plainly I perceived the loosening of the bandage. I knew that in more than one place it must be already severed. With a more than human resolution I lay *still*.

Nor had I erred in my calculations—nor had I endured in vain. I at length felt that I was *free*. The surcingle hung in ribands from my body. But the stroke of the pendulum already pressed upon my bosom. It had divided the serge of the robe. It had cut through the linen beneath. Twice again it swung, and a sharp sense of pain shot through every nerve. But the moment of escape had arrived. At a wave of my hand my deliverers hurried tumultuously away. With a steady movement—cautious, sidelong, shrinking, and slow—I slid from the embrace of the bandage and beyond the reach of the scimitar. For the moment, at least, *I was free*.

Free!—and in the grasp of the Inquisition! I had scarcely stepped from my wooden bed of horror upon the stone floor of the prison, when the motion of the hellish machine ceased, and I beheld it drawn up, by some invisible force, through the ceiling. This was the lesson which I took desperately to heart. My every motion was undoubtedly watched. Free!—I had but escaped death in one form of agony, to be delivered unto worse than death in some other. With that thought I rolled my eyes nervously around on the barriers of iron that hemmed me in. Something unusual—some change, which, at first, I could not appreciate distinctly—it was obvious, had taken place in the apartment. For many minutes of a dreamy and trembling abstraction, I busied myself in vain, unconnected conjecture. During this period I became aware, for the first time, of the origin of the sulphurous light which illumined the cell. It proceeded from a fissure, about half an inch in width, extending entirely around the prison at the base of the walls, which thus appeared, and were completely separated from the floor. I endeavored, but, of course, in vain, to look through the aperture.

As I arose from the attempt the mystery of the alteration in the chamber broke at once upon my understanding. I have observed that, although the outlines of the figures upon the walls were sufficiently distinct, yet the colors seemed blurred and indefinite. These colors had now assumed, and were momentarily assuming, a startling and most intense brilliancy, that gave to the spectral and fiendish portraitures an aspect that might have thrilled even firmer nerves than my own. Demon

eyes, of a wild and ghastly vivacity, glared upon me in a thousand directions, where none had been visible before, and gleamed with lurid lustre of a fire that I could not force my imagination to regard as unreal.

Unreal!—Even while I breathed there came to my nostrils the breath of the vapor of heated iron! A suffocating odor pervaded the prison! A deeper glow settled each moment in the eyes that glared at my agonies! A richer tint of crimson diffused itself over the pictured horrors of blood. I panted! I gasped for breath! There could be no doubt of the design of my tormentors—oh! most unrelenting! oh! most demoniac of men! I shrank from the glowing metal to the center of the cell. Amid the thought of the fiery destruction that impended, the idea of the coolness of the well came over my soul like balm. I rushed to its deadly brink. I threw my straining vision below. The glare from the enkindled roof illumined its inmost recesses. Yet, for a wild moment, did my spirit refuse to comprehend the meaning of what I saw. At length it forced—it wrestled its way into my soul—it burned itself in upon my shuddering reason. Oh! for a voice to speak!—oh! horror!—oh, any horror but this! With a shriek, I rushed from the margin, and buried my face in my hands—weeping bitterly.

The heat rapidly increased, and once again I looked up, shuddering as with a fit of the ague. There had been a second change in the cell—and now the change was obviously in the *form*. As before, it was in vain that I at first endeavoured to appreciate or understand what was taking place. But not long was I left in doubt. The Inquisi-

torial vengeance had been hurried by my two-fold escape, and there was to be no more dallying with the King of Terrors. The room had been square. I saw that two of the iron angles were now acute—two, consequently, obtuse. The fearful difference quickly increased with a low rumbling or moaning sound. In an instant the apartment had shifted its form into that of a lozenge. But the alteration stopped not here—I neither hoped nor desired it to stop. I could have clasped the red walls to my bosom as a garment of eternal peace. “Death,” I said, “any death but that of the pit” Fool! might I not have known that *into the pit* it was the object of the burning iron to urge me? Could I resist its glow? or if even that, could I withstand its pressure? And now, flatter and flatter grew the lozenge, with a rapidity that left me no time for contemplation. Its centre, and, of course, its greatest width, came just over the yawning gulf. I shrank back—but the closing walls pressed me resistlessly onward. At length for my seared and writhing body there was no longer an inch of foothold on the firm floor of the prison. I struggled no more, but the agony of soul found vent in one loud, long and final scream of despair. I felt that I tottered upon the brink—I averted my eyes—

There was a discordant hum of human voices! There was a loud blast as of many trumpets! There was a harsh grating as of a thousand thunders! The fiery walls rushed back! An outstretched arm caught my own as I fell, fainting, into the abyss. It was that of General Lasalle. The French army had entered Toledo. The Inquisition was in the hands of its enemies.

ELDORADO.

GAILY bedight,
 A gallant knight,
 In sunshine and in shadow,
 Had journeyed long,
 Singing a song,
 In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—
 This knight so bold—
 And o'er his heart a shadow
 Fell as he found
 No spot of ground
 That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
 Failed him at length,
 He met a pilgrim shadow—
 "Shadow," said he,
 "Where can it be—
 This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the mountains
 Of the Moon,
 Down the Valley of the Shadow,
 Ride, boldly ride,"
 The shade replied,
 "If you seek for Eldorado."

EULALIE.

I DWELT alone
In a world of moan,
And my soul was a stagnant tide,
Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became by blushing
bride—
Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie became my
smiling bride.
Ah, less—less bright
The stars of the night
Than the eyes of the radiant girl!
And never a flake
That the vapor can make,
With the moon-tints of purple and pearl,
Can vie with the modest Eulalie's most unregarded
curl—
Can compare with the bright-eyed Eulalie's most
humble and careless curl.
Now Doubt—now Pain
Come never again,
For her soul gives me sigh for sigh,
And all day long
Shines, bright and strong,
Astarté within the sky,
While ever to her dear Eulalie upturns her matron
eye—
While ever to her young Eulalie upturns her violet
eye.

EVENING STAR.

'Twas noontide of summer,
And mid-time of night ;
And stars, in their orbits,
Shone pale, thro' the light
Of the brighter, cold moon,
'Mid planets her slaves,
Herself in the Heavens,
Her beam on the waves,
I gazed awhile
On her cold smile ;
Too cold—too cold for me—
There pass'd, as a shroud,
A fleecy cloud,
And I turn'd away to thee,
Proud Evening Star,
In thy glory afar,
And dearer thy beam shall be ;
For joy to my heart
Is the proud part
Thou bearest in Heaven at night,
And more I admire
Thy distant fire,
Than that colder, lowly light.

PATRICK HENRY.

THIS great Virginian, and perhaps the greatest of American orators, combined in his nature, said John Randolph, both Shakespeare and Garrick. He was born in Hanover County, May 29, 1736, and died in Charlotte County, June 6, 1799. He was far better educated than he is generally supposed to have been. He was unsuccessful as a farmer, unsuccessful as a storekeeper, and then turned to law. He soon became an eminent lawyer and one of the first of our statesmen, in a time when our country was crowded with statesmen of note and distinction. He was five times elected Governor of his State, and was second in the affections of the people of Virginia only to Washington himself. He refused the positions of United States Secretary of State and of Chief Justice, believing the Governorship of a State to be a greater honor than any other save that of the Presidency.

His other honors, great as they were, however, have been almost forgotten through his fame as an orator. His most widely known speeches were the one before the Virginia convention of 1775 and his argument in the "Parson's Case." This latter was really not so much a matter of determining the salary to be paid the clergy as it was a test of the rights of legislation of the Virginia House of Burgesses. It was Henry's first strong blow for the freedom of America.

SPEECH ON THE RETURN OF THE BRITISH REFUGEES.

WE have, Sir, an extensive country, without population—what can be a more obvious policy than that this country ought to be peopled?—peo-

ple, Sir, form the strength and constitute the wealth of a nation. I want to see our vast forests filled up by some process a little more speedy than the ordinary course of nature. I wish to see these States rapidly ascending to that rank which their natural advantages authorize them to hold among the nations of the earth. Cast your eyes, Sir, over this extensive country—observe the salubrity of your climate; the variety and fertility of your soil—and see that soil intersected in every quarter by bold, navigable streams, flowing to the east and to the west, as if the finger of Heaven were marking out the course of your settlements, inviting you to enterprise, and pointing the way to wealth. Sir, you are destined, at some time or other, to become a great agricultural and commercial people; the only question is, whether you choose to reach this point by slow gradations, and at some distant period—lingering on through a long and sickly minority—subjected, meanwhile, to the machinations, insults and oppressions of enemies foreign and domestic, without sufficient strength to resist and chastise them—or whether you choose rather to rush at once, as it were, to the full enjoyment of those high destinies, and be able to cope, single-handed, with the proudest oppressor of the old world. If you prefer the latter course, as I trust you do, encourage emigration—encourage the husbandman, the mechanics, the merchants of the old world, to come and settle in this land of promise—make it the home of the skillful, the industrious, the fortunate and happy, as well as the asylum of the distressed—fill up the measure of your population as speedily as you

can, by the means which Heaven hath placed in your power—and I venture to prophesy there are those now living who will see this favored land amongst the most powerful on earth—able, Sir, to take care of herself, without resorting to that policy which is always so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid. Yes, Sir—they will see her great in arts and in arms—her golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent—her commerce penetrating the most distant seas, and her cannon silencing the vain boasts of those who now proudly affect to rule the waves. But, Sir you must have men—you cannot get along without them—those heavy forests of valuable timber, under which your lands are groaning, must be cleared away—those vast riches which cover the face of your soil, as well as those which lie hid in its bosom, are to be developed and gathered only by the skill and enterprise of men—your timber, Sir, must be worked up into ships, to transport the productions of the soil from which it has been cleared—then, you must have commercial men and commercial capital, to take off your productions, and find the best markets for them abroad—your great want, Sir, is the want of men; and these you must have, and will have speedily, if you are wise.

“Do you ask how you are to get them? Open your doors, Sir, and they will come in—the population of the old world is full to overflowing—that population is ground, too, by the oppressions of the governments under which they live. Sir, they are already standing on tiptoe upon their native shores, and looking to your coasts with a wishful

and longing eye—they see here a land blessed with natural and political advantages, which are not equaled by those of any other country upon earth—a land on which a gracious Providence hath emptied the horn of abundance—a land over which Peace hath now stretched forth her white wings, and where Content and Plenty lie down at every door! Sir, they see something still more attractive than all this—they see a land in which Liberty hath taken up her abode—that Liberty, whom they had considered as a fabled goddess, existing only in the fancies of poets—they see her here a real divinity—her altars rising on every hand throughout these happy States—her glories chaunted by three millions of tongues—and the whole region smiling under her blessed influence. Sir, let but this, our celestial goddess, Liberty, stretch forth her fair hand toward the people of the old world—tell them to come, and bid them welcome—and you will see them pouring in from the north—from the south—from the east, and from the west—your wildernesses will be cleared and settled—your deserts will smile—your ranks will be filled—and you will soon be in a condition to defy the powers of any adversary.

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

THIS Virginia or West Virginia poet belonged to a family of authors. He was born in Martinsburg, Va., October 26, 1816. He was a graduate of Princeton and a practicing lawyer. He contracted pneumonia on one of his many hunting trips and died when only thirty-four years of age.

He wrote Froissart Ballads and Other Poems; John Carpe; Crime of Andrew Blair, and several other works.

FLORENCE VANE.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,
 Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream, and early,
 Hath come again;
I renew in my fond vision,
 My heart's dear pain,
My hope, and thy derision,
 Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
 The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
 At even told,—
That spot—the hues elysian
 Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
 Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main,
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane!

But, fairest, coldest wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain—
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The pansies love to dally
Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!

GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE.

GEORGE CABLE was born in New Orleans, October 12, 1844. When nineteen he joined the Confederate Army and was attached to the Fourth Mississippi Cavalry. After the war he returned to New Orleans, and, in the face of adversity as surveyor, clerk in a cotton house, and contributor to the *Picayune*, he succeeded sufficiently well to enable him to devote a large part of his time to literary work. Some of his views on social and political questions did not agree with the ideas of many of the people among whom he lived. He left New Orleans in 1879 to make his home in New England.

One of the critics, in speaking of his work, said, "Mr. Cable possesses a sympathetic heart, an imagination warm and plastic, and much constructive skill."

A few of his many works are *Old Creple Days*; *Strange True Stories of Louisiana*; *The Creoles of Louisiana*; *The Grandissimes*; *Dr. Sevier*, and *The Silent South*.

LOUISIANA IN THE WAR OF 1812-'15.

FROM

THE TENTH CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES: THE HISTORY AND PRESENT CONDITION OF NEW ORLEANS.

ON the 18th, Jackson (who had arrived in New Orleans on Dec. 1st) reviewed and addressed his troops. The same day Major Plauché was put in command at Bayou St. John, with his battalion. The commanders of outposts and pickets received minute instructions. A guard consisting of firemen and men beyond military age, under General Labatut, policed the city, which was put under the strictest military rule. On the

19th General Carroll arrived at the head of 2,500 Tennesseans, and on the 20th General Coffee came in with 1,200 riflemen from the same State.

The army of Jackson was thus increased to the number of about 6,000 men. Confidence, animation, concord and even gaiety, filled the hearts of the people. "The citizens," says Latour, "were preparing for battle as cheerfully as for a party of pleasure. The streets resounded with Yankee Doodle, La Marseillaise, Le Chant du Départ, and other martial airs. The fair sex presented themselves at the windows and balconies to applaud the troops going through their evolutions, and to encourage their husbands, sons, fathers and brothers to protect them from their enemies." That enemy numbered 14,450 men and a powerful fleet. Sir Edward Pakenham commanded the land forces, with Gibbs, Lambert and Kane for generals of divisions. The fleet was under Admirals Cochrane, Codrington and Malcolm.

The British, reconnoitering on Lake Borgne, soon found at its extreme western end the mouth of a navigable stream, the Bayou Bienvenue. It flowed into the lake directly from the west, the direction of New Orleans. There were six feet of water on the bar at the mouth, and more inside. It was more than a hundred yards wide. A mile and a half upstream they found a village of Spanish and Italian fishermen, who used the bayou as a daily water route to the city market. These men were readily bribed, and under their guidance the whole surrounding country was soon explored. The bayou was found to rise close behind the lower suburb of New Orleans, whence

it flowed eastward through a vast cypress swamp lying between Bayou Sauvage on the north and the Mississippi River on the south, emerging by and by upon the broad quaking prairies bordering Lake Borgne, and emptying into that water. Various plantation draining canals running back from the cultivated borders of the Mississippi, and connecting with the bayou, were found to afford on their margins firm standing ground and a fair highway to the open plains of the Mississippi River shore, immediately below New Orleans. By some oversight, which has never been explained, this easy route to the city's very outskirt had been left entirely unobstructed. On the 21st of December, American scouts, penetrating to the mouth of the bayou, saw no enemy, and established themselves as a picket in the fishermen's village, which they had found deserted save by one man.

Meanwhile the enemy had been for some days disembarking on Pea Island, at the mouth of Pearl River. On the morning of the 22nd General Keane's division embarked from this point in barges, pushed up the lake, and sometime before dawn of the following day surprised and overpowered the picket at the fishermen's village, passed on in their boats by way of Bayou Bienvenue through the trembling prairie and into and through the swamp forest, disembarked at Canal Villeré, and at half-past eleven in the morning of the 23rd emerged, at the rear of General Villeré's plantation, upon the open plain, without a foot of fortification confronting them between their camping ground and New Orleans.

Here, greatly fatigued, they halted until they should be joined by other divisions.

But General Jackson resolved to attack them without delay. At seven o'clock in the evening, the night being very dark, the American schooner *Carolina* dropped down the river to a point opposite the British camp, and, anchoring close ashore, suddenly opened her broadsides and a hot musketry fire at short range. At the same moment General Jackson, who, at the head of 1,200 men and two pieces of artillery, had marched upon the enemy from the direction of New Orleans, and had found them drawn up in echelons half a mile along the river bank, with their right wing extended toward the woods at right angles of the plain, fell upon them first with his right, close to the river shore, and was presently engaged with them along his whole line. The British right, unaware of the approach of General Coffee from the direction of the woods, with 600 men, under cover of the darkness, and attempting to flank Jackson's left, only escaped capture by an unfortunate order of the American colonel in command, restraining the Creoles, as they were about charging with the bayonet. The enemy gave way and succeeded in withdrawing under cover of the night, a rising fog, and the smoke, which was blown toward the American line. The engagement continued for a time with much energy on both sides, but with little system or order. On Jackson's right the British attempted the capture of the two guns, but their charge was repulsed. Companies and battalions on both sides, from time to time, got lost in the darkness and fog, sometimes firing into friendly

lines, and sometimes meeting hostile opponents in hand-to-hand encounters. At the same time the second division of British troops were arriving at the fishermen's village, and, hearing the firing, pushed forward in haste, some of them arriving on the field shortly before the state of the elements put a stop to the contest.

At four o'clock in the morning of the 24th Jackson fell back about two miles nearer to the city, and behind a canal running from the river to and into the wooded swamp, and known as Rodriguez's canal, took up and began to fortify his permanent line, choosing this ground on account of the narrowness of the plain. This was only some four miles from the lower limits of the city.

Here, from day to day, the preparations for defense went rapidly on, while the British were diligently gathering their forces and laboriously, through much inclement weather and over miry ground, bringing up their heavy artillery. Skirmishing was frequent and of great value to Jackson's raw levies. On the 27th and 28th a brisk cannonade was interchanged from newly-erected batteries on either side, resulting in the destruction of the Carolina with red-hot shot, leaving but a single American vessel, the Louisiana, in the river, but ending, on the other hand, in the demolition of the British batteries. On the first day of January, 1815, the enemy opened suddenly from three formidable batteries, driving Jackson from his headquarters, and riddling it with shot and shell. The Americans replied with vigor, opposing 10 guns to 28, and succeeded in dismounting several of the enemy's pieces. A

few bales of cotton, forming part of the American fortifications, were scattered in all directions and set on fire. No further use was made of this material during the campaign. This artillery contest ceased at three in the afternoon, and during the night the British dismantled their batteries, abandoning five pieces of cannon.

Thus they were, day by day, training their inexperienced foe, and, while being augmented by the steady arrival of troops from their fleet in the Gulf, were allowing Jackson, also, to be materially reinforced. Three hundred Acadians had joined him on the 30th of December. On the 1st of January 500 men arrived from Baton Rouge, and on the 4th the expected Kentuckians, poorly clad and worse armed, but 2,250 in number, gave Jackson, after he had manned all strategic points, an effective force on his main line of 3,200 men. This line was half a mile of rude and extremely uneven earthworks, lying along the inner edge of Rodriguez's canal, across the plain, from the river bank to a point within the swamp forest on the left, and dwindling down, after it entered the wood, to a double row of logs laid over one another, with a space of two feet between the two rows filled with earth. The artillery defending this half-mile of breastworks and ditch consisted of twelve pieces.

Wintry rains had greatly impeded the British movements, but Lambert's division at length joined the others, and preparations were made for the decisive battle. On the 6th and 7th they were busy making ready to storm the American works, preparing fascines for filling the ditch and

ladders for mounting the breastworks, and also getting boats through from Villeré's canal into the river, in order to cross and throw a force against Commodore Paterson's very effective marine battery on the farther side of the river, and some against extremely slender defenses beyond.

A little before daybreak on the 8th the enemy moved out of their camp, and by daylight were plainly seen spread out upon the plain across two-thirds of its breadth, seemingly about 6,000 strong. The British plan was, at a given signal, to make four simultaneous demonstrations upon the American line, one to be made on the farther and three on the nearer side of the river.

About half-past eight o'clock a rocket went up on the British side near the woods; the Americans replied by a single cannon shot, and the attack began. On the American extreme left, inside the cypress forest, some black troops of the British force made a feeble onset—an evident feint—and were easily repulsed by Coffee's brigade. On the right, near the river, the enemy charged in solid column with impetuous vigor, and with such suddenness that before the American battery stationed at that point could fire the third shot the British were within the redoubt and had overpowered its occupants; but, in attempting to scale the breastworks behind, their leader, Colonel Rennie, was killed, and the Americans presently retook the redoubt.

On the opposite side of the river a column of the enemy had been expected to engage the Americans defending that quarter, and thus save the other attacking column from the enfilading

fire of the battery on that side. But this force had not been able to move with the celerity expected of it, and, though it later reached its intended field of action, easily driving the Americans, some 600 in number, from their indefensible line, and compelling the abandonment of the marine battery, this partial success was achieved only after the British had everywhere else lost the day.

The main attack was, meantime, made against that part of the American line in the plain, but near the edge of the swamp. At a ditch some 400 yards in front of the American works, the main force of the enemy formed in close column of about 60 men front, and, burdened not only with heavy fascines made of ripe sugar-canes and with ladders, but with their weighty knapsacks also, they advanced, giving three cheers, literally led to the slaughter. Preceded by a shower of Congreve rockets, they moved forward in perfect order, covered for a time by a thick fog, but soon entirely exposed not only to the full storm of artillery and musketry from the American breastworks, but, upon their extended flank, to the more distant fire of Paterson's marine battery, not yet diverted by the forces sent against it, and manned by the trained gunners of the United States navy. The American fire was delivered with terrible precision, that of Flaugeac's battery, against which the onset was principally directed, tearing out whole files of men. Yet with intrepid gallantry their brave enemy came on, still moving firmly and measuredly, and a few platoons had even reached the canal, when the column fal-

tered, gave way, and fled precipitately back to the ditch where it had first formed. Here the troops rallied, laid aside their cumbersome knapsacks, were reinforced, and advanced again in the same fatal columnar form, though now at a more rapid gait and with less order. But the same deadly storm met them as before. The part of the line directly attacked was manned by Tennessee and Kentucky riflemen—Indian fighters, accustomed to firing only upon selected victims. This fact, with the unfortunate slowness of onset in the first attacking column, is probably the true explanation for the well-nigh unaccountable defeat of so fine an army by so ill-equipped a foe. First Sir Edward Pakenham, then General Gibbs, then General Keane, the first two mortally and the last severely wounded, with many others of prominent rank, were borne from the field; the column again recoiled, and, falling back to its starting point, could not be induced to make a third attack. The British batteries, which had opened vigorously at the outset, continued to fire until two in the afternoon, and the British troops remained drawn up in their ditches to repel an American attack, if such should be made; but from the first signal of the morning to the abandonment of all effort to storm the line was but one hour, and the battle of New Orleans was over at half-past nine.

On the 9th two bomb vessels, a sloop, a brig and a schooner, part of the British fleet, appeared in sight of Fort St. Philip, on the Mississippi, and, anchoring two and a quarter miles away, began a bombardment which continued until the 18th, without result, whereupon they withdrew; and the same night General Lambert stealthily

evacuated the British camp. On the 27th the last of his forces embarked from the shores of Lake Borgne.

Even in the recital of history the scenes of triumphant rejoicing, the hastily erected arches, the symbolical impersonations, the myriads of banners and pennons, the columns of victorious troops, the crowded balconies, the rain of flowers, the huzzahs of the thronging populace, the salvos of artillery, the garland-crowned victor, and the ceremonies of thanksgiving in the solemn cathedral, form a part that may be left to the imagination. In New Orleans there was little of sorrow mingled with the joy of deliverance. Six of her defenders alone had fallen, and but seven were wounded. The office of healing was exercised principally on the discomfited enemy, whose dead and wounded were numbered by thousands.

On the 13th of February, Admiral Cochrane wrote to General Jackson: "I have exceeding satisfaction in sending to you a copy of a bulletin that I have this moment received from Jamaica, proclaiming that a treaty of peace was signed at Ghent, on the 24th of December, 1814, upon which I beg leave to offer you my sincere congratulations." It was not until the 17th of March that the American commander received official information of the same fact. On the day previous Claiborne had written to Mr. Monroe, Secretary of War: "Our harbor is again whitening with canvas; the levee is crowded with cotton, tobacco, and other articles for exportation. The merchant seems delighted with the prospect before him, and the agriculturist finds in the high price for his products new excitements to industry."

HENRY ROOTES JACKSON.

HENRY ROOTES JACKSON was born in Athens, Ga., June 24, 1820, and died in Savannah, May 23, 1898. He was a graduate of Yale, a Georgia lawyer and Judge, Colonel in the Mexican War, Minister to Austria, Minister to Mexico, and Brigadier General in the Confederate Army. He strongly reflects in his verse the style and thought of the English poets popular in his day.

Tallulah and Other Poems contains nearly all of the poems that he has written.

THE RED OLD HILLS OF GEORGIA.

FROM

TALLULAH AND OTHER POEMS

THE red old hills of Georgia!

So bald, and bare, and bleak—

Their memory fills my spirit

With thoughts that I cannot speak.

They have no robe of verdure,

Stript naked to the blast;

And yet, of all the varied earth,

I love them best at last.

I love them for the pleasure

With which my life was blest,

When erst I left, in boyhood,

My footsteps on their breast.

When in the rains had perished

Those steps from plain and knoll,

Then vanished, with the storm of grief,

Joy's foot-prints from my soul.

The red old hills of Georgia!
My heart is on them now;
Where, fed from golden streamlets,
Oconee's waters flow!
I love them with devotion,
Though washed so bleak and bare;—
Oh! can my spirit e'er forget
The warm hearts dwelling there?

I love them for the living,—
The generous, kind, and gay;
And for the dead who slumber
Within their breasts of clay.
I love them for the bounty,
Which cheers the social hearth;
I love them for their rosy girls—
The fairest on the earth!

And where, upon their surface,
Is heart to feeling dead?—
Oh! when has needy stranger
Gone from those hills unfed?
There bravery and kindness,
For aye, go hand in hand,
Upon your washed and naked hills,
“My own, my native land!”

The red old hills of Georgia
I never can forget;
Amid life's joys and sorrows,
My heart is on them yet;—
And when my course is ended,
When life her web has wove,
Oh! may I then, beneath those hills,
Lie close to them I love!

MY WIFE AND CHILD.
FROM
TALLULAH AND OTHER POEMS

THE tattoo beats ;—the lights are gone ;—
The camp around in slumber lies ;—
The night, with solemn pace, moves on ;—
The shadows thicken o'er the skies ;—
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, oh ! dearest one !
Whose love mine early life hath blest ;—
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast ;—
God of the tender, frail, and lone,
Oh ! guard that little sleeper's rest !

And hover, gently hover near
To her, whose watchful eye is wet—
The mother, wife, the doubly dear,
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear—
And cheer her drooping spirit yet !

Now, as she kneels before thy throne,
Oh ! teach her, Ruler of the skies !
That while, by thy behest alone,
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise
No tear is wept to thee unknown,
Nor hair is lost, nor sparrow dies !

That thou canst stay the ruthless hand
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
That only by thy stern command
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain;
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again!

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly press'd,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening currents of her breast,—
Nor frowning look, nor angry tone,
Disturb the sabbath of her rest!

Whatever fate those forms may throw,
Loved with a passion almost wild —
By day, by night—in joy, or woe—
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled—
From every danger, every foe,
Oh! God! protect my wife and child!

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

THE great naturalist of the South was born in Madisonville, La., near New Orleans, May 4, 1780. He was educated in France; one of his masters there was the famous artist David.

On his return to this country he was equally unsuccessful as farmer near Philadelphia and merchant in Louisville, Hendersonville and New Orleans. He seemed to have no better success as a teacher.

He spent about fifteen years practically living in the forests, first of one state, then of another, studying the bird and animal life of North America. His first efforts to publish the result of his studies were made in England; later editions of his books appeared in the United States.

Just as he combined in his drawings of wild life the qualities of artist and scientist, so in his literary style are combined purity, precision and simplicity.

His works are *The Birds of America*, and *The Quadrupeds of America*.

THE MALLARD DUCK. FROM THE BIRDS OF AMERICA.

Look at that Mallard as he floats on the lake; see his elevated head glittering with emerald-green, his amber eyes glancing in the light! Even at this distance he has marked you, and suspects that you bear no good will towards him, for he sees that you have a gun, and he has many a time been frightened by its report, or that of some other. The wary bird draws his feet under his body, springs upon them, opens his wings, and with loud quacks bids you farewell.

Now another is before you, on the margin of that purling streamlet. How brisk are all his motions compared with those of his brethren that waddle across your poultry yard! How much more



John J. Audubon

graceful in form and neat in apparel! The Duck at home is the descendant of a race of slaves, and has lost his native spirit; his wings have been so little used that they can hardly raise him from the ground. But the free-born, the untamed Duck of the swamps,—see how he springs on wing, and hies away over the woods.

The Mallards generally arrive in Kentucky and other parts of the Western country from the middle of September to the first of October, or as soon as the acorns and beech-nuts are fully ripe. In a few days they are to be found in all the ponds that are covered with seed-bearing grasses. Some flocks, which appear to be guided by an experienced leader, come directly down on the water with a rustling sound of their wings that can be compared only to the noise produced by an eagle in the act of swooping upon its prey, while other flocks, as if they felt uneasy respecting the safety of the place, sweep around and above it several times in perfect silence, before they alight. In either case, the birds immediately bathe themselves, beat their bodies with their wings, dive by short plunges, and cut so many capers that you might imagine them to be stark mad. The fact, however, seems to be that all this alacrity and gaiety only shows the necessity they feel of clearing themselves of the insects about their plumage, as well as the pleasure they experience on finding themselves in a milder climate, with abundance of food around them, after a hard journey of perhaps a day and a night. They wash themselves and arrange their dress, before commencing their meal; and in this other travelers would do well to imitate them.

Now, towards the grassy margins they advance in straggling parties. See how they leap from the water to bend the loaded tops of the tall reeds. Woe be to the slug or snail that comes in their way. Some are probing the mud beneath, and waging war against the leech, frog, or lizard that is within reach of their bills; while many of the older birds run into the woods, to fill their crops with beech-nuts and acorns, not disdaining to swallow also, should they come in their way, some of the wood-mice that, frightened by the approach of the foragers, hie towards their burrows. The cackling they keep up would almost deafen you, were you near them; but it is suddenly stopped by the approach of some unusual enemy, and at once all are silent. With heads erected on outstretched necks, they anxiously look around. It is nothing, however, but a bear, who being, like themselves, fond of mast, is ploughing up the newly fallen leaves with his muzzle, or removing an old rotting log in search of worms. The Ducks resume their employment. But another sound is now heard, one more alarming. The bear raises himself on his hind legs, snuffs the air, and with a loud snort gallops off towards the depths of his cane-brake. The Ducks retreat to the water, betake themselves to the centre of the pool, and, uttering half-stifled notes, await the sight of the object they dread. There the enemy cunningly advances, first covered by one tree, then by another. He has lost his chance of the bear, but, as he is pushed by hunger, a Mallard will do for the bullet of his rusty rifle. It is an Indian, as you perceive by his red skin and flowing black hair, which, however, has been

cut close from the sides of his head. In the centre of his dearly purchased blanket, a hole has been cut, through which he has thrust his bare head, and the ragged garment, like a horse's netting, is engaged as it were in flapping off the last hungry mosquitoes of the season that are fast sucking the blood from his limbs. Watch him, Mallard. Nay, wait no longer, for I see him taking aim; better for you all to fly! No? Well, one of you will certainly furnish him with a repast. Amid the dark wood rises the curling smoke, the report comes on my ear, the Ducks all rise save a pair, that, with back downwards and feet kicking against the air, have been hit by the prowler. The free son of the forest slowly approaches the pool, judges at a glance of the depth of the mire, and boldly advances, until with a cane he draws the game towards him. Returning to the wood, he now kindles a little fire, the feathers fill the air around; from each wing he takes a quill to clean the touch-hole of his gun in damp weather; the entrails he saves to bait some trap. In a short time the Ducks are ready, and the hunter enjoys his meal, although brief time does he take in swallowing the savoury morsels. Soon, the glimmering light of the moon will see him again on his feet, and lead him through the woods, as he goes in pursuit of other game.

Although Ducks are, it is true, quite destitute of song, their courtships are not devoid of interest. The males, like other gay deceivers, offer their regards to the first fair one that attracts their notice, promise unremitting fidelity and affection, and repeat their offers to the next they meet. See that

drake, how he proudly shows, first the beauty of his silky head, then the brilliancy of his wing-spots, and, with honeyed jabberings, discloses the warmth of his affection. He plays around this one, then around another, until the passion of jealousy is aroused in the breasts of the admired and flattered. Bickerings arise; the younger Duck disdains her elder sister, and a third, who conceives herself a coquette of the first order, interposes, as if to ensure the caresses of the feathered beau. Many tricks are played by Ducks, good readers, but ere long the females retire in search of a safe place in which they may deposit their eggs and rear their young. They draw a quantity of weeds around them, and form an ill-arranged sort of nest, in which from seven to ten eggs are laid. From their bodies they pluck the softest down, and, placing it beneath the eggs, begin the long process of incubation, which they intermit only for short periods, when it becomes absolutely necessary to procure a little sustenance.

At length, in about three weeks, the young begin to cheep in the shell, from which, after a violent struggle, they make their escape. What beautiful creatures! See how, with their little bills, they dry their downy apparel! Now, in a long line, one after another, they follow their glad mother to the water, on arriving at which they take to swimming and diving, as if elated with joy for having been introduced into existence. The male, wearied and emaciated, is far away on some other pond. The unnatural barbarian cares nothing about his progeny, nor has a thought arisen in his mind respecting the lonely condition of his

mate, the greatness of her cares, or the sadness that she may experience under the idea that she has been utterly forsaken by him who once called her his only and truly beloved. No, reader, not a thought of this kind has he wasted on her whom he has left alone in charge of a set of eggs, and now of a whole flock of innocent ducklings, to secure which from danger, and see them all grow up apace, she manifests the greatest care and anxiety. She leads them along the shallow edges of grassy ponds, and teaches them to seize the small insects that abound there, the flies, the mosquitoes, the giddy beetles that skim along the surface in circles and serpentine lines. At the sight of danger, they run as it were on the water, make directly for the shore, or dive and disappear. In about six weeks, those that have escaped from the ravenous fishes and turtles have attained a goodly size; the quills appear on their wings; their bodies are encased with feathers; but as yet none are able to fly. By the time that the leaves are changing their hues, the young Mallards take freely to their wings, and the old males join the congregated flocks.

Once I found a female leading her young through the woods, and no doubt conducting them towards the Ohio. When I first saw her, she had already observed me, and had squatted flat among the grass, with her brood around her. As I moved onwards she ruffled her feathers and hissed at me in the manner of a goose, while the little ones scampered off in all directions. I had an excellent dog, well instructed to catch young birds without injuring them, and I ordered him to seek for them.

On this the mother took to wing, and flew through the woods as if about to fall down at every yard or so. She passed and repassed over the dog, as if watching the success of the search; and as one after another the ducklings were brought to me, and struggled in my bird-bag, the distressed parent came to the ground near me, rolled and tumbled about, and so affected me by her despair, that I ordered the dog to lie down, while, with a pleasure that can be felt only by those who are parents themselves, I restored to her the innocent brood, and walked off. As I turned round to observe her I really thought I could perceive gratitude expressed in her eye; and a happier moment I never felt while rambling in search of knowledge through the woods.

In unfrequented parts, the Mallards feed both by day and by night; but in places where they are much disturbed by gunners they feed mostly by night, or towards evening and about sunrise. In extremely cold weather they betake themselves to the sources of streams, and even to small springs, where they may be found along with the American Snipe. At times, after heavy falls of rain, they are seen searching for ground-worms over the cornfields, and during the latter part of autumn the rice plantations of Georgia and the Carolinas afford them excellent pasture grounds. I have thought indeed that at this season these birds perform a second migration, as it were, for they then pour into the rice fields by thousands from the interior. In the Floridas they are at times seen in such multitudes as to darken the air, and the noise they make in rising from off a large submerged savannah is like the rumbling of thunder.

The flight of the Mallard is swift, strong, and well sustained. It rises either from the ground or from the water at a single spring, and flies almost perpendicularly for ten or fifteen yards, or, if in a thick wood, until quite above the tops of the tallest trees, after which it moves horizontally. If alarmed it never rises without uttering several quacks; but on other occasions it usually leaves its place in silence. While traveling to any distance, the whistling sound of their wings may be heard a great way off, more especially in the quiet of night. Their progress through the air I have thought might be estimated at a mile and a half in the minute; and I feel very confident that when at full speed and on a long journey they can fly at the rate of a hundred and twenty miles in the hour.

The eggs of this species measure two inches and a quarter in length, one inch and five-eighths in breadth. The shell is smooth, and of a plain light dingy green. They are smaller than those of the tame duck, and rarely so numerous.

The young acquire the full plumage in the course of the first winter.

ALBERT PIKE.

THIS picturesque and remarkable man was born in Boston, Mass., December 29, 1809. He was a student at Harvard, but did not graduate. In his twenty-second year he started for the West. Tradition says that his horse, frightened by a thunder storm, ran away and Pike went the remainder of his journey, five hundred miles, on foot. He practiced law in Arkansas, commanded a company of her cavalry during the Mexican War, and, still as a citizen of Arkansas, was made Confederate Commissioner to the Indian tribes and Brigadier General of the Indian troops in the Confederate Army.

He edited newspapers in Arkansas and in Memphis, and practiced law in New Orleans and in Washington. The latter years of his life were given chiefly to his work in Freemasonry. His literary fame rests on his poems, most of which were published in *Nugae*. Trent says of these poems, "His poetical work was of such quality that it is regrettable that he did not write more, and strange that what he did write is not better known."

CHRISTMAS

FROM

NUGAE.

The Christmas time is drawing near, the pleasant
Christmas time:

Let us hail its coming cheerfully, with a song of
rude old rhyme;

A good rough song, like those that when Old Eng-
land yet was young,

Under old Saxon rafters with a jolly chorus rung;

And round shall pass the merry glass, grim Care
we'll drive away,

And music and the dance shall greet the gladsome
Christmas day.

Old feuds we'll bury fathoms deep, old friend-
ships we'll renew,

And closer cling to those we love, as the ivy to
the yew.

There may be winter out of doors, the keen cold
wind may sing

Shrilly and sharply, but within the warm heart
shall be spring:

Kind feelings, like sweet jasmine buds and flow-
ers, shall come again,

And blossom like the summer rose, blessed with
a morning rain.

Had we our way, the good old sports should be
revived once more;

Again should maidens' little feet dance twinkling
on the floor;

While overhead again should hang the dark-green
mistletoe,

And all lips that strayed under it the forfeit pay,
we know;

The yule-log should again be brought by many a
stout, strong hand,

And some fair girl should light it with the last
year's sacred brand.

Once more should pass the wassail-bowl, of nut-
brown ale, and old,

A sovereign panacea that, against the winter's
cold!

With the nutmeg, toast and ginger:—all the vint-
age of the Rhine

Can neither warm the brain as well, nor make a
dark eye shine
With half as much mad mischief, or with half as
merry glee;—
So away with wine!—good Christmas ale for my
sweetheart and me!
“And both in town and country, in the cottage and
the hall,
There should be fires to curb the cold, and meat
for great and small.”
The neighbors should be bidden in, and all have
welcome true,
And think the good old fashions were far better
than the new:
The roasted apples once again should cover all the
hearth,
And many a good old-fashioned game make the
rafters ring with mirth.

And the boar’s head, dressed with a green silk
scarf, and with trumpets blown before,
Come marching solemnly along, with a carol sung
at the door;
Then the maidens should the cake cut up, and she
who found the bean
Should be, the whole long holidays, a lovely
Christmas Queen;
Who would rebel if Adeline or Susan wore the
crown,
Or Marian or Betty ruled the bravest with a
frown?

And the Christmas-tree again should grow, and
its golden fruitage shine
Around its dark-green glossy leaves; the ivy
fondly twine

Its melancholy tendrils round the trunk and every
limb,
As sad thoughts cling around the heart when at
night the fire burns dim:
Not of holly, bay, or laurel!—let us have no kingly
tree,
But the lusty green magnolia, fit emblem for the
free.

Alas! the good old days are gone! Time blows a
steady gale;
On the waves of new strange oceans falls the
shadow of our sail;
No more old games we play, we crown no fair
young queen or king;
'Twas a mere idle dream that through my mind
went wandering:
Like as a sea-wind gently blows through a shell
upon the shore,
And wakes a low, sweet melody, mingling with
ocean's roar.

Not all a dream! We can forgive those that have
done us wrong,
Draw closer to old friends, and make affection's
bonds more strong;
Can make more sunlight on our path, more star-
light in the heart,
And get us ready for the time when we must
hence depart:
So shall we live in peace with all, and when we
pass away
Look back without a bitter thought to this fair
Christmas day.

OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT.

MADAME LE VERT was born near Augusta, Ga., in 1819. She was brought up in Florida, of which State her father, George Walton, was Governor. She is said to have given the Indian name Tallahassee (beautiful land) to its capital city. She spent several winters in Washington, where she won the friendship of Clay, Webster, and Calhoun.

After her marriage to Dr. Le Vert she spent two years in European travel. She was a gifted linguist, a brilliant conversationalist, and a woman of unusual intelligence.

She was the author of *Souvenirs of Travel*; *Souvenirs of the War*, and *Souvenirs of Distinguished People*.

THE SIMPLON. FROM SOUVENIRS OF TRAVEL.

THE road of the Simplon is in truth one of the most magnificent works of this century. Napoleon determined it should be made immediately after he had crossed the great St. Bernard. When the battle of Marengo was "fought and won," he commanded his engineers to make a survey of the route. Those of C  ard were deemed the best, and therefore chosen. On the Italian side it was commenced in 1800, and on the Swiss in 1801. It required the labor of six years to complete it, as the road passed over more than six hundred bridges, great and small. Napoleon was exceedingly interested in the progress of the work.

Whenever information was brought him concerning it, he would always ask, "When can the cannon pass over the Simplon?" showing his great object was the more easy transportation of his powerful artillery.

At Brieg the road left the "arrowy Rhone," and we drove rapidly up the Simplon. So gradual was the ascent, we were scarcely conscious of the height we had attained, save by the clearer view of the distant valleys. The weather was delightful; not in the slightest degree cold, but gentle and soft as the sweetest days of our spring.

When we lost sight of the Rhone valley the road turned away from one peak, which rose up like a grand rampart, and passed by another into the gorge of the Saltine, where we crossed a fierce torrent upon a covered bridge. Far, far above us we saw the clear, pale blue fields of ice, and were told our road upward would pass near them.

The view from the first post-house was admirable. We seemed as though raised up in a balloon, with the valleys spread out beneath us. After changing horses we crossed the plain of Gauthier and another furious torrent. The plain is very dangerous in consequence of the avalanches every winter.

Now, we perceived the great labor of making the road. There were miles of solid masonry and hundreds of feet of galleries formed partly of the living rock and partly of huge pillars of stone and mortar. The turnings and windings of the way were really incredible. One valley we passed entirely around three times upon ledges or terraces, built one above the other, as though they belonged

to some giant hanging garden. When we gained the summit we could trace far below us the narrow track like a white seam upon the mountain-side.

From gallery to gallery we drove on until we came out upon the edge of the precipice. Then for the first time a sensation of fear thrilled our hearts, or rather of awe. Before us were the Bernese Alps in their lonely grandeur. Far below into caverns and chasms of untold depth fell the glacier torrents, echoing from peak to peak the music of the waterfall. Far above all, arose the summit of the Simplon in white and chilly grandeur. It was entirely covered with snow, save a few pulpit-shaped rocks. Around it was a crown of clouds, touched by the sunbeams and wrought into fantastic banks of rose-hue, exquisitely beautiful to behold. Neither shrub, tree, nor flower formed a portion of the majestic spectacle, where "Alps rose over Alps," while the brilliant snow of ages, the eternal glaciers, and the mighty rocks reigned supreme. Never did I feel my soul more perfectly raised from "Nature up to Nature's God!" Who could be a skeptic in a scene like this, where the hand of the "Great Architect" is so manifest in the glories of his creation? A feeling of profound gratitude filled my bosom that my eyes had dwelt upon this glorious mountain-world, and that within my memory it would be a joy forever.

Higher and higher we went, until we perceived near us the little cross marking the highest point of the road, six thousand five hundred and seventy-

eight feet above the level of the sea. Although the elevation was so great, the atmosphere was pleasantly warm, and the air so pure and clear, objects exceedingly distant seemed incredibly near.

Across a gray, barren plain we drove to a large hospice, commenced by the command of Napoleon, and since completed. It is occupied by friars of the Augustine order. They give shelter to travelers during periods of stormy weather. We saw there the dogs of the great St. Bernard; they are almost as large as a well-grown calf, and are covered with thick, shaggy hair. Father Bararas came out to speak with us. He is noted for his kindness to strangers, and has a most benevolent face.

Along the Simplon road there are six houses of refuge for "the traveler worn and weary." They are most valuable asylums, for the tempests often arise so suddenly it would be impossible to escape certain destruction were not these places of protection wisely placed within the reach of the wayfarer. Then the avalanches occur when the "heavens are brightest." We heard the crushing sound of one, but it was happily far away from us in a distant valley. The houses of refuge are built with massive walls and furnished with an abundance of fire-wood. Some few are occupied by miserable looking peasants, who will wait upon a stranger for a good compensation. Others are left open, and all enter who wish, free and without charge.

At Simplon we dined and then proceeded to the first gallery on the Italian side of the mountain.

It is along the Doveria, near where it rushes into the Gorge of Gondo. Words cannot even give a shadow of the wild and savage grandeur of this Alpine gorge. The mountains appeared to have been rent asunder by some fierce convulsion of nature, leaving a passway for the Doveria, which rushes through, sometimes a roaring river, then falling, a grand cataract, into the dark chasm below. The road is upon a terrace of solid masonry, or else upon a ledge cut in the rock, directly along the verge of the torrent. Far above, on the top of the cliff, was a fringe of fir-trees; all below them was the barren gray rock, in places perfectly white, from the sheets of snowy foam, caused by the myriads of water-falls which came dashing down their sides, and were lost in mists ere they reached the Doveria.

We crossed the rushing river upon the High Bridge, and came to a projection of the mountain it seemed utterly impossible to pass. But the skillful engineers had accomplished wonders; instead of going round it, we suddenly dived into the Gallery of Gondo, six hundred feet long. It appeared interminable, although there were great windows to give light. At last the guard called out we were nearly through. Infinite was our amazement and terror when the diligence emerged from the gallery, and passed under a great waterfall! Our hearts almost ceased to beat, as the foam of the roaring, wildly-rushing torrent dashed into our faces, and a sound like that of the crashing avalanche assailed our ears. I suppose that we screamed; but the human voice was unheard in the fierce tumult of waters. We were only two min-

utes beneath the cataract, they told us; but fear so painfully magnified the time, it really seemed an hour. The cascade, descending from the highest point of the rocky battlement above, leaves a space between the stream and the cliff, along which the workmen have cut a kind of huge shelf where the road passes. Although apparently so dangerous, we were assured it was entirely safe. When beyond the reach of the spray, we insisted upon stopping, that we might look upon the waterfall. It was a scene of matchless grandeur! A little strip of sky appeared to roof over the great abyss, where the Doveria torrents and ourselves were sole occupants.

The road continued to wind around and around along the terrace built up to support it, or through great caverns pierced in the living rock. On all sides there was a concert of waterfalls, of every size, form, and dimension; each one had its peculiar note of wild melody, as it rushed down the mountain, and mingled with the turbulent river far in the gulf below.

We passed the last Swiss village, and then came to Isella, the first Italian or rather Austrian post, situated in a narrow valley, just on the edge of the foaming waters. There our passports and luggage were examined. As the soldiers went very leisurely to work to accomplish this, the deep night came ere it was completed. Hence we were compelled to leave the diligence, and remain at the neat little inn of Isella.

HENRY TIMROD.

THE soul of Timrod seemed to be too great for the body that struggled to contain it, but a life of suffering, want and sorrow seemed only to ennoble that soul and purify his genius.

He was born in Charleston, S. C., December 8, 1829, and died in the city of Columbia, of the same State, October 6, 1867. Ill health and poverty prevented him from completing his education, and ill health caused his withdrawal from the Confederate Army. His nature was so little fitted for the practice of law that he gave up his profession. He supported himself in a most meager fashion by tutoring, until finally he secured a position as editor of the *Columbia South Carolinian*. His sad life had an equally sad ending in his thirty-eighth year.

Many of the critics rank Timrod only second to Poe in the power of his genius.

THE LILY CONFIDANTE.

LILY! lady of the garden!

Let me press my lip to thine!

Love must tell its story, Lily!

Listen thou to mine.

Two I choose to know the secret—

Thee, and yonder wordless flute;

Dragons watch me, tender Lily,

And thou must be mute.

There's a maiden, and her name is
Hist! was that a rose-leaf fell?
See, the rose is listening, Lily,
And the rose may tell.

Lily-browed and lily-hearted,
She is very dear to me;
Lovely? Yes, if being lovely
Is—resembling thee.

Six to half a score of summers
Make the sweetest of the “teens”—
Not too young to guess, dear Lily,
What a lover means.

Laughing girl, and thoughtful woman,
I am puzzled how to woo—
Shall I praise, or pique her, Lily?
Tell me what to do.

“Silly lover, if thy Lily
Like her sister lilies be,
Thou must woo, if thou wouldst wear her,
With a simple plea.

“Love's the lover's only magic,
Truth the very subtlest art;
Love that feigns, and lips that flatter,
Win no modest heart.

“Like the dewdrop in my bosom,
Be thy guileless language, youth;
Falsehood buyeth falsehood only,
Truth must purchase truth.

“As thou talkest at the fireside,
With the little children by—
As thou prayest in the darkness,
When thy God is nigh—

“With a speech as chaste and gentle,
And such meanings as become
Ear of child, or ear of angel,
Speak, or be thou dumb.

“Woo her thus, and she shall give thee
Of her heart the sinless whole,
All the girl within her bosom,
And her woman’s soul.”

(From Memorial of Henry Timrod’s Poems, by permission
of B. F. Johnson Publishing Co.)

HARK TO THE SHOUTING WIND.

HARK to the shouting Wind!
Hark to the flying Rain!
And I care not though I never see
A bright blue sky again.

There are thoughts in my breast to-day
That are not for human speech;
But I hear them in the driving storm,
And the roar upon the beach.

And oh, to be with that ship
That I watch through the blinding brine!
O Wind! for thy sweep of land and sea!
O Sea! for a voice like thine!

Shout on, thou pitiless Wind,
To the frightened and flying Rain!
I care not though I never see
A calm blue sky again.

(From Memorial of Henry Timrod's Poems, by permission
of B. F. Johnson Publishing Co.)

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

THIS unrivalled portrayer of the lights and shades, and especially of the humor, of negro character, and the discoverer of the new field of Afro-American folklore, was born in Eatonton, Ga., December 8, 1848, and died in Atlanta, Ga., July 3, 1908. He practiced law for a short time in Forsyth, Ga., worked on papers, first in Macon, Ga., then in New Orleans, and finally moved to Atlanta, where he became one of the editors of the famous *Constitution*. His work easily enables him to take rank with the best humorists of our country.

A few of his books are: Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings; Nights With Uncle Remus; On the Plantation; Free Joe, and Little Mr. Thimblefinger.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE WHITE CAMELLIA. FROM GABRIEL TOLLIVER.

MATTERS have changed greatly since those days, and for the better. The people of the whole country understand one another, and there is no longer any sectional prejudice for the politicians to feed and grow fat upon. But in the days of reconstruction everything was at white heat, and every episode and every development appeared to be calculated to add to the excitement. In all this Shady Dale had as large a share as any other community. The whites had witnessed many political outrages that seemed to have for their object the renewal of armed resistance. And it is impossible, even at this late day, for any impartial person to read the

debates in the Federal Congress during the years of 1867 and 1868 without realizing the awful fact that the prime movers in the reconstruction scheme (if not the men who acted as their instruments and tools) were intent on stirring up a new revolution in the hope that the negroes might be prevailed upon to sack cities and towns and destroy the white population. This is the only reasonable inference; no other conceivable conclusion can explain the wild and whirling words that were uttered in these debates; unless, indeed, some charitable investigator shall establish the fact that the radical leaders were suffering from a sort of contagious dementia.

It is all over and gone, but it is necessary to recall the facts in order to explain the passionate and blind resistance of the whites of the South.

The hundreds of irritating incidents and episodes belonging to the unprecedented conditions gradually worked up the feelings of the whites to a very high pitch of exasperation. The worst fears of the most timid bade fair to be realized, for the negroes, certain of their political supremacy, sure of the sympathy and support of Congress and the War Department, and filled with the conceit produced by the flattery and cajolery of the carpet-bag sycophants, were beginning to assume an attitude which would have been threatening and offensive if their skins had been white as snow.

Beyond the valley, still farther away from Shady Dale, was the negro church, of which the Rev. Jeremiah Tomlin was the admired pastor. Ordinarily, there were services in this church three times a week, and then there were services every night in the week, and sometimes all night

long. The Rev. Jeremiah was a preacher who had lung-power to spare, and his voice was well calculated to shatter our old friend the welkin, so dear to poets and romancers. But, if there was no revival in progress, the nights devoted to prayer-meetings were mainly musical, and the songs, subdued by the distance, floated across the valley to Gabriel with entrancing sweetness.

One Wednesday night when the political conditions were at their worst, Gabriel Tolliver observed that while the lights were lit in the church there was less singing than usual. This attracted his attention and then excited his curiosity. Listening more intently, he failed to hear the sound of a single voice lifted in prayer, in song or in preaching. The time was after nine o'clock, and this silence was so unusual that Gabriel concluded to investigate.

He made his way across the valley, and was soon within ear-shot of the church. The pulpit was unoccupied, but Gabriel could see that a white man was standing in front of it. The inference to be drawn from his movements and gestures was that he was delivering an address to the negroes. The speaker was a stranger. He was flushed as with wine, and appeared to have no control of his hands, for he flung them about wildly.

Gabriel crept closer, and climbed a small tree, in the hope that he might hear what the stranger was saying; but listen as he might, no sound of the stranger's voice came to Gabriel. The church was full of negroes, and a strange silence had fallen on them. He marvelled somewhat at this, for the night was pleasant, and every window was open. The impression made upon the young fel-

low was very peculiar. Here was a man flinging his arms about in the heat and ardor of argument or exhortation, and yet not a sound came through the windows.

Suddenly, while Gabriel was leaning forward trying in vain to hear the words of the speaker, a tall, white figure, mounted on a tall white horse, emerged from the copse at the rear of the church. At the first glance Gabriel found it difficult to discover what the figures were, but as horse and rider swerved in the direction of the church he saw that both were clad in white and flowing raiment. While he was gazing with all his eyes, another figure emerged from the copse, then another and another, until thirteen white riders, including the leader, had come into view. Following one another at intervals, they marched around the church, observing the most profound silence. The hoofs of their horses made no sound. Three times this ghostly procession marched around the church. Finally they paused, each horseman at a window, save the leader, who, being taller than the rest, had stationed himself at the door.

He was the first to break the silence. "Brothers, is all well with you?" his voice was strong and sonorous.

"All is not well," replied twelve voices in chorus.

"What do you see?" the impressive voice of the leader asked.

"Trouble, misery, blood!" came the answering chorus.

"Blood?" cried the leader.

"Yes, blood!" was the reply.

"Then all is well!"

"So mote it be! All is well!" answered twelve voices in chorus.

Once more the ghostly procession rode round and round the church, and then suddenly disappeared in the darkness; Gabriel rubbed his eyes. For an instant he believed that he had been dreaming. If ever there were goblins, these were they. The figures on horseback were so closely draped in white that they had no shape but height, and their heads and hands were not in view.

It may well be believed that the sudden appearance and disappearance of these apparitions produced consternation in the Rev. Jeremiah's congregation. The stranger who had been addressing them was left in a state of collapse. The negroes sat paralyzed for an instant after the white riders had disappeared; but only for an instant, for, before you could breathe twice, those in the rear seats made a rush for the door. This movement precipitated a panic, and the entire congregation joined in a mad effort to escape from the building. The Rev. Jeremiah forgot the dignity of his position and, umbrella in hand, emerged from a window, bringing the upper sash with him. Benches were overturned, and wild shrieks came from the women. The climax came when five pistol-shots rang out on the air.

Gabriel, in his tree, could hear the negroes running, their feet sounding on the hard clay like the furious scamper of a drove of wild horses. Years afterward, he could afford to laugh at the events of that night; but, at the moment, the terror of the negroes was contagious, and he had a mild attack of it.

The pistol-shots occurred as the Rev. Jeremiah

emerged from the window, and were evidently in the nature of a signal, for before the echoes of the reports had died away the white horsemen came into view again and rode after the fleeing negroes. Gabriel did not witness the effect of this movement, but it came near driving the fleeing negroes into a frenzy. The white riders paid little attention to the mob itself, but selected the Rev. Jeremiah as the object of their solicitude.

He had bethought him of his dignity when he had gone a few hundred steps, and found he was not pursued, and, instead of taking to the woods, as most of his congregation did, he kept to the public road. Before he knew it, or at least before he could leave the road, he found himself escorted by the entire band. Six rode on each side, and the leader rode behind him. Once he started to run, but the white riders easily kept pace with him, their horses going in a comfortable canter. When he found that escape was impossible, he ceased to run. He would have stopped, but when he tried to do so he felt the hot breath of the leader's horse on the back of his neck, and the sensation was so unexpected and so peculiar that the frightened negro actually thought that a chunk of fire, as he described it afterward, had been applied to his head. So vivid was the impression made on his mind that he declared that he had actually seen the flame, as it circled around his head; and he maintained that the back of his head would have been burned off if "the fire had been our kind of fire."

Finding that he could not escape by running, he began to walk, and as he was a man of great fluency of speech he made an effort to open a conver-

sation with his ghostly escort. He was perspiring at every pore, and this fact called for a frequent use of his red pocket-handkerchief.

"Blood!" cried the leader, and twelve voices repeated the word.

"Bosses—Masters! What have I ever done to you?" To this there was no reply. "I have never hurt any of you; I have never had the idea of harming you." Still there was no response, and the Rev. Jeremiah made bold to take a closer look at the riders who were within range of his vision. He nearly sank in his tracks when he saw that each one appeared to be carrying his head under his arm. "In the name of the Lord!" he cried, "who are you all anyway? And what are you going to do with me?"

Silence was the only answer he received, and the silence of the riders was more terrifying than their talk would have been. "If you want to know who has been trying to occasion trouble, I can tell you, and mighty quick." But apparently the white riders were not seeking for information. They asked no questions, and the perspiration flowed more freely than ever from the Rev. Jeremiah's pores. Again his red handkerchief came out of his pocket, and again the rider behind him cried out "Blood," and the others repeated the word.

The ghostly cortège continued to escort him along the road. The white riders went with him through town and to the Tomlin place. Once there each one filed between him and the gate he was about to enter, and the last word of each was "Beware!"

EMMANUEL C. DE LA MORINIÈRE.

FATHER DE LA MORINIÈRE was born in Basse-Terre, Guadalupe, April 17, 1856. During his childhood his family moved to New Orleans, where he was educated at the Jesuit College. Since his ordination, though absent from time to time, his duties have kept him chiefly in New Orleans. He is now at Spring Hill College, near Mobile, Ala. He is one of the most noted of the pulpit orators of this country.

Two of his most widely known addresses are the one on Chivalry, and the other that delivered on the occasion of the Centennial Anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans.

ADDRESS ON THE ONE-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY an act of Congress of April 8th, 1812, and after much heated discussion, the territory of Orleans, with a population of 75,000 inhabitants, had been admitted into the Union as the State of Louisiana, with the same privilege as the thirteen original colonies.

Under the prudent leadership of Governor William C. C. Claiborne, whose sterling integrity had withstood all the attacks of his political enemies and baffled all their plans, New Orleans was calmly pursuing her course of self-aggrandizement when the storm, unlooked for and unforecast, broke over her head.

The thunders of a war between Great Britain and the United States shook our new-born nation.

Unaccompanied by the grim fierceness and appalling fatalities of the present colossal conflict beyond the seas, in which millions of troops are grappling in a life and death struggle, unparalleled in the history of all the worlds, it nevertheless for three years doomed the country to that accursed blight which followed in its train. Our merchant ships, the white doves of commerce, were driven from the sea or turned from their purpose to be the ministers of destruction; the threads of social and business intercourse which had become woven into a thick web between the two countries since the Declaration of Independence were suddenly snapped asunder. The resources of the land were drained by taxation. Villages on the Canadian frontiers were laid in ashes. The metropolis of the Republic was captured, her Capitol given to the flames, while gaunt disasters raged everywhere within our borders.

But these were only the first shadows of the momentous eclipse, the twilight usher of the darkness to be broken only by the blazing lightnings of the battle and the siege.

And the battle and the siege were at our doors. The flower of Britain's chivalry landed on our coast, and the followers of Wellington and his kinsman, Pakenham, learned to their cost of what metal a Louisianian is made. They learned a lesson which their prowess on foreign fields had failed to teach them, that the man who fights for his hearthstone, who fights in defense of those who call him father or brother or husband or son, has

the strength of ten, and that his valor is not to be measured by any known standard of soldierly courage.

One of the great lessons of every war is that it is impossible for a people without military organization to withstand the inroad of a veteran army.

What defense could be made by the inhabitants of New Orleans in 1815? What could a population of civilians, however hightoned and resolute, do against flying artillery and batteries of cannon planted on every commanding eminence? What could they do against the onset of trained veterans led by skillful chiefs? What could our forbears do?

What, with the help of their brothers from Mississippi and Kentucky and Tennessee, and under the spell of Andrew Jackson's inspiration, we know they did do—they won.

Now, when we remember that it was when, with freighted keel, the first steamer had glided down the Ohio into the Mississippi; when King Cotton had just donned his diadem; when vast imports and exports made possible by this new means of communication were filling our warehouses and flooding our markets; when the Crescent City, as yet in her infancy, was saluting, with lustrous wondering eyes, with glad smiling lips, the star of her prosperity rising above the onrushing waters of her mighty river, that the bolt sped and struck which might have shattered all her hopes and quenched forever that gleaming orb. When we reflect that that engagement, which began on the plains of Chalmette and closed in the heart of our

city, might have resulted in a defeat, or, if in a victory, only after a protracted struggle such as was witnessed fifty years later. When we reflect that it came to an end in a few days with so small a loss of life on our side as to be the marvel of all generations past and to come, have we not reason, think you, to give thanks to that beneficent God, to Whose right hand—in the language of Andrew Jackson, which we should never tire of repeating—was due the victory?

To that victory is to be ascribed the peace, concord and love which now exist between two great nations, and that peace, as our program takes special pains to emphasize, forms the basic ground and motive of this centennial demonstration.

That gracious Providence which overrules all things for the best, “from seeming evil still educating good,” as the poet has it, has so constituted our natures that the violent excitement of the passions in one direction is followed by reaction in an opposite direction, and the sooner for the violence.

If it were not so; if injuries inflicted and retaliated led of necessity to new retaliations, with forever accumulating compound interest of revenge, then the world would have been years ago turned into an earthly hell. But it is not so; all history teaches a different lesson. It teaches that when the last curtain falls on the tragic drama of war, anger yields room to sympathy, and animosity to friendliness. No wonder, then, that when the cloud had rolled away and the treaty of Ghent had been signed England and America locked hands and hearts in a clasp never, we trust, to be loosened any more. And nothing was more

natural than that reconciliation, for the purpose of their strife and alienation was only transient, whereas perennial are the bonds of union between them, the bonds between children of a common ancestry, speaking the same language, soothed in infancy by the same words of love and tenderness, and hardened into vigorous manhood under the bracing influence of institutions drawn from the same founts of freedom. It is well, in these our times, when a moral night seems to enshroud the earth, and to plunge it into the abyss of a well-nigh universal sanguinary strife; it is, indeed, well to plead the cause of peace, and the cause of a higher, purer patriotism.

It is well to think that, if those in whose hands are the fate and destinies of empires and republics would cease to enthrone the soldier and idolize the sword; if they would pause long enough to remember that the sons of the soil are, above all, the sons of a heavenly Father Who, sooner or later, will avenge every drop of His children's blood shed in wantonness; then would the grandeur of mortal rulers be discerned in the blessings which they have secured, and not in the hecatombs which they have driven to the shambles; in the triumphs of benevolence, and not in the ravages of machine guns; then would the voice of peace, crying from countless blood-sodden battle grounds, crying from a wilderness of entombing trenches, be heard in the world; then would be forged the first link of that mighty chain in which all humanity is riveted to the throne of its Father and its God.

If reviewing the trials of Louisiana through the century that is gone I turn from the thoughts

of peace suggested by the present occasion to the crimson records of another war, through which it was decreed in heaven she should not pass unscathed, as in 1815, it is because I deem it my duty not to leave unspoken to-day the tribute of our State—yea, of the South—to our gallant dead fallen in a conflict far more disastrous and memorable than that which we are recalling on this anniversary. I owe it to myself and to every one present here to say from this sacred rostrum, to say in the presence of God that we keep alive no personal enmities, no feud, no antagonism. We have recovered from the humiliation of defeat, and forgetting its bitterness have come back with strong hands and earnest hearts to that Union which our forbears helped to build.

Emerging from that four years' night of gloom and despair, we press forward with our brothers of the North to promote the interest and fame of our common country. In every patriotic endeavor and aspiration they have found us at their side, sharing the same dangers, bearing the same hardships and revering the same flag. We give God thanks for all this. We give Him thanks that, when the image of Southern independence vanished forever behind the storm cloud of battle, in its stead arose before our tearful sight the vision of Columbia, calling her sons of the South back to their place of honor and service by the family fire-side.

I shall not rehearse the material losses entailed upon our Southland in the giant struggle of half a century ago. For—again to God be the Glory!—we have repelled in those decades the poverty and

destitution which, after the most disastrous campaign for which soldiers ever buckled on armor, had invaded our stronghold. We have recaptured, as if by storm, that prosperity which once was ours, and thus was fulfilled the prophecy of Alexander Stephens that our waste places would, at no distant day, blossom as the rose. Yet, though devotion to the Commonwealth, a filial love of its flag, its progress and expansion, is the all-absorbing feeling of the South now, not all the rains that fall upon the sides of the Alleghanies, not all the swift tides and torrents that swell the banks of the Potomac or the Rappahannock, or the Cumberland, or the Mississippi, can wash away from our Southern hearts the memory of the Southern blood that was shed for our defense in the dark days of 1861. No mountain can hide from our eyes those graveyard highways,

“Where every turf beneath the feet
Hath been a soldier’s sepulchre.”

No river can sink beneath its bed the white bones that once choked its channels. Hence it is that, with those memories deep in their breasts, those who wore the gray, and their children’s children, will yearly gather till “Earth and seas and skies are rended” to proclaim in the face of the world that they have not forgotten, will never forget, can never forget their Confederate dead.

Nor do we forget, nor can we forget, those glorious women who rose like the maids of Saragossa or the mothers of Sparta or the foremothers of the American Revolution, and conjured men whom they loved more than life, but less than honor, to leave them to poverty and penury, and speed to the

front and woo a soldier's death, if need be, under the sacred shadows of the Stars and Bars; the women of Louisiana and the South, the women of the days of the Confederacy.

We bow low before the heroism of that aged Louisiana mother, who, on the eve of the battle of New Orleans, wrote to Governor Claiborne: "My four sons are at the front with Andrew Jackson. I regret having no others to offer my country; I am bent under the load of years, but, if my services in caring for the wounded should be thought useful, command me, and in spite of age and distance I shall hasten to New Orleans." That lofty sentiment found a response in thousands of women's hearts through the long dark hours of the early sixties.

The presence of their sympathies and of their aid, the potency of their prayers and the eloquence of their smiles and their tears were priceless in the inspiration which they brought, and more effectual than an army with banners.

And when the struggle was over, in loving memory of the noble slain they dotted our land with soldiers' monuments, gathered the sacred dust, mounted guard by unmarked graves, and kept in freshness unfading the remembrance of the martyrs who had fallen during that eventful epoch.

I have conjured from the past the story of these trials and sacrifices that we might remember to what achievements we have fallen heirs, and, remembering, give thanks to God for so glorious a heritage.

(By permission of Father De La Morinière.)

DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

DANSKE BEDINGER was born in Copenhagen while her father was living in the capital of Denmark as the United States Minister. When, in 1877, she married Stephen Dandridge, she made her home in Shepherdstown, W. Va.

She is the author of *Rose Brake*, and of *Joy and Other Poems*. She is a lover of nature, a writer of great delicacy of expression and purity of thought.

THE SPIRIT AND THE WOOD SPARROW.

FROM
JOY AND OTHER POEMS.

'Twas long ago ;
The place was very fair ;
And from a cloud of snow
A spirit of the air
Dropped to the earth below.
It was a spot by man untrod,
Just where
I think is only known to God.
The spirit, for a while,
Because of beauty freshly made,
Could only smile ;
Then grew the smiling to a song,
And as he sang he played
Upon a moonbeam-wired cithole
Shaped like a soul.

There was no ear

Or far or near,

Save one small sparrow of the wood,
That song to hear.

This, in a bosky tree,
Heard all, and understood
As much as a small sparrow could
By sympathy.

'Twas a fair sight

That morn of Spring,
When on the lonely height
The spirit paused to sing,
Then through the air took flight
Still lilting on the wing.

And the shy bird,

Whom all had heard,

Straightway began

To practice o'er the lovely strain ;

Again, again ;

Though indistinct and blurred,

He tried each word,

Until he caught the last far sounds that fell
Like the faint tinkle of a fairy bell.

Now when I hear that song,

Which has no earthly tone,

My soul is carried with the strain along

To the everlasting Throne ;

To bow in thankfulness and prayer,

And gain fresh faith, and love, and patience, there

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MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

IT has sometimes been carelessly, and without reflection, said that there were no men of science in the Old South. The most casual glance over the list of our writers shows the untruthfulness of this statement. Audubon, the greatest ornithologist and naturalist of America, lived in New Orleans; Riddel, the inventor of the binocular microscope, came from the same city; the Le Contes, of Georgia, have made valuable contributions to physics and geology; Dr. Long, also of Georgia, was the discoverer of anesthetics, one of the greatest blessings of mankind; Elliott, the botanist, was a South Carolinian, and Maury a Virginian.

Matthew Fontaine Maury was born in Spottsylvania County, Virginia, January 24, 1806, and died in Lexington, Va., February 1, 1873. The greater part of his boyhood and youth was spent in Tennessee. He entered the navy and rose to the position of Lieutenant, but in 1839 was so crippled through an accident that he retired from active service. He was made, in 1844, superintendent of the National Observatory. He served the Confederate Navy both in Richmond and in Europe. At the close of the war he went to Mexico from the West Indies, where he had come to prepare for using the torpedo mines that he had invented. He served in the cabinet of Maximillian until the overthrow of that monarch by the revolution of 1866. He then went back to England, declined the offer of Emperor Napoleon III to take charge of the French Imperial Observatory, and at length accepted the position of Professor of Physics at the Virginia Military Institute.

His essays are said to have led to the establishment of the Naval Academy at Annapolis; his Physical Geography of the Sea caused Humboldt to declare that he had created a new science; his Navigation and his Geographies were long used as texts; his Charts of Winds and Sea Currents won him honors from every scientific body in the world, and Cyrus W. Field, in speaking of the Atlantic Cable, said, "I did the work, England gave the money, and Maury furnished the brains."

FREE NAVIGATION OF THE AMAZON.
FROM
THE AMAZON AND THE ATLANTIC SLOPES
OF SOUTH AMERICA.

WASHINGTON, 1853.

THE policy of the United States is the "policy of commerce," and we do not wish to be on any terms with Brazil but those of peace and good will. We buy now half of all her coffee, and coffee is her great staple. She is a good customer of ours, too, and we value highly our present friendly relations with her; but as highly as we value them we value still more the everlasting principles of right.

We want nothing exclusive up the Amazon; but we are nearer to the Amazon, or rather to the mouth of it, than any other nation, not even excepting Brazil herself, if we count the distance in time and measure from Rio de Janeiro, and from New York or New Orleans as the centers of the two countries. And, therefore, it may well be imagined that this miserable policy by which Brazil has kept shut up and is continuing to keep shut up from man's—from Christian, civilized, enlightened man's—use the fairest portion of God's earth will be considered by the American people as a nuisance, not to say an outrage.

China wants to trade with us, but Japan stands by the wayside, and shuts herself up and out of the world. She is not in the fellowship of nations, and we send a fleet (Perry's expedition) there to remind her that she cannot be in the world and live

out of it at one and the same time. God has put the land she occupies on this earth, and she cannot take it away by her policy.

The five Spanish-American republics want to trade up and down the Amazon; but Brazil, worse than Japan on the wayside, stands right in the doorway and says: "Nay, I will neither use the Amazon myself, nor permit others to use it. That great up-country shall remain a social and a commercial blank to blot the face of the earth."

Is it the policy of the great commercial nations to permit that? No; it is no more their policy than a state of war, and not of peace, is their policy.

In fine, the people of this country cannot look with indifference at the policy Brazil has pursued, and seems disposed to continue to pursue, with regard to the Amazon.

She and her rulers have had it for 300 years, and the first practical step towards subduing it and developing its resources has yet to be taken.

Under these circumstances it appears to me that Brazil, if she persists in her dog-in-the-manger policy with regard to the Amazon and the countries drained by it, runs some risk of getting up a discussion among the enlightened and commercial nations as to what her rights to the Amazon are, and whether they are not in danger of being forfeited by non-usage.

This certainly is the question of the day. The problem of the age is that of the free navigation of the Amazon and the settlement of the Atlantic slopes of South America. It is to draw after it consequences of the greatest importance, results of the greatest magnitude.

It is to stand out in after times, and among all the great things which this generation has already accomplished, as the achievement, in its way, of the nineteenth century. The time will come when the free navigation of the Amazon will be considered by the people of this country as second in importance, by reason of its conservative effects, to the acquisition of Louisiana, if it be second at all; for I believe it is to prove the safety-valve of this Union. I will not press this view or its bearings any further at this time; though I think statesmen will agree with me that this Amazonian question presents a bright streak to the far-seeing eye of the patriot. But, while the free navigation, the settlement and the cultivation and the civilization of the Amazon, is pregnant with such great things, it is an achievement which is not to be worked out by the hand of violence, nor is it to be accomplished by the strong arm of power. It is for science with its lights; for diplomacy, with its skill; for commerce, with its influence, and peace, with its blessings, to bring about such a great result as would be the free navigation of the Amazon—the settlement and cultivation of the great Atlantic slopes of South America.

THE GULF STREAM.
FROM
SAILING DIRECTIONS.

IT is not necessary to associate with oceanic currents the idea that they must of necessity, as on land, run from a higher to a lower level. So far from this being the case, some currents of the sea actually run up-hill, while others run on a level. The Gulf Stream is of the first class. In a paper read before the National Institute, in 1844, I showed why the bottom of the Gulf Stream ought, theoretically, to be an inclined plane, running upwards. If the Gulf Stream be 200 fathoms deep in the Florida Pass, and but 100 fathoms off Hatteras, it is evident that the bottom would be lifted 100 fathoms within that distance; and, therefore, while the bottom of the Gulf Stream runs up-hill, the top preserves the water-level, or nearly so; for its banks are of sea-water, and, being in the ocean, are themselves on a water-level.

I have also, on a former occasion, pointed out the fact that, inasmuch as the Gulf Stream is a bed of warm water, lying between banks of cold water—that as warm water is lighter than cold—therefore, the surface of the Gulf Stream ought, theoretically, to be in the shape of a double inclined plane, like the roof of a house, down which we may expect to find a shallow surface or roof current, running from the middle towards either edge of the stream.

The fact that this roof-current does exist has been fully established by officers of the navy. Thus, in lowering a boat to try a current, they found that the boat would invariably be drifted towards one side or other of the stream, while the vessel herself was drifted along in the direction of it.

This feature of the Gulf Stream throws a gleam of light upon the location of the gulf weed, by proving that its place of growth cannot be on this side (west) of that stream. No gulf weed is ever found west of the axis of the Gulf Stream; and, if we admit the top of the stream to be higher in the middle than at the edges, it would be difficult to imagine how the gulf weed should cross it, or get from one side of it to the other.

The inference, therefore, would be, that, as all the gulf weed which is seen about this stream is on its eastern declivity, the location of the weed must be somewhere within or near the borders of the stream, and to the east of the middle. And this idea is strengthened by the report of Captain Scott, a most intelligent shipmaster, who informs me that he has seen the gulf weed growing on the Bahama Banks.

JAMES MATTHEWS LEGARÉ.

JAMES MATTHEWS LEGARÉ, a native of Charleston, S. C., was born in 1823. He died in Aiken, S. C., in 1859. He was a practicing lawyer, and a rather unsuccessful inventor. He has written only a few poems, but these are far more finished and polished in style than most of the verse of his contemporaries.

HAW-BLOSSOMS.

WHILE yester evening, through the vale
Descending from my cottage door,
I strayed, how cool and fresh a look
All nature wore.

The calmias and golden-rods,
And tender blossoms of the haw,
Like maidens seated in the wood,
Demure, I saw.

The recent drops upon their leaves
Shone brighter than the bluest eyes,
And filled the little sheltered dell
Their fragrant sighs.

Their pliant arms they interlaced,
As pleasant canopies they were;
Their blossoms swung against my cheek
Like braids of hair.

And when I put their boughs aside
And stooped to pass, from overhead
The little agitated things
A shower shed

Of tears. Then thoughtfully I spoke:
Well represent ye maidenhood,
Sweet flowers. Life is to the young
A shady wood.

And therein some like golden-rods,
For grosser purposes designed,
A gay existence lead, but leave
No germ behind.

And others, like the calmias,
On cliffsides inaccessible,
Bloom paramount, the value with sweets
Yet never filled.

But underneath the glossy leaves,
When, working out the perfect law,
The blossoms white and fragrant still
Drop from the haw;

Like worthy deeds in silence wrought
And secret, through the lapse of years,
In clusters pale and delicate
The fruit appears

In clusters pale and delicate,
But waxing heavier each day,
Until the many-colored leaves
Drift from the spray.

Then pendulous, like amethysts
And rubies, purple ripe and red,
Wherewith God's feathered pensioners
In flocks are fed.

Therefore, sweet reader of this rhyme,
Be unto these examples high,
Not calmias and golden-rods
That scentless die;

But the meek blossoms of the haw,
That fragrant are wherever wind
The forest paths, and, perishing,
Leave fruits behind.

HENRY RIGHTOR.

HENRY RIGHTOR was born in New Orleans, January 18, 1870. He received his education in the University of Louisiana and at the Annapolis Naval Academy. He has divided his time between commercial pursuits and journalism. He is known as one of the most skilled of the anglers who frequent the Gulf and neighboring waters. It is to be regretted that he has not turned his graphic pen to a description of out-door life and his fascinating sport.

His writings include *The Standard History of New Orleans*; *Harlequinade*, and the plays, *Military Maid*, and *Striped Petticoat*.

THE CARNIVAL OF NEW ORLEANS.

THE Carnival of New Orleans is holiday in spirit and practical in fact; and right here is the charm and the strangeness of the thing. It is a heritage from the Latin Old World to its most faithful children of the New World. It cannot be imitated nor reproduced elsewhere, nor can the blue skies which swing above the glare and brass of its masks and revels. The inspiration lies deep in the genius of the people. Life is held sweet in New Orleans. Money is for life, not life for money. The Carnival is not a commercial expedient. If it were, it would not escape the fate that befalls whatever is insincere.

In its earlier days the New Orleans Carnival was formless and inchoate. It represented merely the hey-dey spirit of the times, a gorging for the fast. The streets were filled with a pleasing tumult and the imaginations of the people ran riot in the search for grotesque and unusual disguises. The evolution of the Carnival has been natural and normal. Its continuance has accentuated and refined the qualities of mind and temperament which gave it birth.

To the great mass of the people, the Carnival means the street pageantries, and chiefly those of Rex and his satellites. All the other events of the Carnival are more or less class affairs, but these street processions are the common property of the well-to-do and the people; and the year round all the people look forward to them as beautiful dreams that come once a year.

We are told that the Carnival in Louisiana harks back to a period as remote as Bienville's ascent of the Mississippi, and are given a picturesque circumstantial account of those hardy discoverers mooring their boats to the reedy banks of the river and celebrating the Carnival with great spirit and abandon upon the virgin soil. But I take it that this is at best a legend, and intended to accentuate the romanticism of our history and cast a certain glamour over the genesis of the Carnival. Records of the origin of the Carnival in New Orleans are meager; but, the community having been from its inception Latin and Catholic, it is highly probable that masking on feast days was not unusual so early as the time of the first influx of colonists or refugees from the Spanish possessions.

In the time of Louis Philippe, all Paris went mad with the Carnival. It was the height of the city's gayety and splendor. Louisiana at that time was prosperous, and the sons of wealthy planters and merchants were sent to Paris to complete the educations begun in the parochial schools at home. In Paris these young men imbibed the spirit of the Carnival. The tang of the mad time was sweet to their Latin blood, and they brought the custom home. We have accurate information that in 1827 a number of these young Creole gentlemen, fresh from their Parisian experiences, effected something like an organization of the wandering and nondescript maskers who peopled the balconies and sidewalks, and paraded—in very bad order and with worse discipline—the principal streets of the city. There appears to have been no further organization of maskers until 1837, when there were even more maskers in line than before.

The *Bee* of Mardi Gras, 1839 (Feb. 13), published a call requesting all those who were to take part in the masquerade to assemble at the Theatre d'Orleans (on Orleans Street, between Royal and Bourbon) not later than half-past three o'clock of the afternoon. The order of march of this parade was as follows: From the Theatre d'Orleans, Royal Street, St. Charles, Julia, Camp, Chartres, Condé, Esplanade, Royal. The parade was of the most indiscriminate and democratic nature, wagons crowded with merry negroes following in the wake of coaches and fiacres in which sat slim, silk-garbed patricians, while hundreds of maskers in the most diverse and

grotesque make-ups ran along on foot, shouting, cheering, imitating animals and throwing kisses and confetti at the sidewalks and galleries. Having marched its appointed route, the parade broke up towards nightfall, and later such of the maskers as had subscribed to the affair repaired to the fancy dress and masquerade ball given at the old Orleans Theatre. Another ball of the same character was given on the same night in the ballroom of the old St. Louis Hotel.

From 1840 to 1845 a number of parades similar to that described above were given year by year; then a period of comparative inactivity in respect to the celebration of the Carnival in the form of parades appears to have intervened and continued until 1852. The parade, this year, traversed the leading streets of the city, which were positively jammed with admiring throngs, and at night the old Orleans Theatre was the center of attraction for all that the Crescent City held of beauty and fashion. The maskers of the day there received their friends; and that bewildering ball was long remembered as the gem of many such jewels clustering in the diadem of the Queen of the South."

The earliest formal Carnival organization of any consequence in the South belongs, not to New Orleans, but to the neighboring city of Mobile. This was the Cowbellions, which originated the idea of presenting tableaux on vehicles moving through the streets. The Cowbellions gave its first parade in Mobile on New Year's Eve of the year 1831. The originator of Carnival pageantries

in New Orleans was the Mistick Krewe of Comus, which first appeared upon the streets at 9 o'clock of the night of February 24, 1857. The subject of representation was Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

On February 1, 1872, under Colonel Walter Merriam and Edward C. Hancock, arrangements were made for the reign of Rex, our gracious, benignant king, who favors us yearly with his jovial presence, to the delight of pleasure-lovers, and particularly of children.

Among the first edicts of Rex was one which forbade the punishment of children during his reign. All quarrels and disagreements were likewise to be suspended. Mardi Gras is a legal holiday in New Orleans.

The first "turnout" of Rex consisted of the "Bœuf Gras," a beautiful white bull, representing the "meat" to which the city was saying farewell, and an immense crowd of maskers. Three silver keys (of the city) were turned over to Rex by the Mayor, and for a day pleasure reigned supreme. The Carnival was this year (1872) witnessed by the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia. Until 1877, however, no formal parade of floats was given.

The society of New Orleans is, in a sense, built around the Carnival balls. They are the events of the year, and are awaited as eagerly by the *débutantes* lapped in luxury as are the parades by the little street Arabs. The Momus ball is usually given the Thursday before Mardi Gras. Friday the Carnival german is danced. Monday afternoon the king comes in—Rex arrives—and

parades with the city militia. It is a day on the river, and all the boats join in welcoming to the city the King of Joy. Monday night the Proteus parade and ball take place; Tuesday about noon the Rex procession; and Tuesday night the Comus parade, and the Rex and Comus balls. The king and his court always attend, later at night, the ball of Comus. Wednesday morning finds an exhausted city.

Improvised seats are put up everywhere for reviewing the Carnival. Rex's colors (green, yellow and purple) are seen everywhere. At night the illuminations are magnificent, particularly at the various clubs, where large receptions are held. The air teems with light and color and re-sounds with the king's own anthem, "If Ever I Cease to Love." Immense crowds throng Canal Street and St. Charles Avenue up to Louisiana Avenue, to which point the parades of latter years proceed. But few accidents occur, good nature prevails, and the immense concourse of people is admirably managed by the authorities. The electric cars also play their part, without a mistake usually.

The processions are always headed by a title car and a chariot containing the special monarch of the occasion. The Rex parade is always headed by the Bœuf Gras, or fatted ox. Mules and negroes form a necessary part of the procession, and at night picturesque torches are carried. Most of the work connected with the Carnival is now done in the city, and labor and materials do not have to be imported.

Nothing disagreeable occurs during the Car-

nival time. Maskers often toss presents of candy to friends whom they perceive in the crowd. In the year 1900 pretty spirals of colored papers were thrown in profusion.

To be queen at one of the balls is the greatest honor that can befall a New Orleans girl. But there are four or five maids of honor to each queen, so by the time the Carnival is over almost every popular débutante has had a Carnival honor. The queen and maids of various Carnivals are conspicuous for grace and beauty and good taste in dress. Notes are sent by the maskers every year "calling out" ladies for the maskers' dances—the first five or six or seven on the programme. Ladies "called out" are given particular seats and enjoy the ball to the utmost. Handsome pins and souvenirs are given by the maskers to their partners in the dances, and, besides, many little trinkets that form part of the Carnival costumes.

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Lewis Pub. Co.)

HENRY WATTERSON.

"MARSE HENRY" was born in Washington, D. C., February 16, 1840. His eyesight was so poor it was deemed advisable not to send him to school, and he received his instruction from tutors. In 1858 he went to Tennessee, his father's native State. In 1861 he edited the *Nashville Banner*. During the Civil War he was Chief of Scouts in General Joseph E. Johnston's army. Later he was aide to Forrest and then to Polk.

He went to Louisville soon after the war, and in 1867 became editor of the *Journal* and consolidated with it the *Times* and the *Courier*, thus founding the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. He is undoubtedly the most forcible editorial writer in the world, a man of culture, and an able public speaker. His life work has been the reconciliation of the North and the South.

He has written *Oddities of Southern Life and Character*, and *The Compromises of Life*.

THE FATE OF THE UNCOMPROMISING. FROM THE COMPROMISES OF LIFE.

OF what value were (the rich man's) millions—of what value a single one of his dollars—if over and beyond his wants a penny was gained at the cost of the blood and tears of one good man or woman? Of what value were Napoleon's victories? But, stay! Let me relate a parable, a fable with a moral, which might have happened any time these years of wondrous, romantic achievement upon the modern arena of battle—our field of the cloth of gold—the Stock Exchange.

A young man of four or five and twenty, poorly clad, much under the average height, eyes deep-sunken and of piercing blackness, thin, pale lips, wanders vacantly, restlessly, about this Stock Exchange. He roams in and out of its galleries like a caged lion. He gazes wistfully over the balconies into the seething pit below. He sees men pushing, hauling, howling, money-mad. Day in and day out the same; always the same; though not for him. But, why not? Why not? He knows no one who could secure him access there. He has not a dollar, even if he could obtain access. And yet he has evolved out of the darkness and desolation that surround him a secret which, if he had the opportunity and the means of applying it, would yield him millions.

Accident throws this young man into the society of a young woman nearly as poor as himself, but beautiful and bright and noble. He loves her. She loves him. In the confidence of that love he discloses his secret to her. She listens, amazed, delighted. When he has finished his recital she exclaims:

"Why, with this astonishing knowledge, how comes it that you are in rags?"

"Alas," says he, "I have not a penny in the world. I have not a friend in the world. With a knowledge that has power to revolutionize the fiscal universe, I am as helpless, hopeless, as a child!"

This woman is a woman of genius. She is a woman of action. She seizes the situation with the instinct of her nature.

"Why," she exclaims, "I have very little money; but you need very little. Take it. I know the President of the Stock Exchange. I will introduce you to him. He will introduce you upon the floor. You and this wondrous discovery of yours will do the rest."

He falls upon his knees. He clasps her in his arms. He will go and get his millions. He will make her his wife—nay, they will be married at once—they will not delay a moment, because before to-morrow's day and night are over they will be rich, famous, and will live forever happy, loving one another and doing good all the rest of their days.

They are married. She is true to her word. He is true to his. He appears in the midst of that mad throng—this strange little man with the miraculous secret. No one observes him; no one divines his secret; only the President of the Stock Exchange, to whom he has been presented, and who has admitted him to the floor, has a friendly eye upon him, but, his lines laid, and his little all upon them, that awful secret begins to work like magic. A thousand dollars is quickly ten thousand; ten thousand a hundred thousand; a hundred thousand a million; a million fifty millions; and, amid the crash of fortunes and the fury of such a tempest as the world never knew before, the President comes down from his seat and the young, the veritable young Napoleon of finance is personally made known to the money kings and princes, some of whom he has ruined, others of whom he has crippled, and all of whom he has brought to his feet!

And the woman who has enabled him to do all this? Oh, she has been in the gallery up there. She has seen it all. First frightened, then appalled, then delirious with joy, she has watched every turn of the wheel and known what turned it and who. The day is hardly half over. But the battle is fought and won. She bids him come—come to the arms of a loving wife—come to the rest of a happy home—come, with riches, honors, all that fortune that can give to man, e'en to that blessed peace that passeth understanding. Oh, no. He is not going to do anything of the kind. He has ruined only half the 'Stock Exchange. He is going back to ruin the other half. Ah, well—what would you say of that man if, going back to ruin the other half, he lost all he had gained, including his original stake, and found himself at midnight, his mystery exploded and his fair young bride lying dead there before him, dead of grief and despair? What would you say if he found himself alone, abandoned and locked safely and forever in prison walls? You know the story of Napoleon. It is related by Metternich that during that famous interview at Dresden, that lasted, without food or interruption, from eight in the morning till eight at night, he, representing the Allied Powers, offered Napoleon peace with a larger France than he had found, and the confirmation of his dynasty, and that Napoleon refused it. He wanted all or nothing. He was going to ruin the other half. So he rushed upon Austria, and England, and Russia—who were still able to stand against him—and Waterloo—and before the day was over he

found himself a General without an army, an Emperor without a throne, flying for his life, to be caught and locked up like the ill-starred, unthinking, though brilliant, adventurer that he was. He had lost all, including his original stake—

“He fought, and half the world was his;
He died without a rood his own;
And borrowed of his enemies
Six feet of ground to lie upon.”

Do you not think he had better have compromised with the powers before it was too late? I do, and, standing, as I have often stood, beneath that lofty dome in the Hospital of the Invalides in Paris, and looking down into that marble crypt upon the wondrous tomb below, and conceiving the glory meant to be there celebrated, it has seemed to me a kind of gilded hell, with a sleeping devil, planned by fiends incarnate, to lure men, and particularly French men, to perdition. And I never leave that place, with its dreary splendor, that somehow the words of a poor, ragged French poet do not come singing into my heart:

“Oh, if I were Queen of France,
Or, still better, Pope of Rome,
I'd have no fighting men abroad,
No weeping maids at home.
All the world should be at peace,
And if kings must show their might,
Let those who make the quarrels
Be the only ones to fight.”

I would compromise war. I would compromise glory. I would compromise everything at that point where hate comes in, where misery comes in, where love ceases to be love, and life begins its descent in the shadow of the valley of death.

I would not compromise Truth. I would not compromise the Right. I would not compromise conscience and conviction in any matter of pith and moment involving real duty. There are times when one must stand and fight; when one must fight and die. But such times are exceptional; they are most exceptional; one cannot, without making himself ridiculous, be always wrapping the flag around him and marching down to the footlights to display his extraordinary valor and virtue. And, in the long intervals, how often the best of us are mistaken as to what is Truth, as to what is Right, as to what is Duty. Too often they are what we would have them to be. Too often that which we want to do becomes that which we ought to do.

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THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

FROM

VARIOUS VERSE.

BY

CHARLES J. COLTON.

AS I SIT 'fore my bachelor fireplace
I dream of a possible life:
Of a dear little oak-bowered cottage,
Of a sweet-faced and true little wife;
Of a glad coming home in the evening
To a place where forgotten are cares;
Of a wife's welcome, tender and heartfelt,
Of a babe at my knee lisping prayers.

(I poke up the fire—it blazes
And burns with a flame strong and bright.)
I gaze on a scene of the future
In the glow of the coal's ruddy light.
We're seated at eve in the garden;
My baby rolls 'round in the grass;
My wife with her fancy work by me,
And the hours in sweet happiness pass.

(Again does the poker its duty;
The fire does not burn as before;
But alternate lights and grim shadows
Are cast out upon the bare floor.)
And now grim Death's angel is hovering
O'er our suffering baby's white bed;
The blue eyes are closing so gently,
And the soul of our darling has fled.

(The light goes down dimmer and dimmer,
And naught now is left but a spark.)
My dear wife is tossing in anguish,
And the sky of the future grows dark.
I fold the white hands on her bosom,
I stifle the half-uttered moan:
No tears now—the well is exhausted,
And my heart is as heavy as stone.

Heigh-ho! all my dreams are but idle;
Their fruition may Heaven restrain.
(I give a few vigorous pushes,
And the flames start out brightly again.)
A tear! By my word! Why, how foolish!
And o'er mythical baby and wife!
Ah, no, I don't want my heart broken,
So I'll stick to my bachelor life.

DOMESTIC AMENITIES.

“MAN’S work is from sun to sun,
But woman’s work is never done,”
Thus quoted Mrs. Prewett;
Her husband loudly laughed, “Ha, ha!
That shows how lazy women are;
Why don’t they go and do it?”

(By permission of Mrs. Charles J. Colton.)

THE LAND OF NOD.

BY

CHARLES J. COLTON.

OH, don't you love the land of Nod, my baby,
Where all the little children go at night,
To wander 'neath the eyes of God, my baby,
In those pleasant realms of ever-new delight?
Where the gentle angels play with thee, my baby,
And show thee many a soft and beauteous sight,
Until they give thee back to me, my baby,
When the morning glow has put the shades to
flight?

I wonder just what joys are there, my baby,
That make you smile so often in your sleep!
Are the ones who welcome you so fair, my baby?
And the pleasures that you drink in, are they
deep?

And tell me, through the happy day, my baby,
When those azure orbs are lit with childish
glee,
In the midst of all your romp and play, my baby,
Does a longing for the night-time come to
thee?

Do you wish the glowing sun would sink, my
baby,
So the horses of the twilight, lightly shod,
Could come for thee when eyelids blink, my baby,
To bring thee once more to the land of Nod?

JAMES GATTYS MCGREGOR RAMSEY.

JAMES RAMSEY, "one of the first-born of the sons of the State of Tennessee," was born in Knox County in 1796. He was well educated and continued to be a student to the end of his life. He studied medicine, but never practiced. He became the President of the Bank of Tennessee, at Knoxville, and acquired considerable means. Practically everything that he had, however, was lost during the Civil War; even his home, containing the valuable historical papers that he had spent many years in collecting, was burned when the Federals took Knoxville.

He served with credit in the Confederate Army.

Much of the material for his *Annals of Tennessee* was collected from the private papers or learned from his conversations with the participants in the scenes that he describes.

NIC-A-JACK CAVE AND THE "NARROWS" OF THE TENNESSEE.

FROM
THE ANNALS OF TENNESSEE.

ONE of the secret resorts of the freebooters who infested this region was an immense cavern still known as the Nic-a-Jack Cave. It is situated in the side, or end rather, of Cumberland Mountain, at a point near the present depot of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, and about thirty-six miles below Chattanooga. Its main entrance is on the Tennessee River. The cave has

been thus described by another: "At its mouth it is about thirty yards wide, arched overhead with pure granite, this being in the centre about fifteen feet high. A beautiful little river, clear as crystal, issues from its mouth. The distance the cave extends into the mountains has not been ascertained. It has been explored only four or five miles. At the mouth the river is wide and shallow, but narrower than the cave. As you proceed further up the stream the cave becomes gradually narrower, until it is contracted to the exact width of the river. It is beyond this point explored only by water in a small canoe." The aboriginal name of this cavern was Te-calla-see.

Into this vast cavern, for the purposes of concealment and murder, the banditti of the "Narrows" retired with their spoils and their victims. The place now enlivened and enriched by the genius of Fulton, and in view of the steamer and locomotive, was then the dismal and gloomy retreat of savage cruelty and barbarian guilt.

These impregnable fortresses of nature were as yet unoccupied by the sons of the forest. The hunter avoided and was deterred from entering them. The Indian, in his canoe, glided swiftly by them, as if apprehending that the evil genius of the place was there to engulf and destroy him. It remained for American enterprise to see and overcome them.

About 1773 or 1774 some families in West Virginia and North Carolina, attracted by the glowing accounts of West Florida, sought a settlement in that province. They came to the Holston frontier, built their boats and, following the stream,

reached Natchez by water. Necessity drove them to employ Indians and Indian traders as pilots through the dangerous passes of the Tennessee River. Occasionally a boat was either by accident or design shipwrecked at some point between the Chickamauga Towns and the lower end of the Muscle Shoals. Its crew became easy victims of savage cruelty—its cargo fell a prey to Indian cupidity. As these voyages increased and the emigrants by water multiplied from year to year, so did the Indian settlements all along the rapids also extend. The Chickamaugas were the first to settle there, and to become depredators upon the lives and property of emigrants. Conscious of guilt, unwilling to withhold their warriors from robbery and murder, they failed to attend with the rest of their tribe at treaties of peace, and refused to observe treaty stipulations when entered into by their nation. They broke up their old towns on and near Chickamauga, removed lower down on the river and laid the foundation of several new villages, afterwards known as the Five Lower Towns—Running Water, Nic-a-Jack, Long Island Villages, Crow Town and Look Out—which soon became populous, and the most formidable part of the Cherokee nation. They were situated near the Great Crossing on Tennessee, where the hunting and war parties, in their excursions from the south to the north, always crossed that stream. To this point congregated, with fearful rapidity, the worst men in all the Indian tribes. Murderers, thieves, pirates, banditti; not of every Indian tribe only, but depraved white men rendered desperate by crime, hardened by outlawry and re-

morseless from conscious guilt, fled hither and confederated with barbarian aborigines in a common assault upon humanity and justice, and in defiance of all laws of earth and heaven. These miscreants constituted for a number of years the Barbary Powers of the West—the Algiers of the American interior.

They had become very numerous, composing a banditti of more than one thousand warriors. These had refused the terms of peace proposed by Christians, and had perpetrated the greatest outrages upon the whole frontier. The Chickamauga Towns were the central points from which their detachments were sent out for murder and plunder, and where guns and ammunition and other supplies were received from their allies in Florida. It was determined to invade and destroy these towns. North Carolina and Virginia, in conjunction, ordered a strong expedition against them, under the command of Colonel Evan Shelby. It consisted of one thousand volunteers from the western settlements of these two States and a regiment of twelve months' men under the command of Colonel John Montgomery. At this period (1779) the two governments were much straitened in their resources on account of the existing war of the Revolution, and were unable to make any advances for supplies or transportation necessary for this campaign. All these were procured by the indefatigable and patriotic exertions and on the individual responsibility of Isaac Shelby.

The army rendezvoused at the mouth of Big

Creek, a few miles above where Rogersville, in Hawkins County, now stands. Pirogues and canoes were immediately made from the adjacent forest, and, on the 10th of April, the troops embarked and descended the Holston. So rapid was the descent of this first naval armament down the river as to take the enemy completely by surprise. They fled in all directions to the hills and mountains, without giving battle. Shelby pursued and hunted them in the woods, killed upwards of forty of their warriors, burned down their towns, destroyed their corn and every article of provision, and drove away their great herds of cattle.

In this sudden invasion Colonel Shelby destroyed eleven of their towns besides twenty thousand bushels of corn. He also captured a supply of stores and goods valued at £20,000, which had been provided by his majesty's agents for distribution at a general council of the Northern and Southern Indians.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE was born in Dublin, Ireland, September 24, 1789, and died in New Orleans, September 10, 1847. He practiced law in Georgia, went to Congress from that State, abandoned law, went to Europe to study, devoting most of his time to Italian literature, and eventually returned to America, becoming Professor of Constitutional Law in New Orleans.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die.
But on that rose's humble bed
The sweetest dew of night are shed,
As if Heaven wept such waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail—its state is brief—
Restless and soon to pass away.
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree shall mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

My life is like the print of feet
Left upon Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
The tracks will vanish from the sand.
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—
But none shall e'er lament for me.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS was the most prolific of our Southern writers. He contributed to almost every form of literature, lyric poems, dramas, histories, biographies, essays, criticism, editorials, and novels. He began his career as an apprentice to a druggist, abandoned this work for the law, soon tired of law and turned his attention towards journalism and the beloved field of letters. He was chiefly self-educated, but widely read. He gathered about him in his Charleston home and his country house at Woodlands the students and the authors of his day, stimulating and encouraging them in their work. His later days were spent in abject poverty; even his beautiful country home, like so many others in South Carolina, was given to the torch by the Federal troops.

He died June 11, 1870, in his sixty-fifth year.

His most widely read works are his novels, *Yemassee*; *Partisan*; *Mellichampe*; *Katherine Walton*; *Eutaw*; *Scout*; *Forayers*, and *Woodcraft*.

BATTLE OF EUTAW.

FROM EUTAW.

THE British general had planted himself at Eutaw as we have seen; and, regarding his position, justly, as one of some strength, and unaware of any movement of the American army, his attitude was that of one perfectly confident in his security. Stewart seems to have been a person of easy character, of the methodical old school, lym-



W Gilmore Simms

phatic and of very moderate ability. So effectually had our partisans cut off all his communications with the country above him, and so careless did he seem in respect to the acquisition of intelligence, that not a scout, nor a patrol, not an agent of any sort, advised him of Greene's movements until his artillery was already sounding in his ears. It cannot be doubted that he was remiss in seeking intelligence, and that he was in some degree the victim of a surprise. The only patrol he is known to have sent out was captured. The fact is, so long as he believed the brigade of Marion to be below him, on the Santee, he felt no occasion for apprehension. He could not believe that Greene, with inferior numbers, wanting in munitions, and his men not yet recovered from their debilitating marches, and the effects of the season, would venture an action without calling in all his parties. Without Marion's command, he felt very sure that he would not; and he had every reason to believe that no junction of Marion with the grand army had yet taken place. The skirmish, so recently had, between his flanking parties, and the little squad under Sinclair, which was driven below, was enough to assure him on this head. But Marion's movements were those of light. Stewart, rather slow himself, did not anticipate that the famous partisan would, by a forced march, in a single night, wind about him, steal above him and unite with the descending columns of Greene. Yet such was the case.

The approach of Stewart to the Congaree had set Greene's army in motion. It would have greatly favored the prospects of victory to the

Americans if they could have brought the British to action upon that river, where, remote from their convoys and base of operations, any disaster would have proved fatal to their arms. But the rapid retreat of Stewart, who felt this very danger, lessened Greene's motives for activity; and he proceeded on his advance with steps of greater leisure than when he set out. This deliberation also contributed to the encouragement of the British commander, to whom it suggested the idea of a deficient confidence, and lack of resources, on the part of the Americans, which would keep him harmless for awhile.

In one respect he was correct. The resources of the American army were very inferior. There seemed to be a single fatality about this time attending all the calculations of its commander. Not only did Congress fail to furnish adequate supplies, leaving the army lacking in all the necessary material and munitions of war, to say nothing of clothes, tents and camp utensils; but there was a sad failure in its anticipated personnel which no present effort could supply. The army had recruited in health and improved in morale during its temporary respite upon the salubrious hills of Santee; but it had improved in no other respect. Greene, during all this period, had been vexing the echoes with calls, north and west, for supplies and reinforcements without receiving any more solid response than echo could impart. He had been promised eight hundred Pennsylvanians, but, when the call was made for them, they were no more available than the tributary spirits whom Owen Glendower kept in his employ, but whom he summoned in vain from regions of the vasty deep.

Wayne, with his Pennsylvanians, was diverted from the Carolinas to help in the siege of Yorktown, where the whole force of continentals under Washington did not exceed seven thousand men. Greene had been assured by Shelby and Sevier, of the succor of seven hundred gallant mountaineers of the West; such as had conquered Ferguson at King's Mountain; and the brave fellows were actually advancing to his support, when they were met by false tidings of his successful march below—and that he had already driven the British into Charleston. The report had grown out of the dashing foray of the dogdays by the mounted men and cavalry of the army. But, however idle, it was mischievous. The mountaineers, taking for granted that nothing new remained for them to do, quietly traveled back to their hill-slopes. There was a fine body of recruits, some hundred and fifty, raised by Colonel Jackson in Georgia. Jackson was a brave fellow, and a man of talents. Greene relied confidently on this force, at least; yet, to his horror, and that of their captain, the camp of the Georgians was entered by the pestilence, at the very moment when they were about to repair to the main army; the whole force of one hundred and fifty men were seized with smallpox at the same time, and more than fifty of them perished under this horrid disease.

In brief, of all the anticipated reinforcements, none came but some few hundred levies from North Carolina; and the whole force of the Americans, at the reopening of the campaign, consisted of twenty-five hundred combatants all told. The main strength of the army, in which

it excelled the British, lay in its cavalry and mounted men.

In regulars it was numerically inferior—inferior in artillery as well as in the number of its bayonets. But we must not anticipate these details which events will sufficiently develop.

Greene, fully conscious of his weakness, meditated a discontinuance of the pursuit of Stewart, as he felt it likely that the latter would fall too far back upon his base of operations to leave it possible for him to make any successful demonstration. He crossed the Congaree, moved slowly down the south bank, intending to take post at Motte's, and wait events and reinforcements. Lee, with the legion cavalry, was, meanwhile, pushed down upon the steps of Stewart to watch his movements, while General Pickens, in command of the state troops, was sent forward to observe and damage, if he might, the garrison which Stewart had left in Orangeburg.

With the approach of Pickens this garrison hurried down after Stewart and joined him seasonably at Eutaw, while the troops from Fairlawn, five hundred in number, reinforced him about the same time, from the opposite quarter. When apprised by Pickens and Lee of these proceedings of Stewart, and of the concentration of his chief strength at Eutaw, Greene resolved to give him battle, the post at Eutaw being sufficiently far from Charleston to assure the American general against a too easy recovery by the British from disaster should he be successful in obtaining any advantages from the conflict. It also assured him against any ill consequences to himself other than

he might suffer from the conflict with the one army with which he was to contend. Satisfied now that Stewart was not unwilling to measure swords with him, he resumed his march accordingly with the determination to fight.

On the 5th of September we find that Marion, supposed by Stewart to be still below him, has, by a night march, thrown his brigade seventeen miles above; and is stationed at Lauren's plantation, waiting the arrival of Greene. The latter reached the same point the same evening. Here the state troops under Pickens joined also. The 6th of September was devoted to rest and preparation. On the evening of the 7th the army had reached Burdell's tavern on the Congaree road, seven miles above Eutaw. Here it bivouacked for the night, Greene taking his sleep beneath a china (pride of India) tree, one of its bulging roots answering for a pillow. His suite and officers generally were similarly couched. The night was mild and pleasant—the open air more grateful than salubrious, and the stars watched the sleepers without shedding any of those fiery signs over the heavens, which in olden time were supposed to give auguries of a bloody morrow.

Up to this moment the British general had no notion of the near approach of his antagonist. Nor through the night did he receive any tidings of his presence. In the morning, so little were the British prepared to suspect the propinquity of the Americans that a rooting party of a hundred men were sent up the road to gather supplies of sweet potatoes from the farms and plantations along the river. They had been some time gone when two

deserters from the American camp found their way to the British post and gave the first intimation to Stewart of his danger. He immediately dispatched Coffin with his cavalry to protect and bring back his foragers and reconnoiter and retard the American advance.

Meanwhile the American army had been put in motion, marching down in four columns, eager, but moving slowly, as the whole country, both sides of the road, was in the woods. The first American line drove Stewart's advanced parties before them until they found shelter in their own line of battle. There was no faltering in this progress. The militia of the Carolinas, when led by Marion and Pickens, never faltered, so long as the order was heard to fight!

Stewart had drawn up his troops in a single line, extending from the Eutaw creek, beyond the Congaree road. The creek effectually covered his right; his left was "in air," to use the military language—i. e., not covered—and was supported by the cavalry of Coffin and a strong body of infantry, which were, in turn, under cover of the forest. The ground which the British army occupied was altogether in wood; but a small distance in the rear was a cleared field, extending west, south and east of a dwelling-house which formed his castle of refuge, and bounded north by the Eutaw spring—thickly fringed with brush and a stunted growth of forest.

The skirmishing parties had done their work with spirit—had melted away on both sides and yielded to heavier battalions; and the artillery of the first line and the militia of the two Carolinas,

all under Marion, went into the *melée* with the fierce passions of individual ardor and the stubborn and desperate resolve of veterans. Very obstinate and very bloody was the struggle, and singularly protracted. The artillery was worked admirably and continued to belch forth its iron rages until both of the three-pounders of the Americans and one of the British were disabled. Nor did the militia fail the artillery. Never, perhaps, had the militia done better—never, perhaps, quite so well. The regulars looked on with equal surprise and admiration as they beheld these brave fellows, whom it is so customary to disparage, as they rushed forward into the hottest of the enemy's fire, totally unmoved with the continual fall of their comrades around them.

"The veterans of Frederick of Prussia never showed themselves better fire-eaters!" was the ejaculation of Greene. Regulars, you must look to your laurels!

And all this time these men of Marion, Pickens and Malmedy were enduring the fire of nearly twice their number, for they were opposed to the entire British line. But such a conflict could not last. The two pieces of artillery were finally demolished. The British, not able to stand their deadly fire, for every Southron was a rifleman, now pressed forward with the bayonet. This was a weapon which our militiamen did not use. They were compelled to recoil before it; but not before every man had emptied his cartouch-box. They delivered seventeen rounds before they yielded, and retired by the wings to the covering parties on either hand. Rutledge, who was on the field with

Greene, sobbed like a child with exultation as he clasped Marion about the neck when he came out of the action.

"Our fellows have won immortal honor—immortal honor!"

The issue thus presented of the bayonet brought the American second line into action. The militia, as we have seen, disappeared away upon the wings, retired into the woods and rallied for future work upon the flanking parties.

The regulars, under Sumner, had felt the example of the militia, and glowed with anxiety to take their place in the struggle. They rushed forward keen as lightning; and, at their approach, Stewart brought the majority of his reserve into line. The conflict was then renewed with as much fury as ever. Sumner at length yielded to the superior force and fire of the enemy. As his brigade wavered, shrank and finally yielded, the hopes of the British grew sanguine. With a wild yell of victory they rushed forward to complete their supposed triumph, and, in doing so, their line became disordered. This afforded an opportunity of which Greene promptly availed himself. He had anticipated this probability and had waited anxiously for it. He was now ready to take advantage of it, and gave his order—to Otho Williams, in command of the Marylanders—"Let Williams advance and sweep the field with his bayonets!"

And Williams, heading two brigades—those of Maryland and Virginia—swept forward with a shout. When within forty yards of the British the Virginians poured in a destructive fire, under

which their columns reeled and shivered as if struck by lightning, and then the whole second line, the three brigades, with trailed arms and almost at a trot, darted on to the savage issue of naked steel, hand-to-hand with the desperate bayonet. The terrible fire of the Virginians, followed up by the charge of the second line, and seconded, at this lucky juncture, by the legion infantry, which suddenly poured in a most destructive fire upon the now exposed flank of the British left, threw the whole line into irretrievable disorder.

The left of the British center at this vital moment, pressed upon by their own fugitives, yielded under the pressure, and the Marylanders, now delivering their fire, hitherto reserved, completed the disaster. Along the whole front the enemy's ranks wavered, gave way finally and retired sullenly, closely pressed by the shouting Americans.

The victory was won—so far a victory was won, and all that was necessary was to keep and confirm the triumph. But the day was not over. The battle of Eutaw was a two-act, we might say a three-act drama—such were its vicissitudes.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

LAFCADIO HEARN was born in the Ionian Islands, June 27, 1850, and died in Japan, September 26, 1904. His father was an Irish surgeon in the British Army, and his mother was a Greek woman. He was educated in France and England. He came to America and almost died of starvation, first in New York and then in Cincinnati. He worked as a messenger day laborer, and grew steadily poorer and more wretched. For a while happiness and partial prosperity came with work on the *Enquirer* and, as secretary to the librarian of the Cincinnati Library, in the delightful contact with books. He came to New Orleans, and during his life there, or, at least, as the result of it and its opportunities, he produced the best part of his work done in this country. He returned to New York, but soon left it for Japan. He obtained a position as lecturer in the University of Tokyo, became a Japanese citizen, married a Japanese wife, and died in the Buddhist faith.

He was a marvelous word painter, a literary artist, most delicately sensitive, appreciative of every aspect of nature or human nature, and "one of the greatest stylists of the 19th century."

Some of his works are: *Chita*; *A Memory of Last Island*; *Youma*; *Gumbo Zhèbes*; *Two Years in the French West Indies*; *Out of the East*; *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*; *Reveries*, and *Studies in New Japan*.

LOST KITES.

LOOKING out into the clear blue of the night, from one of those jutting balconies which constitute a summer luxury in the Creole city, the eye

sometimes marks the thin black threads which the telegraph wires draw sharply against the sky. We observed last evening the infinitely extending lines of the vast web which the Electric Spider has spun about the world, and the innumerable wrecks of kites fluttering thereupon, like the bodies of gaudy flies—strange lines of tattered objects extending far into the horizon and tracking out the course of the electric messengers beyond the point at which the slender threads cease to remain visible.

How fantastic the forms of these poor tattered wrecks, when the uniform tint of night robs them of their color, and only defines their silhouettes against the sky!—some swinging to and fro wearily, like thin bodies of malefactors mummified by sun heat upon their gibbets—some wildly fluttering as in the agony of despair and death—some dancing grotesquely upon their perches like flying goblins—some like impaled birds, with death-stiffened wings, motionlessly attached to their wire snare, and glaring with painted eyes upon the scene below as in a stupor of astonishment at their untimely fate.

All these represented the destruction of childish ambitions—each the wreck of some boyish pleasure. Many were doubtless wept for, and dreamed of afterward regretfully on wet pillows. And stretching away into the paler blue of the horizon we looked upon the interminable hues of irregular dots they made against it and remembered that each little dot represented some little pang.

Then it was natural that we should meditate a little upon the variety of the ways in which these

childish losses had been borne. The little owners of the poor kites had hearts whose fiber differed more than that of the kites themselves. Some might weep, but some doubtless laughed with childish heroism, and soon forgot their loss; some doubtless thought the world was all askew, and that telegraph wires ought never to have been invented; some, considering critically the cause and effect, resolved as young philosophers to profit by their experience, and seek similar pleasures thereafter where telegraph wires ensnared not; while some, perhaps, profited not at all, but only made new kites and abandoned them to the roguish wind, which again traitorously delivered them up to the insatiable enemies of kites and birds.

Is it not said that the child is the father of the man?

And as we sat there in the silence with the stars burning in the purple deeps of the summer night above us we dreamed of the kites which children of a larger growth fly in the face of heaven—toys of love and faith—toys of ambition and folly—toys of grotesque resolve and flattering ideals—toys of vain dreams and vain expectations—the kites of human Hope, gaudy-colored or gray, richly tinseléd or humbly simple—rising and soaring and tossing on the fickle winds of the world, only to become entangled at last in that mighty web of indissoluble and everlasting threads which the Weird Sisters spin for all of us.

SAMUEL HENRY DICKSON.

SAMUEL HENRY DICKSON was born in Charleston, S. C., September 20, 1798, and died in Philadelphia, March 31, 1872. He was a graduate of Yale and of the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania. He was one of the founders of the Medical College of Charleston, and for a while taught there. He was a professor in the New York University and in the Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia. He was much respected and loved for his learning, dignity, courteousness, and kindness.

His best work is probably contained in the *Practice of Medicine*; his essays on *Life, Sleep, Pain, and Death*, and his *Poems*.

THE SOUTHERN EXILE.

FAREWELL to all I have loved so long,
Farewell to my native shore!
Let me sing a strain of a sweet old song,
"I return—I return no more!"
It breaks my heart from friends to part
And mine eyes—mine eyes the tear-drops pour;
While mournfully I repeat the cry—
"I return—I return no more!"
Though here I breathe in ample space,
And gather with fuller hand,
Nought can efface one simple trace
Of my own dear distant land.
With many a sob my pulses throb,
And mine eyes—mine eyes the tear-drops
pour,

While wearily I repeat the cry—
“I return—I return no more!”

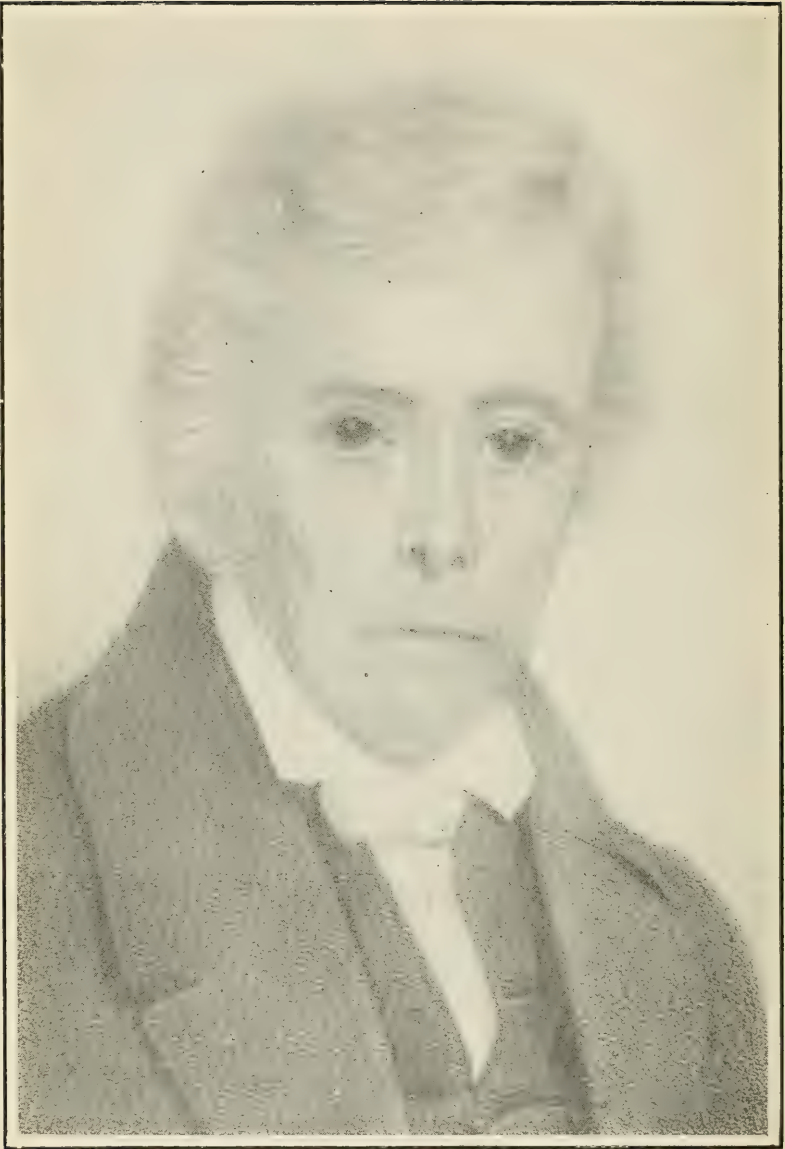
When others sleep I wake and weep
To think of joys long past;
And wish and pray for the happy day
That shall bring repose at last.
Sad memories fill my soul with gloom
And mine eyes—mine eyes the tear-drops pour,
While desparingly I repeat the cry—
“I return—I return no more!”

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

When the mists of night descending
Darken o'er the moonless gloom,
Ghostly forms with shadows blending
Flit around the silent tomb.
Quiet now are mirth and folly,
All around lies hushed and still,
Save the Bird of Melancholy,
Ever plaintive Whip-poor-Will.

Bird of solitude and sadness,
Breathe again thy mournful strain;
E'en though tortured nigh to madness,
Soft—it soothes my bosom's pain.
While thy murmur, far resounding,
Valley, field, and woodland fill,
Echo from all the scene surrounding
Answers thy cry—lost Whip-poor-Will.

(By permission of Miss Belle Dickson.)



Francois Xavier Martin.

FRANCOIS-XAVIER MARTIN.

FRANCOIS-XAVIER MARTIN, according to the inscription upon the shaft that marks his grave in the St. Louis Cemetery, was born in Marseilles, France, March 17, 1762, and died in New Orleans, December 10, 1846. The first eighteen years of his life were spent in France, the next six in the island of Martinique, from which place he emigrated to North Carolina. During the twenty-three years that he made his home in that State he wrote the History of North Carolina, and translated and compiled several treatises on law. He worked at the printers' trade until he was admitted to the bar. He served in the Legislature of North Carolina, was appointed Judge in the Territory of Mississippi, Judge in the Territory of Orleans, and, making his home in Louisiana, gradually rose to the high position of the Supreme Justice of the State.

He was a man of strong personality and great eccentricity, and many humorous stories are still told about him by the lawyers of New Orleans. In his later years he was sadly afflicted with blindness.

His History of Louisiana, while furnishing somewhat dry reading, is a remarkable piece of work, far ahead of that of his contemporaries in the manner in which he has, by research and reason and judgment, sought to attain the true aims of the historian.

THE CESSIONS OF LOUISIANA. FROM THE HISTORY OF LOUISIANA.

By the third article of a treaty concluded at St. Ildefonso on the 1st of October of this year (1800), between the Catholic king (King of Spain) and

the first consul of the French republic, the former promised and engaged on his part to cede to the French republic the colony and province of Louisiana.

On the 21st of March the cession of Louisiana to France was effected. Bonaparte took immediate measure to possess himself of his acquisition. An immense body of troops was destined to this service. A form of government was adopted for the province.

Thomas Jefferson succeeded John Adams in the presidency of the United States on the 4th of March.

The differences that had prevailed between the United States and the French republic were terminated by a treaty entered into at Paris and ratified on the first day of June.

On the 25th of March, 1802, a definite treaty of peace between Spain, France and Great Britain was signed at Amiens.

A vessel arriving (at New Orleans) from Havre-de-Grace on March 24, 1803, brought the baggage of Laussat, the colonial prefect, who was preceding the captain-general (General Victor), with a special mission for the purpose of providing whatever might be necessary on the arrival of the troops and making arrangements for the establishment of the government of the (French) republic.

In the latter part of the month notice reached New Orleans of the arrival at Belize of a French national brig, having on board Laussat, the colonial prefect. He came up in the government barge, landed at the levee on the 26th, and was immediately conducted to the government house, where Salcedo and Morales, surrounded by the

staff of the garrison and army, the officers of the militia and the head of the clergy, were assembled for his reception.

In an address, which was presented to him a few days afterwards, subscribed by a considerable number of the most respectable planters and merchants, assurance was given him that France had done justice to the sentiments of the people of Louisiana in giving them credit for the attachment they had preserved for her. Thirty-four years of foreign domination had not extinguished or even diminished in their hearts the sacred love of their country; and their joy on returning under her banner could only be equalled by the grief which they had felt on seeing it lowered in the midst of them. They were happy in having lived long enough to witness the reunion of the colony to France, an event which they had never ceased to desire, and which now gratified their utmost wishes.

The Marquis de Casa-Calvo, who had acted as military governor after the death of Gayoso, arrived from Havana on the 10th of April, having been joined to Salcedo in a commission for the delivery of possession of the province to the commissioners of France. On the 18th of May Salcedo and he issued a proclamation announcing the intention of their sovereign to surrender the province to the French Republic.

Everything seemed now ready, and the arrival of Victor, the commissioner of France for receiving possession, was hourly expected, when a vessel from Bordeaux brought accounts of the sale of the province by Bonaparte to the United States.

By a treaty concluded at Paris on the 30th

of April, 1803, the first consul had ceded, in the name of the republic, to the United States, forever and in full sovereignty, the province of Louisiana, with all its rights and appurtenances in full, and in the same manner as they had been acquired by the republic from the Spanish king.

Congress, on the last day of October, authorized the President of the United States to take possession of the ceded territory; and in order to maintain therein the authority of the United States to employ such a part of the navy and army of the Union, and of the militia of the neighboring States and Territory, as he might deem necessary. In the meanwhile all the military, civil and judicial powers exercised by the existing government were to be vested in such person or persons, and to be exercised in such a manner as the President of the United States should direct, for the maintenance and protection of the inhabitants of Louisiana, in their liberty, property and the religion which they professed.

The President of the United States appointed accordingly Governor Claiborne of the Mississippi Territory and General Wilkinson commissioners for receiving possession of the ceded territory from the commissioner of France; and he gave to the former a commission, authorizing him provisionally to exercise, within the ceded territory, all the powers with which the Spanish Governor-General and intendant were clothed, except that of granting lands.

In the meanwhile, the first consul had, on the 6th of June, appointed Laussat commissioner on the part of France to receive possession of the

province from those of Spain, and deliver it to those of the United States.

On Wednesday, the 30th of November, the Spanish colors were displayed from a lofty flag-staff, in the centre of the public square. At noon the Spanish regiment of Louisiana was drawn out, with a company of Mexican dragoons on the right and the militia of the city on the left. The commissioners of Spain proceeded to the city hall, where the commissioner of France came soon after. He produced to them an order from the King of Spain for the delivery of the province, and the powers of the first consul to receive it; whereupon Salcedo immediately handed him the keys of New Orleans, and the Marquis de Caso-Calvo declared that such of his majesty's subjects in Louisiana as made it their election to live under the authority of the French republic were absolved from their oath of fidelity and allegiance to the crown of Spain. A record was made of these proceedings, and the three commissioners walked to the main balcony, when the Spanish flag was saluted by a discharge of artillery on its descent and that of the French republic greeted in the same manner on its ascent.

Thus ended the government of Spain in Louisiana, after the lapse of thirty-four years and a few months.

On Monday, the 20th of December, 1803, the tri-colored flag was displayed at the top of the staff in the middle of the public square at sunrise. At eleven, the militia paraded near it, and precisely at noon the commissioners of the United States, at the head of their forces, entered the city.

The American troops occupied the side of the square opposite to that on which the militia stood. The colonial prefect, attended by his secretary and a number of his countrymen, left his house under a discharge of cannon and proceeded to the city hall, where the municipality and a large concourse of the most respectable inhabitants attended.

The commissioners of the United States now came, and the prefect gave them formal possession of the province by the delivery of the keys of the city. He then declared such of the inhabitants as chose to pass under the government of the United States absolved and released from their allegiance to the French republic.

Claiborne now rose and offered to the people of Louisiana his congratulations on the event which placed them beyond the reach of chance. He assured them the United States received them as brothers, and would hasten to extend to them a participation in the invaluable rights forming the basis of their unexampled prosperity, and in the meanwhile the people would be protected in the enjoyment of their liberty, property and religion, their commerce favored and their agriculture encouraged. He recommended to them to promote political information in the province and guide the rising generation in the paths of republican economy and virtue.

The tri-colored made room for the striped banner, under repeated peals of artillery and musketry.

MIRABEAU BUONAPARTE LAMAR.

MIRABEAU BUONAPARTE LAMAR, President of the Republic of Texas from 1838 to 1841, was born in Louisville, Ga., August 16, 1798, and died at Richmond, Tex., December 19, 1859. He emigrated to Texas in time to strike a blow for her freedom. At the battle of San Jacinto he commanded a cavalry charge that broke the Mexican line and did much to carry the day for the Texans.

He is the author of a book of poems entitled *Verse Memorials*.

THE DAUGHTER OF MENDOZA.

O LEND to me, sweet nightingale,
Your music by the fountain,
And lend to me your cadences,
O rivers of the mountain!
That I may sing my gay brunette,
A diamond spark in coral set,
Gem for a prince's coronet—
The daughter of Mendoza.

How brilliant is the evening star,
The evening light how tender;
The light of both is in her eyes,
Their softness and their splendor.
But for the lash that shades their light
They were too dazzling for the sight,
And when she shuts them all is night—
The daughter of Mendoza.

O ever bright and beauteous one,
 Bewildering and beguiling,
 The lute is in thy silvery tone,
 The rainbow in thy smiling;
 And thine is, too, o'er hill and dell,
 The bounding of the young gazelle,
 The arrow's flight and ocean's swell—
 Sweet daughter of Mendoza!

What though, perchance, we no more meet—
 What though too soon we sever?
 Thy form will float like emerald light
 Before my vision ever.
 For who can see and then forget
 The glories of my gay brunette—
 Thou art too bright a star to set,
 Sweet daughter of Mendoza!

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY.

GRADY was born in Athens, Ga., May 17, 1851, and died in Atlanta about thirty-eight years later. He was a graduate of Georgia University and a student at the University of Virginia. The business of life began for him while he was still a boy. He contributed to the New York *Herald*, was editor of the Rome *Courier*, and managing editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*. He was so loved by his people that they would gladly have elected him to any office, but he preferred to continue in his patriotic work of building up the industries of the South that had been left prostrate after the war, and of closing the breach and removing the bitterness of feeling between the two sections of our country. "He was," says Henry Watterson, "the hope and expectancy of the young South, the one publicist of the New South, who, inheriting the spirit of the old, yet had realized the present, and looked into the future with the eyes of a statesman and the heart of a patriot."

Since his death his speeches have been collected and published.

THE NEW SOUTH.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY, DECEMBER 21, 1886.

MY friends, Dr. Talmage has drawn for you, with a master's hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! Will you

bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war?—an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor; but in glory that equaled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home! Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as, ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted; enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find—let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone; and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that

ever met human intelligence—the establishment of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do, this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldiers stepped from the trenches into the furrows; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed.

I want to say to General Sherman, who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is a kind of careless man about fire, that from the ashes he left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory.

But what is the sum of our work? We have planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop and made it free to white and black. We have sown towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics. We have challenged your spinners in Massachusetts and your ironmakers in Pennsylvania. We have learned that the \$400,000,000 annually received from our cotton

crop will make us rich when the supplies that make it are home-raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of interest from 24 to 6 per cent, and are floating 4 per cent bonds. We have learned that one Northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners, and have smoothed the path to Southward, wiped out the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be, and hung out the latch-string to you and yours.

We have established thrift in city and country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comfort to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crab-grass which sprang from Sherman's cavalry camps.

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South—misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave, and generous always. In the record of her social, industrial, and political illustration we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

But what of the negro? Have we solved the problem he presents or progressed in honor and equity towards solution? Let the record speak to the point.

The relations of the Southern people with the negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenseless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fighting against his freedom.

To his eternal credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle, and when at last he raised his black and humble hands that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges, and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man who honors loyalty and devotion. Ruffians have maltreated him, rescals have misled him, philanthropists established a bank for him, but the South, with the North, protests against injustice to this simple and sincere people.

But have we kept faith with you? In the fullest sense, yes. When Lee surrendered and Johnston quit, the South became, and has since been, loyal to this Union. We fought hard enough to know that we were whipped, and in perfect frankness accept as final the arbitrament of the sword to which we had appealed. The South found her jewel in the toad's head of defeat. The shackles that had held her in narrow limitations fell forever when the shackles of the negro slave were broken. Under the old regime the negroes were slaves to the South; the South was a slave to the system. The old plantation, with its simple police regulations and feudal habit, was the only type possible under slavery. Thus was gathered in the hands of a splendid and chivalric oligarchy the substance that should have been diffused among the people, as the rich blood, under certain artificial conditions, is gathered at the heart, filling that with affluent rapture, but leaving the body chill and colorless.

The old South rested everything on slavery

and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement; a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface, but stronger at the core; a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace; and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because, through the inscrutable wisdom of God, her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion, revolution and not conspiracy, and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back.

In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men—that of a brave and

simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by a higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil—that the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of soil about the city in which I live is sacred as a battleground of the Republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died hopeless but undaunted in defeat—sacred soil to all of us, rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better, silent but stanch witnesses in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms, speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war

to remain in the hearts of the conquerors when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts, which never felt the generous ardor of conflict, it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave—will she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and delusion?

If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever."

(From *Orations and Speeches of H. W. Grady*, by permission of Edwin Du Bois Shurter.)

SONNETS.
FROM
DISTAFF AND SPINDLE.
BY
MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

I.

"THY spindle and thy distaff ready make,
And God will send thee flax." The promise
read

So fair, so beautiful to me, I said:
"Ah, straightway forth my spindle will I take;
My distaff shall its idleness forsake;
My wheel shall sing responsive to my tread,
And I will spin so fine, so strong a thread
Fate shall not cut it, nor Time's forces break!"
Long, long I waited sitting in the light;
Looked east, looked west, where day with dark-
ness blends,
Nor did I once my patient watch relax
Till cried a voice: "Thou hast not read aright
The written promise, for God only sends
To him who, toiling bravely, seeks the flax!"

II.

How grows a poem in a poet's heart—
From sudden light flashed on some hidden
thought,
From knowledge never learned and never
taught,
Dear memories snatched from pleasures that
depart?

From tears that sympathies unlooked for start,
From dreams within the net of slumber caught,
From joys within sweet waking moments
wrought,
From depths ungauged by science or by art?
Do poems grow from sorrows that bereave,
From steps that stopped before they touched
the goal,
From days of luxury, or from nights of toil?
Ask how the maple learns its tints to weave,
The wintry blast to sing its song of dole,
The flowers to find their stature in the soil!

III.

To every life there comes a time supreme;
One day, one night, one morning, or one noon,
One freighted hour, one moment opportune,
One rift through which sublime fulfillments
gleam;
One time when fate goes tiding with the stream,
One Once in balance 'twixt Too Late, Too Soon,
And ready for the passing instant's boon
That shall in favor tip the wavering beam.
Ah! happy he who, knowing how to wait,
Knows also how to watch and how to stand
On life's broad deck alert, and at the prow,
To seize the happy moment big with fate
From opportunity's extended hand
When the great clock of Destiny strikes Now!

(By permission of Lewis H. Stanton.)

FRANCIS LISTER HAWKS.

THIS famous pulpit orator was born in Newbern, N. C., June 10, 1798, and died in New York city, September 26, 1866. He was a graduate of his State University, became a lawyer, and a little later in life a minister of the Episcopal church, occupying churches in New Haven, New York, New Orleans, and Baltimore. He three times refused the appointment as bishop.

Some of his many works are: History of North Carolina, Romance of Biography, and Perry's Expedition to Japan.

COLONIAL PIRACY. FROM HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

NOR was that day, any more than later times, free from the depredations of piracy. Indeed, the state of affairs in the early history of the colonies seems rather to have favored the operations of the sea-robber. The sparse population of the country afforded but few and often no spectators of the secluded coves and hiding places in the West Indies and on the extended coast of the continent; while the laxity of supervision and indifference of the mother country in the protection of her colonies left the freebooters all the opportunity they could desire for successfully pursuing their lawless calling.

A privateer, or rather pirate, called the Royal

Jamaica, manned by forty seamen, arrived off the coast of South Carolina some time in the year 1691-2. This vessel had been engaged in robbery with great success, and brought into the country a large amount of Spanish gold and silver. By their money and freedom of intercourse with the inhabitants the freebooters made themselves popular; and though the proprietors directed Ludwell, their Governor, rigidly to enforce the English laws against piracy, yet such was the feeling of the people that a trial even was difficult, and a conviction almost impossible. Most of the pirates escaped punishment, purchased lands from the colonists, and became permanent inhabitants of the country.

Such a paradise for villains was sure to invite them. In 1699 a motley gang of English, French, Portuguese and Indians, to the number of forty-five, manned a ship at Havana and commenced their piratical career. They came upon the coast of South Carolina and began their murders and robberies.

During the administration of Governor Craven in South Carolina, which commenced in 1710, the trade of that colony had very much increased, and was carried on chiefly in British ships. The lords proprietors had leased their property in the Bahama Islands to a company of merchants, who found it unprofitable, and consequently gave it but little attention. This combination of circumstances was too favorable to be overlooked by the pirates.

European wars prevented the English government from suppressing piracy on our coast; the

lords proprietors were unwilling or unable to encounter the expense; the colonists could but partially put down the evil; the island of Providence, in the Bahamas, was looked after by neither owners nor lessees, and formed a most convenient place for headquarters. These circumstances were too propitious to be left unimproved. Making the Bahamas their chief rendezvous, a body of desperate villains were accustomed to push out on the ocean, or cruise in the Gulf of Mexico, and commit their depredations on commerce. For five years they held their robber reign, and plundered and took the vessels of every nation without distinction, enemies of the human race. They had their hiding places all along the coast of both Carolinas. On our coast they took their prizes into the mouth of Cape Fear River, which was a rendezvous second only in importance to Providence, and sometimes into Ocracoke and our harbor of Beaufort. Their success naturally allured companions, and they became an organized body of buccaneers, too strong to be handled by any inconsiderable power. They were ultimately dislodged from Providence by Capt. Woodes Rogers, commanding a squadron of the British navy.

But after the suppression of those on the island of Providence the pirates of Carolina still remained. The King, on the application of the merchants and shipmasters, had issued a proclamation offering pardon to all who within twelve months would surrender themselves. When Rogers appeared at Providence with a force for their suppression, all the pirates, with the exception of some ninety, headed by one Vane, took ad-

vantage of the proclamation. Of these, thirty made the Cape Fear their headquarters (the plantation in that region, made by Yeaman's colony long before, having been for some years abandoned), and committed large depredations, especially on the commerce of Charleston. There was a private sloop of ten guns commanded by Steed Bonnet, and another of six commanded by Richard Worley. The colonists, despairing of, or at least not receiving, any aid to put them down, resolved to take the matter into their own hands. Accordingly, Governor Robert Johnson of South Carolina fitted out two sloops, and gave the command of them to Col. William Rhett, with orders to cruise off the coast for the protection of trade. Rhett had scarcely crossed the bar when he spied Bonnet's vessel, which he chased into the mouth of Cape Fear and captured, and returned to Charleston with his prize, bringing as prisoners the commander and about thirty of his crew. Soon after the Governor himself embarked in pursuit of Worley, and after a desperate engagement off the bar of Charleston, in which all the pirates were killed except Worley and one of his crew (who would not surrender until they were dangerously wounded), came into the harbor with his prize and these two desperadoes as prisoners. For fear they might die before they could be hanged, they were instantly tried and executed. Bonnet and his crew were also tried, and, with the exception of one man, paid the penalty of their crimes on the gallows.

THOMAS WHARTON COLLENS.

THOMAS WHARTON COLLENS was born in New Orleans, June 23, 1812, and died in that city, November 3, 1879. He studied law, became District Attorney, and later District Judge. He was editor of the *True American*, and author of *Humanics*; *Eden of Labor*, and *Martyr Patriots*; or, *Louisiana in 1769*. Judge Collens was a profound thinker, who possessed the happy faculty of expressing such thoughts clearly and simply.

THE MARTYR PATRIOTS; OR, LOUISIANA IN 1769.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A public place (trees on the sides, a church in the background.)*

[LAFRENIERE enters, holding an open letter.]

LAF. (*refers to his letter.*)

'Tis well—'tis well—these things will serve the
cause

Of Freedom; and, though our mother spurns us
From her bosom, we gain our Liberty
By that unnatural deed. My country,
My noble country, yes, thou shalt be free!
Thou ne'er canst brook the shame of slavery;
Thou wilt not tamely thus be bartered off.
What! sold like cattle?—treated with disdain?
No! Louisiana's sons can never bear

Such foul disgrace. And when I'll tell them all,
Of every insult, and the shame which thus
This reckless King would heap upon their heads,
'Twill put a burning fagot to their pride;
'Twill blow their indignation into flame;
And like the fire on our grass-grown plains,
By ravaging winds devouring driven,
'Twill spread, in blazing waves, e'en to the edge
And utmost limit of the land; and then,
Proud Kings, beware! lest e'en within the bounds
Of Europe's slave-trod vales the blaze should
catch.

Sweep despots and their thrones away, and like
Unprofitable weeds consume them all.

* * * * *

[Enter DENOYANT, MILHET, MARQUIS and CARRERE, followed shortly by citizens.]

DENOY. 'Tis my opinion that our deputation
Will meet with full success. Louis can never
Thus abandon his faithful subjects.

CAR. Well, I confess I have strong doubts.

DENOY. Never!

Were I but sure that such a day would come,
I'd quit by native land, home, and possessions—
All—and hie me to some distant shore,
Where I'd not see nor even hear it told.

MILH. For me, far rather would I drain this
heart

Of all the blood that rushes to it now
Than see my country for one moment suffer
Such foul disgrace.

MARQ. And I re-echo that.

[Enter LAFRENIERE and VILLERÉ.]

LAF. Fellow-citizens, most painful tidings
Do I bring you. All, all our hopes are crushed.
A letter from our friend Lesassier
Informs me he could not even reach
The royal presence—that the ministers
Refuse to listen to our just demands,
And that we, at our gates, may soon expect
A Spanish army.

(*Voices.*) Shame! What degradation!

SCENE 1. *A prison. LAFRENIERE fettered, and chained to a ring in the wall.*

LAF. O Liberty, thou art not invincible!
Slaves by plunder baited have o'erthrown thee,
And thus it seems that hearts inclined to crime
Do feel for crime as great enthusiasm
As souls which take their fire from the skies
Do in the acting of a virtuous deed.
O my country! and art thou then, like me,
Chained, fettered, and beneath a tyrant's foot?
Ah! was green America sought in vain
By Pilgrim Fathers, flying 'cross the main
To seek a refuge from oppression's rod?
Were its wide forests, where untutored men
Live 'neath the shade of the tall magnolia—
Were its broad rivers, 'gainst whose current
nought
But the Indian's light canoe can ply—
Was its free soil, from whence civilization's foot
Not yet treads down and wears the verdure off—
Were these unto degrading slavery doomed?
Oh, no; it cannot be! And still I hope.

Last night, when dragged across the horrid field,
 Where hundreds of my countrymen laid dead,
 Pierced by mercenary swords and balls,
 I was thrown here, within this dungeon dark—
 Long did I weep Louisiana's fall,
 Till sorrow's fount was drained all dry:
 Sleep came at last, and closed my heavy eyes
 To ope imagination's lids on worlds
 Unknown, and in prophetic dreams to wake
 'Midst future days. I saw, though Death me-
 thought

Did press me down with his unbending arm,
 My country in a veil of darkness wrapped,
 Her wrists and ankles worn by clinching chains,
 Her back all marked with deep and bleeding
 stripes,

And moaning 'midst her sufferings. But soon
 The darkness vanished, and a brilliant light
 Dispersed the clouds which hung around in
 gloom;

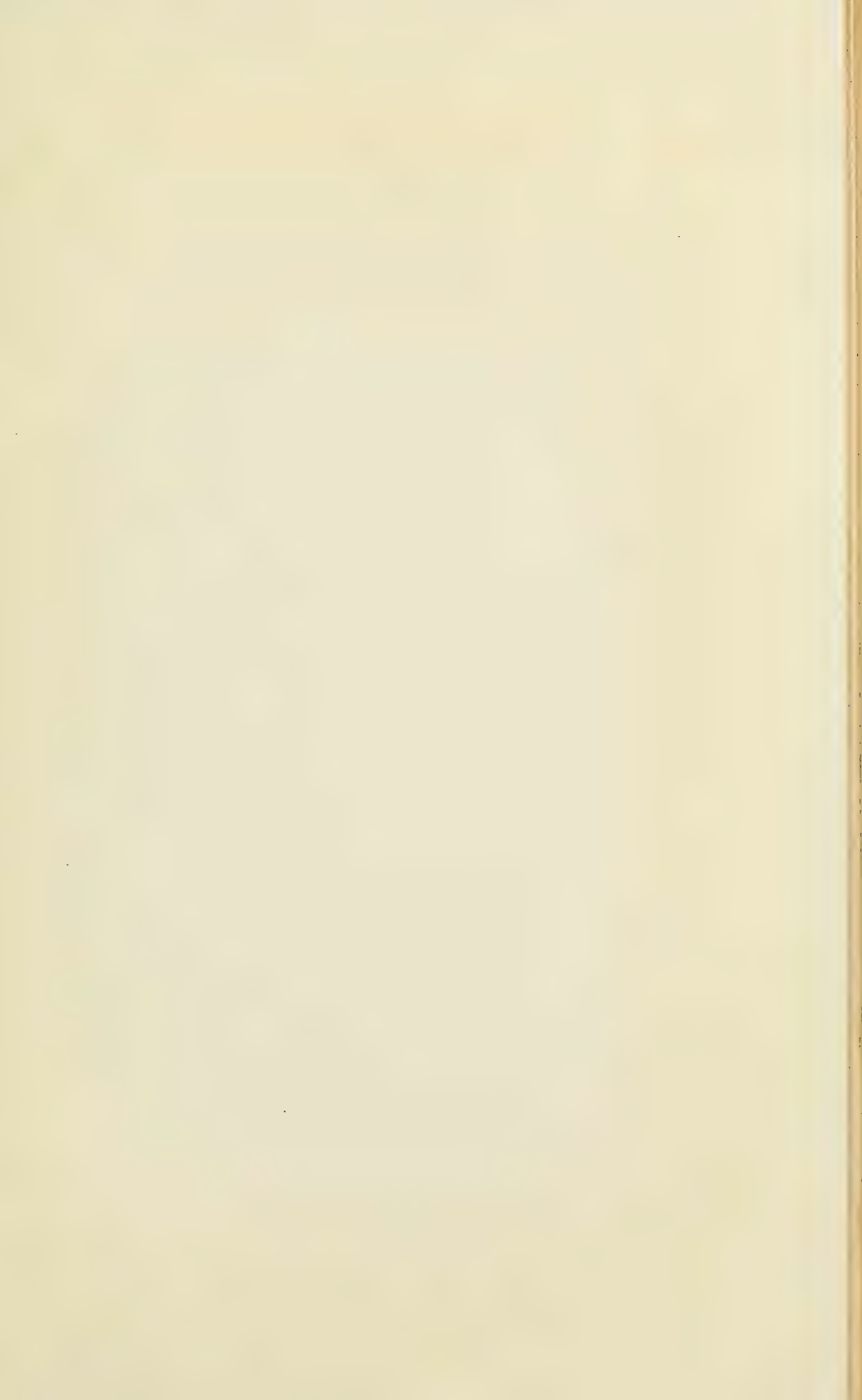
And forth appeared, in shining radiance,
 A youth whose air spoke Freedom, and whose
 frame

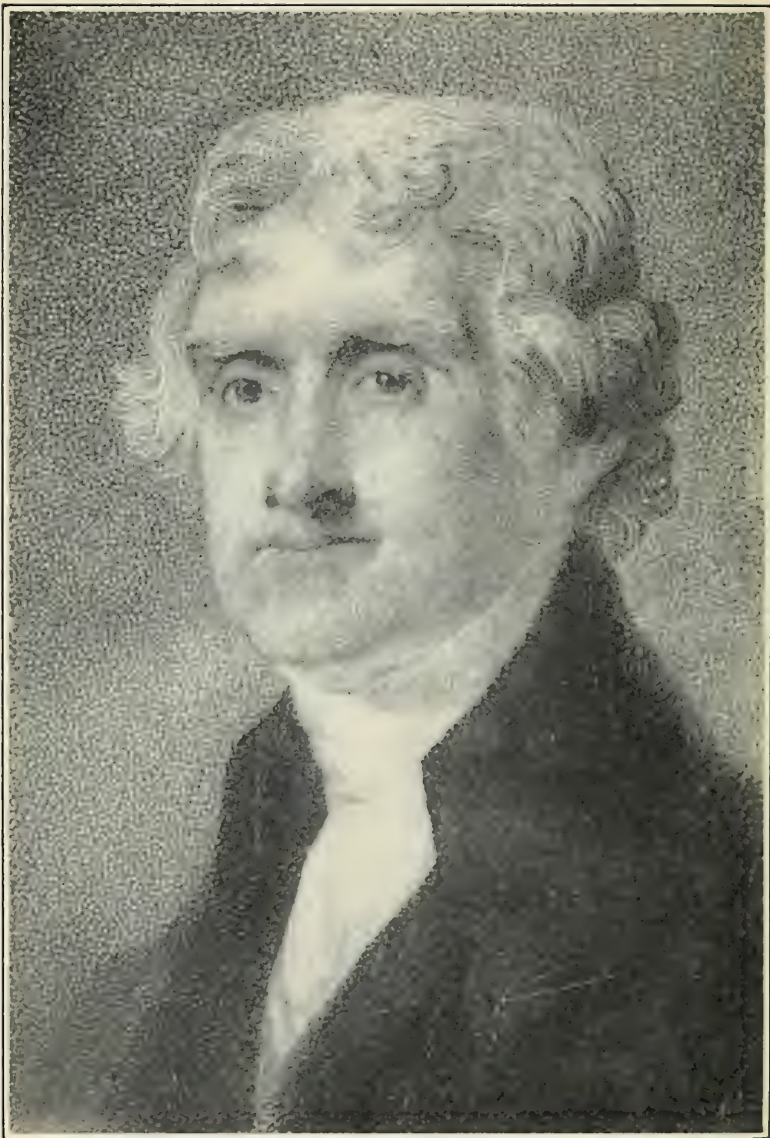
Was built with strength and grace; in his right
 hand

A palm and sword he held, and in his left
 A scroll on which eternal truths were written,
 And a floating banner, where, in beauty
 Blended, were the white, and blue, and red,
 In fulgent stars and flowing stripes disposed.
 He broke her bonds, and with manly voice
 Exclaimed, "Go, join thy sisters; thou art 'free.'"

* * * * * *

(By permission of Mrs. William Sevey.)





Thomas Jefferson.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

THE honors that were conferred upon Jefferson were but a fitting tribute to a man whose mind was capable of such acute and profound thought, whose thought was expressed with such accuracy, preciseness, and brevity, and whose soul was filled with the deepest and truest love of liberty. He was, in turn, Judge, Representative, Congressman, Governor, Minister to France, Secretary of State, Vice President, President, founder of the University of Virginia, founder of the Democratic Party, and author of the Declaration of Independence.

He was born in Albermarle County, Virginia, April 13, 1743, and died July 4, 1826, at his country home of Monticello, not far from the place of his birth.

Just as Patrick Henry's speeches did not possess the weight of learning and did not proceed with the logical precision of those of his later rivals for fame, so the writings of Jefferson did not display the graces and refinements of composition to be found in our best literature; but, just as Henry's speeches swept his hearers before him, compelling obedience to the speaker's will, just so have the writings of Jefferson been the most perfect expression of the thoughts, fears, and ambitions of the people of his time, and for the interpretation of political creeds and the statement of the true meaning and aims of democracy and liberty have they been, to the present day, the political scriptures of our people.

Jefferson's authorship covers about nine large octavo volumes, including his Autobiography; Essays; Letters; Reports; Messages, and Addresses.

SCENERY AT HARPER'S FERRY AND AT
THE NATURAL BRIDGE.
FROM
NOTES ON VIRGINIA.

THE passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The first glance of this scene hurries our senses into the opinion that this earth has been created in time; that the mountains were formed first; that the rivers began to flow afterwards; that in this place particularly they have been dammed up by the Blue ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley; that, continuing to rise, they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand corroborate the impression. But the distant finishing which nature has given to the picture is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the foreground. It is as placid and delightful as that is wild and tremendous. For, the mountain being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small patch of

smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach and participate of the calm below.

* * * * *

The Natural Bridge, the most sublime of nature's works, is on the ascent of a hill which seems to have been cloven through its length by some great convulsion. The fissure, just at the bridge, is, by some admeasurements, 270 feet deep, by others only 205. It is about 45 feet wide at the bottom, and 90 feet at the top; this, of course, determines the length of the bridge and its height from the water. Its breadth in the middle is about 60 feet, but more at the ends, and the thickness of the mass, at the summit of the arch, about 40 feet. A part of this thickness is constituted by a coat of earth, which gives growth to many large trees. The residue, with the hill on both sides, is one solid rock of limestone.

The arch approaches the semi-elliptical form; but the larger axis of the ellipsis, which would be the chord of the arch, is many times longer than the transverse. Though the sides of this bridge are provided in some parts with a parapet of fixed rocks, yet few men have the resolution to walk to them and look over into the abyss. You involuntarily fall on your hands and feet, creep to the parapet, and peep over it. Looking down from this height about a minute gave me a violent head-ache.

If the view from the top be painful and in-

tolerable, that from below is delightful in an equal extreme. It is impossible for the emotions arising from the sublime to be felt beyond what they are here ; so beautiful an arch, so elevated, so light, and springing as it were up to heaven—the rapture of the spectator is really indescribable ! The fissure, continuing narrow, deep and straight for a considerable distance above and below the bridge, opens a short but very pleasing view of the North mountain on one side, and Blue Ridge on the other, at the distance each of them about five miles. This bridge is in the county of Rock-bridge, to which it has given name, and affords a public and commodious passage over a valley which cannot be crossed elsewhere for a considerable distance. The stream passing under it is called Cedar-creek.

THE SWAMP FOX.
FROM
THE PARTISAN.
BY
WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

WE follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
His friends and merry men are we;
And when the troop of Tarlton rides,
We burrow in the cypress tree.
The turfy hammock is our bed,
Our home is in the red deer's den,
Our roof, the tree-top overhead,
For we are wild and hunted men.

We fly by day, and shun its light,
But, prompt to strike the sudden blow,
We mount and start with early night,
And through the forest track our foe.
And soon he hears our chargers leap,
The flashing sabre blinds his eyes,
And ere he drives away his sleep,
And rushes from his camp, he dies.

Free bridle-bit, good gallant steed,
That will not ask a kind caress,
To swim the Santee at our need,
When on his heels the foemen press—
The true heart and the ready hand,
The spirit stubborn to be free,
The twisted bore, the smiting brand—
And we are Marion's men, you see.

Now light the fire, and cook the meal,
The last perhaps that we shall taste;
I hear the Swamp Fox round us steal,
And that's a sign we move in haste.
He whistles to the scouts, and hark!
You hear his order calm and low—
Come, wave your torch across the dark,
And let us see the boys that go.

We may not see their forms again,
God help 'em should they find the strife!
For they are strong and fearless men,
And make no coward terms for life;
They'll fight as long as Marion bids,
And when he speaks the word to shy,
Then—not till then—they turn their steeds,
Through thickening shade and swamp to fly.

Now stir the fire, and lie at ease,
The scouts are gone, and on the brush
I see the Colonel bend his knees,
To take his slumbers, too—but, hush!
He's praying, comrades; 'tis not strange:
The man that's fighting day by day,
May well, when night comes, take a change,
And down upon his knees to pray.

Break up that hoe-cake, boys, and hand
The sly and silent jug that's there;
I love not it should idly stand,
When Marion's men have need of cheer.
'Tis seldom that our luck affords
A stuff like this we just have quaffed,
And dry potatoes on our boards
May always call for such a draught.

Now pile the brush and roll the log ;
Hard pillow, but a soldier's head
That's half the time in brake and bog
Must never think of softer bed.
The owl is hooting to the night,
The cooter crawling o'er the bank,
And in that pond the flashing light
Tells where the alligator sank.

What! 'tis the signal! start so soon!
And through the Santee swamp so deep,
Without the aid of friendly moon,
And we, Heaven help us! half asleep!
But courage, comrades! Marion leads,
The Swamp Fox takes us out to-night;
So clear your swords, and spur your steeds,
There's goodly chance, I think, of fight.

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
We leave the swamp and cypress tree;
Our spurs are in our coursers' sides,
And ready for the strife are we.
The Tory camp is now in sight,
And there he cowers in his den;
He hears our shouts, he dreads the fight,
He fears, and flies from Marion's men.

SAM HOUSTON.

FEW heroes of fiction have had a more eventful life than that of Sam Houston. He was born in Rockbridge County, Virginia, in 1793, moved in his childhood to Tennessee, was adopted by an Indian chief, was all but mortally wounded at the battle of Horse Shoe Bend, in the Creek War; was sent to Congress, and became Governor of Tennessee. He lived for three years with the Indians in Arkansas, then in 1832 went to Texas. In the Texan war for independence he was made Commander of the Texas forces, completed her triumph at the battle of San Jacinto, was made the first President of the new Republic, was repeatedly her Governor, and served for fourteen years in the United States Senate. He was not an advocate of secession, and gave no aid to the Confederate cause. He died in 1863.

He has written State Papers; Speeches; Letters, and Indian Talks.

THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO.

A REPORT TO DAVID G. BURNET, PROVISIONAL
PRESIDENT OF TEXAS, 1836.

AT daylight we resumed the line of march, and in a short distance our scouts encountered those of the enemy, and we received information that General Santa Anna was at New Washington, and would that day take up the line of march for Anahuac, crossing at Lynch's Ferry. The Texan army halted within half a mile of the ferry, in

some timber, and were engaged in slaughtering beeves, when the army of Santa Anna was discovered to be approaching in battle array, having been encamped at Clopper's Point, eight miles below. Disposition was immediately made of our forces, and preparation for his reception. He took a position with his infantry, and, artillery in the centre, occupying an island of timber, his cavalry covering the left flank. The artillery, consisting of one double fortified medium brass twelve-pounder, then opened on our encampment. The infantry, in column, advanced with the design of charging our lines, but were repulsed by a discharge of grape and canister from our artillery, consisting of two six-pounders. The enemy had occupied a piece of timber within rifle-shot of the left wing of our army, from which an occasional interchange of small arms took place between the troops, until the enemy withdrew to a position on the bank of the San Jacinto, about three-quarters of a mile from our encampment, and commenced fortification.

A short time before sunset our mounted men, about eighty-five in number, under the special command of Colonel Sherman, marched out for the purpose of reconnoitering the enemy. While advancing they received a volley from the left of the enemy's infantry, and, after a sharp rencounter with the cavalry, in which ours acted extremely well, and performed some feats of daring chivalry, they retired in good order, having had two men severely wounded and several horses killed. In the meantime, the infantry, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Millard, and Colonel Burle-

son's regiment, with the artillery, had marched out for the purpose of covering the retreat of the cavalry, if necessary. All then fell back in good order to our encampment about sunset, and remained without ostensible action until the 21st, at half past three o'clock, taking the first refreshment which they had enjoyed for two days. The enemy in the meantime extended the right flank of their infantry so as to occupy the extreme point of a skirt of timber on the bank of the San Jacinto, and secured their left by a fortification about five feet high, constructed of packs and baggage, leaving an opening in the centre of the breastwork, in which their artillery was placed, their cavalry upon their left wing.

About nine o'clock on the morning of the 21st the enemy were reinforced by five hundred choice troops, under the command of General Cos, increasing their effective force to upwards of fifteen hundred men, while our aggregate force for the field numbered seven hundred and eighty-three. At half past three o'clock in the evening I ordered the officers of the Texan army to parade their respective commands, having in the meantime ordered the bridge on the only road communicating with the Brazos, distant eight miles from our encampment, to be destroyed, thus cutting off all possibility of escape. Our troops paraded with alacrity and spirit, and were anxious for the contest. Their conscious disparity in numbers seemed only to increase their enthusiasm and confidence, and heightened their anxiety for the conflict. Our situation afforded me an opportunity of making the arrangements preparatory to the

attack without exposing our designs to the enemy. Our cavalry was first dispatched to the front of the enemy's left, for the purpose of attracting their notice, while an extensive island of timber afforded us an opportunity of concentrating our forces and deploying from that point, agreeably to the previous design of the troops. Every evolution was performed with alacrity, the whole advancing rapidly in line, through an open prairie, without any protection whatever for our men. The artillery advanced and took station within two hundred yards of the enemy's breastwork, and commenced an effective fire with grape and canister.

Colonel Sherman, with his regiment, having commenced the action upon our left wing, the whole line, at the centre and on the right, advancing in double-quick time, raising the war-cry, "Remember the Alamo!" received the enemy's fire, and advanced within point-blank shot, before a piece was discharged from our lines. Our line advanced without a halt, until they were in possession of the woodland and the enemy's breastwork—the right wing of Burleson's and the left wing of Millard's taking possession of the breastwork, our artillery having gallantly charged up within seventy yards of the enemy's cannon, when it was taken by our troops.

The conflict lasted about eighteen minutes from the time of close action until we were in possession of the enemy's encampment, taking one piece of cannon (loaded), four stands of colors, all their camp equipage, stores and baggage. Our cavalry had charged and routed that of the enemy upon the right, and given pursuit to the fugitives,

which did not cease until they arrived at the bridge which I have mentioned before, Captain Karnes, always among the foremost in danger, commanding the pursuers. The conflict in the breastwork lasted but a few moments; many of the troops encountered hand to hand, and, not having the advantage of bayonets on our side, our riflemen used their pieces as war-clubs, breaking many of them off at the breech. The rout commenced at half-past four, and the pursuit by the main army continued until twilight.

For the commanding General to attempt discrimination as to the conduct of those who commanded in the action, or those who were commanded, would be impossible. Our success in the action is conclusive proof of their daring intrepidity and courage; every officer and man proved himself worthy of the cause in which he battled, while the triumph received a lustre from the humanity which characterized their conduct after victory, and richly entitles them to the admiration and gratitude of their General. Nor should we withhold the tribute of our grateful thanks from that Being who rules the destinies of nations, and has, in the time of greatest need, enabled us to arrest a powerful invader while devastating our country.

I have the honor, etc.,

SAM HOUSTON,
Commander-in-Chief.

THE WILD CAT.
FROM
THE QUADRUPEDS OF NORTH AMERICA.
BY
JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

THE general appearance of this species conveys the idea of a degree of ferocity which cannot with propriety be considered as belonging to its character, although it will, when at bay, show its sharp teeth and with outstretched claws and infuriated despair repel the attacks of either man or dog, sputtering the while and rolling its eyes like the common cat.

In hunting at night for raccoons and opossums, in which sport the negroes on the plantations of Carolina take great delight, a Cat is occasionally "treed" by the dogs; and the negroes, who seldom carry a gun, climb up the tree and shake him off as they would do a raccoon; and, although he fights desperately, he is generally killed by the dogs.

The Wild Cat pursues his prey with both activity and cunning, sometimes bounding suddenly upon the object of his rapacity, sometimes with stealthy pace approaching it in the darkness at night, seizing it with his strong retractile claws and sharp teeth and bearing it off to his retreat in the forest.

The Bay Lynx (as this animal is sometimes called) is fond of swampy, retired situations, as well as the wooded sides of hills, and is still seen

occasionally in that portion of the Alleghany Mountains which traverse the States of Pennsylvania and New York. It is abundant in the canebrakes (patches or thickets which often extend for miles and are almost impassable) bordering the lakes, rivers and lagoons of Carolina, Louisiana and other Southern and Southwestern States. This species also inhabits the mountains and the undulating or rolling country of the Southern States, and frequents the thickets that generally spring up on deserted cotton plantations, some of which are two or three miles long and perhaps a mile wide, and afford, from the quantity of briars, shrubs, and young trees of various kinds which have overgrown them, excellent cover for many quadrupeds and birds. In these bramble-covered old fields the "Cats" feed chiefly on the rabbits and rats that make their homes in their almost impenetrable and tangled recesses; and seldom does the cautious Wild Cat voluntarily leave so comfortable and secure a lurking place, except in the breeding season, or to follow in very sultry weather the dry beds of streams or brooks, to pick up the catfish, etc., or crayfish and frogs that remain in the deep holes of the creeks during the droughts of summer.

The Wild Cat not only makes great havoc among the chickens, turkeys and ducks of the planter, but destroys many of the smaller quadrupeds, as well as partridges, and such other birds as he can surprise roosting on the ground. The hunters often run down the Wild Cat with packs of fox-hounds. When hard pressed by fast dogs, and in an open country, he ascends a tree with the

agility of a squirrel; but when the baying of the dogs calls his pursuers to the spot, and the unerring rifle brings him to the ground, then, if not mortally wounded, he fights fiercely with the pack until killed. He will, however, when pursued by hunters with hounds, frequently elude both dogs and huntsmen, by an exercise of instinct so closely bordering on reason that we are bewildered in the attempt to separate it from the latter. No sooner does he become aware that the enemy is on his track than, instead of taking a straight course for the deepest forest, he speeds to one of the largest old fields overgrown with briery thickets in the neighborhood; and, having reached this tangled maze, he runs in a variety of circles, crossing and recrossing his path many times, and when he thinks the scent has been diffused sufficiently in different directions by this manœuvre to puzzle both men and dogs, he creeps slyly forth and makes for the woods, or for some well-known swamp, and if he should be lucky enough to find a half-dried-up pond, or a part of the swamp on which the clayey bottom is moist and sticky, he seems to know that the adhesive soil, covering his feet and legs, so far destroys the scent that, although the hounds may be in full cry on reaching such a place, and while crossing it, they will lose the track on the opposite side, and perhaps not regain it without some difficulty and delay.

At other times the "Cat," when chased by the dogs, gains some tract of "burnt wood," common especially in the pine lands of Carolina, where fallen and upright trees are alike blackened and scorched by the fire that has run among them,

burning before it every blade of grass, every leaf and shrub, and destroying many of the largest trees in its furious course; and here the charcoal and ashes on the ground, after he has traversed the burnt district a short distance, and made a few leaps along the trunk of a fallen tree that has been charred in the conflagration, will generally put any hounds at fault. Should no such chance of safety be within his reach, he does not despair, but, exerting his powers of flight to the utmost, increases his distance from the pursuing pack, and, following as intricate and devious a path as possible, after many a weary mile has been run over, he reaches a long-fallen trunk of a tree, on which he may perchance at some previous time have baffled the hunters as he is now about to do. He leaps on to it, and, hastily running to the farther end, doubles and returns to the point from which he gained the tree, and, after running backward and forward repeatedly on the fallen trunk, he makes a sudden and vigorous spring, leaping as high up into a tree some feet distant as he can; he then climbs to its highest forks (branches), and, closely squatted, watches the movements of his pursuers. The dogs are soon at fault, for he has already led them through many a crooked path; the hunters are dispirited and weary, and perhaps the density of the woods or the approach of night favors him. The hunters call off their dogs from the fruitless search, and give up the chase; and shortly afterwards the escaped marauder descends leisurely to the earth, and wanders off in search of food, and to begin a new series of adventures.

In some parts of Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, and Louisiana the Wild Cat has at times become so great a nuisance as to have aroused the spirit of vengeance in the hearts of the planters, who are constant sufferers from his depredations. They have learned by experience that one Cat will do as much mischief among the pigs and poultry as a dozen gray foxes. They are now determined to allow their hounds, which they had hitherto kept solely for the favorite amusement of deer hunting, and which had always been whipped-in from the trail of the Wild Cat, to pursue him, through thicket, briar patch, marsh, and morass, until he is caught or killed.

Arrangements for the Cat-hunt are made over-night. Two or three neighbors form the party, each one bringing with him all the hounds he can muster. We have seen thirty of the latter brought together on such occasions, some of which were not inferior to the best we have examined in England; indeed, great numbers of the finest fox-hounds are annually imported into Carolina.

At the earliest dawn the party is summoned to the spot previously fixed on as the place of meeting. A horn is sounded—not low and with a single blast, as is usual in hunting the deer, lest the timid animal should be startled from its bed among the broom-grass and bound away out of the drive, beyond the reach of the hunter's double-barrel loaded with buckshot—but with a loud, long and oft-repeated blast, wakening the echoes that rise from the rice-fields and marshes and are reverberated from shore to shore of the winding

sluggish river, until lost among the fogs and shadows of the distant forest.

An answering horn is heard half a mile off, and anon comes another response from a different quarter. The party is soon collected; they are mounted, not on the fleetest and best-blooded horses, but on the most sure-footed (sometimes called "Old Field Tackies"), which know how to avoid the stump-holes on the burnt grounds of the pine lands, which stand the fire of the gun, and which cannot only go with tolerable speed, but are, to use a common expression, "tough as a pine knot." The hunters greet each other in the open-hearted manner characteristic of the Southern planter. Each pack of dogs is under the guidance of a colored driver, whose business it is to control the hounds and encourage and aid them in the hunt. The drivers ride in most cases the fleetest horses on the ground, in order to be able, whilst on a deer hunt, to stop the dogs. The drivers are ordered to stop the dogs if a deer should be started, a circumstance which often occurs, and which has saved the life of many a Cat, whose fate five minutes before this unlucky occurrence was believed to be sealed. Orders are given to destroy the Cat fairly, by running him down with the hounds, or if this cannot be done, then by shooting him if he ascends a tree or approaches within gun-shot of the stand which the hunter has selected as the most likely place for him to pass near. The day is most auspicious, there is not a breath of wind to rustle the falling leaves, nor a cloud to throw its shadows over the wide joyous landscape. The dewdrops are spark-

ling on the few remaining leaves of the persimmon tree, and the asters and dog-fennel hang drooping beneath their load of moisture. The dogs are gambolling in circles around, and ever and anon, in spite of all restraint, the joyous note breaks forth, the whole pack is impatient for the chase, and the young dogs are almost frantic with excitement.

But we have not time for a farther description of the scene; whilst we are musing and gazing the word is given, "Go!" and off starts the hounds, each pack following its own driver to different parts of the old fields, or along the borders of the swamps and marshes. Much time, labour and patience are usually required before the "Cat" can be found by the dogs; sometimes there is a sudden burst from one or the other of the packs, awakening expectation in the minds of the huntsmen, but the driver is not to be so easily deceived, as he has some dogs that never open at a rabbit, and the snap of the whip soon silences the riotous young babblers. Again, there is a wild burst and an exulting shout, giving assurance that better game than a rabbit is on foot; and now is heard a distant shot, succeeded in a second of time by another, and for an instant all is still; the echoes come roaring up through the woods, and as they gradually subside the crack of the whip is again heard stopping the dogs. The story is soon told; a deer had been started—the shot was too small, or the distance too great, or any other excuses (which are always at hand among hunters of fertile imagination) are made by the unsuccessful sportsman who fired, and the dogs are

carried back to the "trail" of the Cat that has been growing fresher and fresher for the last half-hour. At length "Trimbush" (and a good dog is he), that has been working on the cold trail for some time, begins to give tongue, in a way that brings the other dogs to his aid. The drivers now advance to each other, encouraging their dogs; the trail becomes a drag; onward it goes through a broad marsh at the head of a rice-field. "He will soon be started now!" "He is up!" What a burst! you might have heard it two miles off; it comes in mingled sounds, roaring like thunder from the muddy marsh and from the deep swamp. The barred owl, frightened from the monotony of his quiet life among the cypress trees, commences hooting in mockery, as it were, of the wide-mouthed hounds. Here they come, sweeping through the resounding swamp like an equinoxial storm—the crackling of a reed, the shaking of a bush, a glimpse of some object that glided past like a shadow, is succeeded by the whole pack, rattling away among the vines and fallen timbers, and leaving the trail in the mud as if a pack of wolves in pursuit of a deer had hurried by. The Cat has gone past. It is now evident that he will not climb a tree. It is almost invariably the case that where he can retreat to low, swampy situations, or briar patches, he will not take a tree, but seeks to weary the dogs by making short windings among the almost impassable briar patches. He has now been twisting and turning half a dozen times in a thicket covering only three or four acres; let us go in and take our stand on the very trail where he has passed, and shoot

him if we can. A shot is heard on the opposite edge of the thicket, and again all is still; but once more the pack is in full cry. Here he comes, almost brushing our legs as he dashes by and disappears in the bushes, before we can get sight of him and pull trigger. But we see that the dogs are every moment pressing him closer; that the marauder is showing evidences of fatigue and is nearly "done up." He begins to make narrower circles, there are restless flashes in his eye, his back is now curved upwards, his hair is bristled nervously forward, his tongue hangs out—we raise our gun as he is approaching, and, scarcely ten yards off, a loud report—the smoke has hardly blown aside ere we see him lifeless, almost at our feet; had we waited three minutes longer the hounds would have saved us the powder and shot!

It is not a very active swimmer, but is not averse to taking the water. We witnessed it on one occasion crossing the Santee River when not pursued, and at another time saw one swimming across some ponds to make its escape from the dogs. It has been observed, however, that when it has taken to the water during a hard chase it soon after either ascends a tree or is caught by the hounds.

The domicile of the Wild Cat is sometimes under an old log, covered with vines such as the smilax, but more commonly in a hollow tree. Sometimes it is found in an opening twenty or thirty feet high, but generally much nearer the ground, frequently in a cavity at the root, and sometimes in the hollow trunk of a fallen tree, where, after collecting a considerable quantity of

long moss and dried leaves to make a comfortable lair, it produces from two to four young.

We once made an attempt at domesticating one of the young of this species, which we obtained when only two weeks old. It was a most spiteful, growling, snappish little wretch, and showed no disposition to improve its habits and manners under our kind tuition. We placed it in a wooden box, from which it was constantly striving to gnaw its way out. It, one night, escaped into our library, where it made sad work among the books (which gave us some valuable lessons on the philosophy of patience we could not have so readily found among our folios), and left the marks of its teeth on the mutilated window-sashes. Finally, we fastened it with a light chain and had a small kennel built for it in the yard. Here it was constantly indulging its carnivorous propensities, and catching the young poultry, which it enticed within reach of its chain by leaving a portion of its food at the door of its house, into which it retreated until an opportunity offered to pounce on its unsuspecting prey. Thus it continued, growing, if possible, more wild and vicious every day, growling and spitting at every servant that approached it, until at last, an unlucky blow, as a punishment for its mischievous tricks, put an end to its life, and with it, too, one source of annoyance.

HENRY LYNDEN FLASH.

HENRY LYNDEN FLASH was born in Cincinnati, January 20, 1835. He was educated at the Western Military Institute of Kentucky. He has lived, at different times in his life, in Macon, Mobile, Galveston, Los Angeles, and Italy, but perhaps New Orleans is his home. He was chiefly engaged in the cotton business. In the Civil War he served as aide to General W. H. Hardee, and later to General Joseph Wheeler.

He has written a volume of Poems and a number of very popular war poems.

WHAT THE CRICKET SANG.

THE little cricket left the hearth
And sat upon my knee,
And sang a sweet and merry song
Of how my love loved me—
 “She loves you! she loves you!”
 The little cricket sang;
And through my fire-lighted room
 The merry music rang—
 She loves you! she loves you!

God bless you, little cricket,
For sitting on my knee,
And singing such a dainty song
Of how my love loves me—
 “She loves you! she loves you!”
 Again the cricket sang;
And in my heart the marriage bells
 In happy cadence rang—
 She loves you! she loves you!

The winter went—the summer came—

The buds were on the lea,
And my love was decked with orange flowers,
But not, alas! for me—

“She loves you! she loves you!”

Was rang and sang with glee;
But the birds that sang and the bells that
rang,

Neither rang nor sang for me—

She loves you! she loves you!

The summer's gone—the winter's here—

The cricket's on my knee;
But he sings no more, as he sang before,
Of how my love loves me—

“She loves you! she loves you!”

He sings no more in glee;
Yet still I bless the little cricket,
For singing once to me—

She loves you! she loves you!

THE LEGION OF HONOR.

WHY are we forever speaking
Of the warriors of old?
Men are fighting all around us,
Full as noble, full as bold.

Ever working, ever striving,
Mind and muscle, heart and soul;
With the reins of Judgment keeping
Passions under full control.

Noble hearts are beating boldly,
As they ever did on earth;
Swordless heroes are around us,
Striving ever from their birth—

Tearing down the old abuses,
Building up the purer laws,
Scattering the dust of ages,
Searching out the hidden flaws.

Acknowledging no "right divine"
In Kings and Princes from the rest;
In their creed he is the noblest
Who has worked and striven best.

Decorations do not tempt them—
Diamond stars they laugh to scorn—
Each will wear a "Cross of Honor"
On the Resurrection morn.

Warriors they in fields of wisdom—
Like the noble Hebrew youth,
Striking down Goliath-error
With the God-bless'd stone of truth.

Marshalled 'neath the Right's broad banner,
Forward rush these volunteers,
Beating olden wrong away
From the fast advancing years.

Contemporaries do not see them,
But the coming times will say
(Speaking of the slandered Present),
"There were heroes in that day."

Why are we then idly lying
On the roses of our life,
While the noble-hearted struggle
In the world-redeeming strife?

Let us rise and join the Legion,
Ever foremost in the fray—
Battling in the name of Progress,
For the nobler, purer day.

A COUNTRY BOY'S FIRST TRIAL.

FROM

LIFE OF PATRICK HENRY.

BY

WILLIAM WIRT.

ABOUT the time of Mr. Henry's coming to the bar a controversy arose in Virginia between the clergy on the one hand, and the Legislature and people of the colony on the other, touching the stipend claimed by the former.

Mr. Lewis, the attorney for the people, was so thoroughly convinced of the final triumph of the clergy that he retired from the cause, informing his clients that it had been, in effect, decided against them, and that there remained nothing more for him to do. In this desperate situation they applied to Patrick Henry, and he undertook to argue it for them before the jury at the ensuing term. Accordingly, on the first day of the following December, he attended the court, and, on his arrival, found on the courtyard such a concourse as would have appalled any other man in his situation.

Soon after the opening of the court the cause was called. The array before Mr. Henry's eyes was now most fearful. On the bench sat more than twenty clergymen, the most learned men in the colony, and the most capable, as well as the severest critics before whom it was possible for him to have made his *début*. The courthouse was crowded with an overwhelming multitude, and surrounded with an immense and anxious throng, who, not finding room to enter, were endeavoring to listen from without in the deepest attention. But

there was something still more awfully disconcerting than all this, for in the chair of the presiding magistrate sat no other person than his own father. Mr. Lyons briefly argued the cause for the plaintiffs. And now came on the first trial of Patrick Henry's strength. No one had ever heard him speak, and curiosity was on tiptoe. He rose very awkwardly, and faltered much in his exordium. The people hung their heads at so unpromising a commencement; the clergy were observed to exchange sly looks with each other; and his father is described as having almost sunk with confusion from his seat. But these feelings were of short duration and soon gave place to others of a very different character. For now were those wonderful faculties which he possessed for the first time developed; and now was first witnessed that mysterious and almost supernatural transformation of appearance which the fire of his own eloquence never failed to work in him. His attitude, by degrees, became erect and lofty. The spirit of his genius awakened all his features. His countenance shone with a nobleness and grandeur which it had never before exhibited. There was a lightning in his eyes which seemed to rive the spectator. His action became graceful, bold, and commanding; and in the tones of his voice, but more especially in his emphasis, there was a peculiar charm, a magic, of which anyone who ever heard him will speak as soon as he is named, but of which no one can give any adequate description. They can only say that it struck upon the ear and upon the heart in a manner which language cannot tell. Add to all these his wonder-working fancy, and the peculiar phraseology in which he clothed his images; for he painted to the

heart with a force that almost petrified it. In the language of those who heard him on this occasion, "he made their blood run cold, and their hair to rise on end."

The people, whose countenance had fallen as he arose, had heard but a very few sentences before they began to look up; then to look at each other with surprise, as if doubting the evidence of their own senses; then, attracted by some strong gesture, by some majestic attitude, fascinated by the spell of his eye, the charm of his emphasis, and the varied and commanding expression of his countenance, they could look away no more. In less than twenty minutes they might be seen in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, stooping forward from their stands, in death-like silence; their features fixed in amazement and awe; all their senses listening and riveted upon the speaker, as if to catch the last strain of some heavenly visitant. The mockery of the clergy was soon turned into alarm; their triumph into confusion and despair; and at one burst of his rapid and overwhelming invective they fled from the bench in precipitation and terror. As for the father, such was his surprise, such his amazement, such his rapture, that, forgetting where he was, and the character which he was filling, tears of ecstasy streamed down his cheeks, without the power or inclination to repress them.

The jury seemed to have been so completely bewildered that they lost sight not only of the act of 1748, but that of 1758 also; for, thoughtless even of the admitted rights of the plaintiff, they had scarcely left the bar when they returned with a verdict of one penny damages.

EXTRACT FROM THE
FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE.BY
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

IT is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim, no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that pres-

ent circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character; that by such acceptance it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is illusion, which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But, if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism, this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

HEART'S ENCOURAGEMENT.

BY

MADISON JULIUS CAWEIN.

NOR time nor all his minions
Of sorrow or of pain
Shall dash with vulture pinions
The cup she fills again
Within the dream-dominions
Of life where she doth reign.

Clothed on with bright desire
And hope that makes her strong,
With limbs of frost and fire,
She sits above all wrong,
Her heart a living lyre,
Her love its only song.

And in the waking pauses
Of weariness and care,
And when the dark hour draws his
Black weapon of despair
Above effects and causes
We hear its music there.

The longings life hath near it
Of love we yearn to see,
The dreams it doth inherit
Of immortality,
Are callings of her spirit
To something yet to be.

REST.
FROM
THE GARDEN OF DREAMS.
BY
MADISON JULIUS CAWEIN.

Under the brindled beech,
Deep in the mottled shade,
Where the rocks hang in each
Flower and ferny blade,
Let him be laid.

Here will the brooks, that rove
Under the mossy trees,
Grave with the music of
Underworld melodies,
Lap him in peace.

Here will the winds, that blow
Out of the haunted west,
Gold with the dreams that glow
There on the heaven's breast,
Lull him to rest.

Here will the stars and moon,
Silent and far and deep,
Old with the mystic rune
Of the slow years that creep,
Charm him with sleep.

Under the ancient beech,
Deep in the mossy shade,
Where the hill moods may reach,
Where the hill dreams may aid,
Let him be laid.

RAPHAEL SEMMES.

ADMIRAL SEMMES was born in Charles County, Maryland, in 1809, and died at Mobile, Ala., in 1877. He resigned from the Federal service at the beginning of the Civil War and entered the Confederate Navy. As the Commander of the *Sumter* he distinguished himself for his skill and daring, and with his poorly fitted and poorly prepared side-wheel steamer he captured eighteen prizes. In August he took command at the Azores of the *Alabama*, that had been built in England and acquired by the Confederacy. With this staunch and swift craft he swept the seas clean of Yankee vessels from the Azores to Brazil, from Brazil to Cape Town, from Cape Town to Singapore, and then back again. He captured in this cruise sixty-two prizes, and inflicted a loss upon the enemy amounting to ten million dollars. After his defeat by the *Kearsarge* he escaped to England, returned to Virginia as Rear Admiral, and was put in command of the vessels guarding the water approaches to Richmond. When that city was taken he blew up his boats, formed his men into a brigade of artillery, and in the last great battle of the war, at Saylor's Creek, by his determination and courage, was enabled to keep his naval colors flying long after all the others had come down.

After the surrender at Greensborough he went to Mobile and took up the practice of law. He was arrested by the Federal authorities, but this act was such a flagrant violation of law that he was soon after released, even without a trial. He became the editor of a Mobile paper, and for a while taught in the Louisiana Military Institute.

He has written a fascinatingly interesting account of the career of the *Alabama* in a work entitled *Memoirs of Service Afloat*.

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE ALABAMA.
FROM
MEMOIRS OF SERVICE AFLOAT.

WHEN the Alabama arrived in Cherbourg, the enemy's steamer Kearsarge was lying at Flushing. On the 14th of June, or three days after our arrival, she steamed into the harbor of Cherbourg, sent a boat on shore to communicate with the authorities, and, without anchoring, steamed out again, and took her station off the breakwater. We had heard, a day or two before, of the expected arrival of this ship, and it was generally understood among my crew that I intended to engage her. Her appearance, therefore, produced no little excitement on board. I addressed a note to Mr. Bonfils, our agent, requesting him to inform Captain Winslow, through the United States Consul, that if he would wait until I could receive some coal on board my supply having been nearly exhausted by my late cruising—I would come out and give him battle. This message was duly conveyed, and the defiance was understood to have been accepted.

We commenced coaling ship immediately, and making other preparations for battle, as sending down all useless yards and top-hamper, examining the gun equipments, and overhauling the magazine and shell rooms. My crew seemed not only willing but anxious for the combat, and I had every confidence in their steadiness and drill; but they labored under one serious disadvantage.

They had had but very limited opportunities of actual practice at target-firing with shot and shell. The reason is obvious. I had no means of replenishing either shot or shell, and was obliged, therefore, to husband the store I had on hand, for the time of actual conflict. As for the two ships, though the enemy was superior to me, both in size, stanchness of construction, and armament, they were of force so nearly equal that I cannot be charged with rashness in having offered battle. The Kearsarge mounted seven guns;—two eleven-inch Dahlgrens, four 32-pounders, and a rifled 28-pounder. The Alabama mounted eight—one eight-inch, one rifled 100-pounder, and six 32-pounders. Though the Alabama carried one gun more than her antagonist, it is seen that the battery of the latter enabled her to throw more metal at a broadside—there being a difference of three inches in the bore of the shell-guns of the two ships.

Still the disparity was not so great but that I might hope to beat my enemy in a fair fight. But he did not show me a fair fight, for, as it afterward turned out, his ship was iron-clad. It was the same thing as if two men were to go out to fight a duel, and one of them, unknown to the other, were to put a shirt of mail under his outer garments. The days of chivalry being past, perhaps it would be unfair to charge Captain Winslow with deceit in withholding from me the fact that he meant to wear armor in the fight. He may have reasoned that it was my duty to find it out for myself.

In the way of crew, the Kearsarge had 162,

all told—the Alabama, 149. I had communicated my intention to fight this battle to Flag-Officer Barron, my senior officer in Paris, a few days before, and that officer had generously left the matter to my own discretion. I completed my preparations on Saturday evening, the 18th of June, and notified the Port-Admiral of my intention to go out on the following morning. The next day dawned beautiful and bright. The cloudy, murky weather of some days past had cleared off, and a bright sun, a gentle breeze, and a smooth sea, were to be the concomitants of the battle. Whilst I was still in my cot, the Admiral sent an officer off to say to me that the iron-clad frigate *Couronne* would accompany me a part of the way out, to see that the neutrality of French waters was not violated. My crew had turned in early, and gotten a good night's rest, and I permitted them to get their breakfasts comfortably—not turning them to until nine o'clock—before any movement was made toward getting under way, beyond lighting the fires in the furnaces. It is opportune here to state that, in view of possible contingencies, I had directed Galt, my acting paymaster, to send on shore for safekeeping the funds of the ship, and complete pay rolls of crew, showing the state of the account of each officer and man.

The day being Sunday, and the weather fine, a large concourse of people—many having come all the way from Paris—collected on the heights above the town, in the upper stories of such of the houses as commanded a view of the sea, and on the walls and fortifications of the harbor. Several French luggers employed as pilot-boats went out,

and also an English steam-yacht, called the *Deerhound*. Everything being in readiness between nine and ten o'clock, we got under way, and proceeded to sea, through the western entrance of the harbor, the *Couronne* following us. As we emerged from behind the mole, we discovered the *Kearsarge* at a distance of between six and seven miles from the land. She had been apprised of our intention of coming out that morning, and was awaiting us. The *Couronne* anchored a short distance outside of the harbor. We were three-quarters of an hour in running out to the *Kearsarge*, during which time we had gotten our people to quarters, cast loose the battery, and made all the other necessary preparations for battle. It only remained to open the magazine and shell-rooms, sand down the decks, and fill the requisite number of tubs with water. The crew had been particularly neat in their dress on that morning, and the officers were all in the uniforms appropriate to their rank. As we were approaching the enemy's ship, I caused the crew to be sent aft within convenient reach of my voice, and mounting a gun-carriage delivered them a simple and brief address. I had not spoken to them in this formal way since I had addressed them on the memorable occasion of commissioning the ship.

The utmost silence prevailed during the delivery of this address, broken only once, in an enthusiastic outburst of "Never! Never!" when I asked my sailors if they would permit the name of their ship to be tarnished by defeat. My official report of the engagement, addressed to Flag-Officer Barron, in Paris, will describe what now

took place. It was written at Southampton, England, two days after the battle:

SOUTHAMPTON, June 21, 1864.

Sir:—I have the honor to inform you that, in accordance with my intention as previously announced to you, I steamed out of the harbor of Cherbourg between nine and ten o'clock on the morning of the 19th of June, for the purpose of engaging the enemy's steamer Kearsarge, which had been lying off, and on the port, for several days previously. After clearing the harbor, we descried the enemy, with his head off shore, at the distance of about seven miles. We were three-quarters of an hour coming up with him. I had previously pivoted my guns to starboard, and made all preparations for engaging the enemy on that side. When within about a mile and a quarter of the enemy, he suddenly wheeled, and, bringing his head in shore, presented his starboard battery to me. By this time we were distant about one mile from each other, when I opened on him with solid shot, to which he replied in a few minutes, and the action became active on both sides. The enemy now pressed his ship under a full head of steam, and to prevent our passing each other too speedily, and to keep our respective broadsides bearing, it became necessary to fight in a circle; the two ships steaming around a common centre and preserving a distance from each other of from three-quarters to half a mile. When we got within good shell range, we opened upon him with shell. Some ten or fifteen minutes after commencement of the action, our spanker-gaff was

shot away, and our ensign came down by the run. This was immediately replaced by another at the mizzen-mast head. The firing now became very hot, and the enemy's shot and shell soon began to tell upon our hull, knocking down, killing and disabling a number of men, at the same time, in different parts of the ship. Perceiving that our shell, though apparently exploding against the enemy's sides, were doing him but little damage, I returned to solid-shot firing, and from this time onward alternated with shot and shell.

After the lapse of about one hour and ten minutes, our ship was ascertained to be in a sinking condition, the enemy's shell having exploded in our side, and between decks, opening large apertures through which the water rushed with great rapidity. For some few minutes I had hopes of being able to reach the French coast, for which purpose I gave the ship all steam, and set such of the fore-and-aft sails as were available. The ship filled so rapidly, however, that before we had made much progress the fires were extinguished in the furnaces, and we were evidently on the point of sinking. I now hauled down my colors, to prevent the further destruction of life, and dispatched a boat to inform the enemy of our condition. Although we were now about 400 yards from each other, the enemy fired upon me five times after my colors had been struck. It is charitable to suppose that a ship of war of a Christian nation could not have done this intentionally. We now directed all our exertions toward saving the wounded, and such of the boys of the ship as were unable to swim. There was no appearance of any boat coming to

me from the enemy, until after my ship went down. Fortunately, however, the steam-yacht *Deerhound*, owned by a gentleman of Lancashire, England—Mr. John Lancaster—who was himself on board, steamed up in the midst of my drowning men, and rescued a number of both officers and men from the water. I was fortunate enough myself thus to escape to the shelter of the neutral flag, together with about forty others, all told. About this time the Kearsarge sent one, and then, tardily, another boat. At the end of the engagement, it was discovered by those who went alongside of the enemy's ship, with the wounded, that her midship section, on both sides, was thoroughly iron-coated; this having been done with chains constructed for the purpose, placed perpendicularly, from the rail to the water's edge, the whole covered over by a thin outer planking, which gave no indication of the armor beneath. My officers and men behaved steadily and gallantly, and though they have lost their ship they have not lost honor.

(By permission of J. P. Kennedy & Sons.)

SONG—WRITTEN AT THE NORTH.

BY

SAMUEL HENRY DICKSON.

I SIGH for the land of the Cypress and Pine,
Where the Jessamine blooms, and the gay Wood-
bine;

Where the moss droops low from the green Oak
tree.

Oh! that sun-bright land is the land for me.

The snowy flower of the Orange there
Sheds its sweet fragrance through the air—
And the Indian rose delights to 'twine
Its branches with the laughing vine.

There the Humming-bird of rainbow plume
Hangs over the scarlet creeper's bloom,
While 'midst the leaves his varying dyes
Sparkle like half-seen fairy eyes.

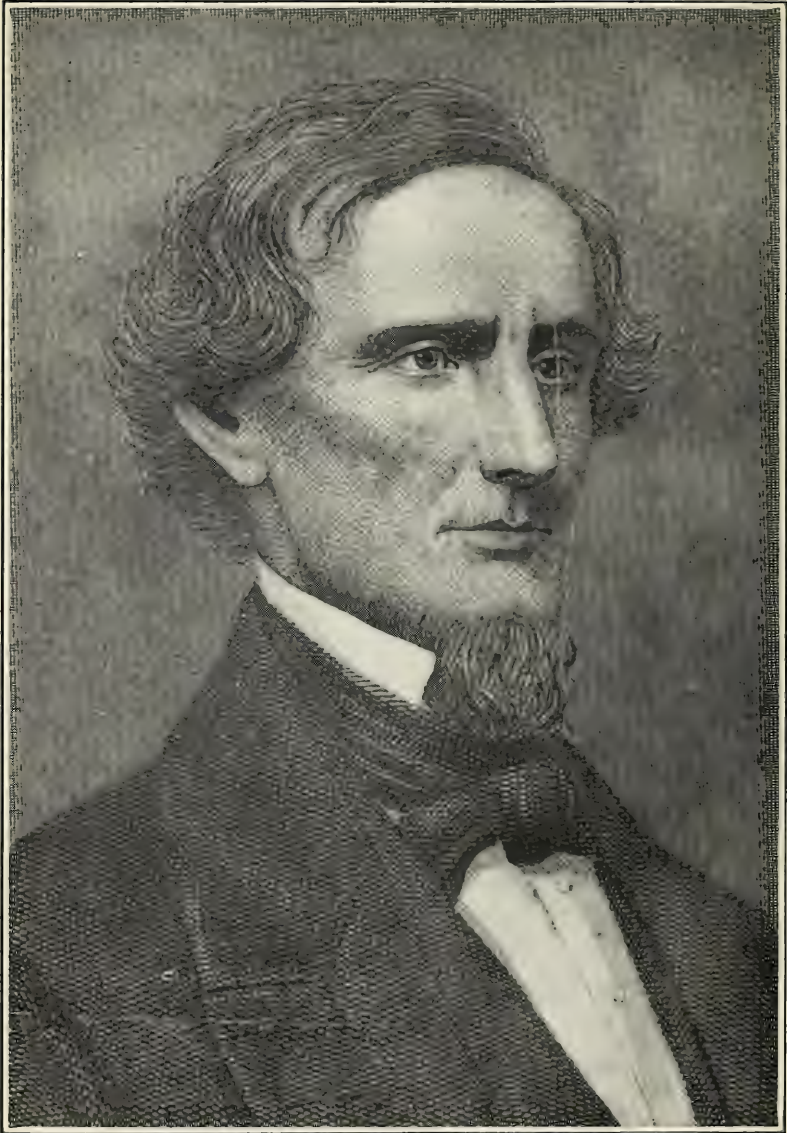
There the Deer leaps light through the open glade,
Or hides him far in the forest shade,
When the woods resound in the dewy morn
With the clang of the merry hunter's horn.

There the echoes ring through the livelong day
With the Mock-bird's changeful roundelay;
And at night, when the scene is calm and still,
With the moan of the plaintive Whip-poor-Will.

Oh! I sigh for the land of the Cypress and Pine,
Of the Laurel, the Rose, and the gay Woodbine;
Where the long gray moss decks the rugged Oak
tree,

That sun-bright land is the land for me.

(By permission of Miss Belle Dickson.)



Jeffrey Davis

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, the first and only President of the Confederate States of America, was born in Christian (now Todd) County, Kentucky. During his babyhood his parents moved to Mississippi. His education was begun in this State. For a time he attended Transylvania University, and completed his college training at West Point. He served in the regular army for seven years, being stationed most of the time in Missouri and Minnesota.

After the death of his first wife, a daughter of General Zachary Taylor, he returned to his home, Brierfield, in Mississippi, and undertook the operation of the plantation.

He served in the Black Hawk War. He resigned from the House of Representatives, to which he had been elected in 1845, to become Colonel of Mississippi troops in the Mexican War. He won renown for his bravery at Monterey, and his courage and the skill with which he disposed his men at the battle of Buena Vista spread his reputation throughout this country and Europe.

He was appointed Secretary of War by President Pierce.

He was a strong advocate of the States' Rights Doctrine, and when his State seceded he resigned from the United States Senate, returning to Mississippi to be put in command of her forces. He was, however, chosen to be President of the Confederacy, and installed in office at Montgomery, February, 1861. The capital was soon after moved to Richmond. When Richmond fell, Davis escaped to Georgia, but was there, together with his wife, captured by Federal troops. He was sent to Fortress Monroe, where he was kept prisoner under conditions more nearly resembling the treatment of prisoners of the Middle Ages than the humanity that is expected of the civilized 19th century. He was charged with treason, but, as he had not been guilty of treason, and no self-respecting jury or

Judge would convict him, he was released without a trial. On his release he went to Canada and Europe in search of health. He came back to the South, was president of an insurance company in Memphis, then settled at Beauvois, Miss., and was making arrangements to purchase it when its owner, Mrs. Dorsey, died and left it to him and his daughter "Winnie."

His Rise and Fall of the Confederacy is a strong defense of the principles of the South. He was a statesman, ranking second only to that group of immortals of whom Calhoun, Clay, and Webster were the leaders. He was an orator of a high order. "His orations and addresses are marked by classical purity, chaste elegance of expression, a certain nobleness of diction; there is, indeed, a dignity, a high seriousness, in all that he wrote."

SPEECH ON LEAVING THE SENATE JANUARY 21, 1861.

I RISE, Mr. President, for the purpose of announcing to the Senate that I have satisfactory evidence that the State of Mississippi, by a solemn ordinance of her people in convention assembled, has declared her separation from the United States. Under these circumstances, of course, my functions are terminated here. It has seemed to me proper, however, that I should appear in the Senate to announce that fact to my associates, and I will say but very little more. The occasion does not invite me to go into argument; and my physical condition would not permit me to do so if it were otherwise, and yet it seems to become me to say something on the part of the State I here represent on an occasion so solemn as this.

I therefore say I concur in the action of the people of Mississippi, believing it to be necessary and proper, and should have been bound by their action if my belief had been otherwise. * * *

It has been a conviction of pressing necessity, it has been a belief that we are to be deprived in the Union of the rights which our fathers bequeathed to us, which has brought Mississippi into her present decision.

Then, Senators, we recur to the compact which binds us together; we recur to the principles upon which our government was founded; and when you deny them, and when you deny to us the right to withdraw from a government which, thus perverted, threatens to be destructive of our rights, we but tread in the path of our fathers when we proclaim our independence and take the hazard. This is done not in hostility to others, not to injure any section of the country, not even for our own pecuniary benefit; but from the high and solemn motive of defending and protecting the rights we inherited, and which it is our sacred duty to transmit unshorn to our children.

I find in myself, perhaps, a type of the general feeling of my constituents towards yours. I am sure I feel no hostility to you, Senators from the North. I am sure there is not one of you, whatever sharp discussion there may have been between us, to whom I cannot now say, in the presence of my God, I wish you well; and such, I am sure, is the feeling of the people whom I represent towards those whom you represent. I therefore feel that I but express their desire

when I say I hope, and they hope, for peaceful relations with you, though we must part. They may be mutually beneficial to us in the future, as they have been in the past, if you so will it. The reverse may bring disaster on every portion of the country; and, if you will have it thus, we will invoke the God of our fathers, who delivered them from the power of the lion, to protect us from the ravages of the bear; and thus putting our trust in God, and in our own firm hearts and strong hands, we will vindicate the right as best we may.

In the course of my service here, associated at different times with a great variety of Senators, I see now around me some with whom I have served long; there have been points of collision, but whatever of offense there has been to me, I leave here; I carry with me no hostile remembrance. Whatever offense I have given which has not been redressed, or for which satisfaction has not been demanded, I have, Senators, in this hour of our parting, to offer you my apology for any pain which, in heat of discussion, I have inflicted. I go hence unencumbered of the remembrance of any injury received, and having discharged the duty of making the only reparation in my power for any injury offered.

Mr. President, and Senators, having made the announcement which the occasion seemed to me to require, it only remains for me to bid you a final adieu.





Abram J. Ryan.

ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN.

(FATHER RYAN.)

FATHER RYAN, soldier-priest and poet, was born in Norfolk, Va., August 15, 1839, and died in Louisville, Ky., April 22, 1886. He had hardly been admitted to the Roman Catholic priesthood before he entered the Confederate Army as chaplain. After the war his duties called him to New Orleans, Knoxville, Augusta, and to Mobile, where he remained for twelve years.

In his religious poems the strain of melancholy, so natural to the Celt, is ever present. His nonreligious poems breathe the most intense patriotism.

He is the author of *Poems*; *Some Aspects of Modern Civilization*, and an unfinished *Life of Christ*.

IN MEMORIAM.

THOU art sleeping, brother, sleeping

In thy lonely battle grave;
Shadows o'er the past are creeping,
Death, the reaper, still is reaping,
Years have swept, and years are sweeping,
Many a memory from my keeping,
But I'm waiting still, and weeping,
For my beautiful and brave.

When the battle songs were chanted,
And war's stirring tocsin pealed,
By those songs thy heart was haunted,
And thy spirit, proud, undaunted,
Clamored wildly—wildly panted:

“Mother! let my wish be granted;
I will ne’er be mocked and taunted
That I fear to meet our vaunted
Foemen on the bloody field.

“They are thronging, mother! thronging,
To a thousand fields of fame;
Let me go—’tis wrong, and wronging
God and thee to crush this longing;
On the muster-roll of glory,
In my country’s future story,
On the field of battle gory
I must consecrate my name.

“Mother! gird my sword around me,
Kiss thy soldier boy ‘good-bye.’ ”
In her arms she wildly wound thee,
To thy birth-land’s cause she bound thee,
With fond prayers and blessings crowned thee,
And she sobbed: “When foes surround thee,
If you fall, I’ll know they found thee
Where the bravest love to die.”

At the altar of their nation
Stood that mother and her son.
He, the victim of oblation,
Panting for his immolation;
She, in priestess’ holy station,
Weeping words of consecration,
While God smiled his approbation,
Blessed the boy’s self-abnegation,
Cheered the mother’s desolation,
When the sacrifice was done.

Forth, like many a noble other,
Went he, whispering soft and low:
“Good-bye—pray for me, my mother;
Sister! kiss me—farewell, brother”;
And he strove his grief to smother.
Forth, with footsteps firm and fearless,
And his parting gaze was tearless,
Though his heart was lone and cheerless,
Thus from all he loved to go.

Lo! yon flag of freedom flashing
In the sunny Southern sky:
On, to death and glory dashing,
On, where swords are clanging, clashing,
On, where balls are crushing, crashing,
On, 'mid perils dread, appalling,
On, they're falling, falling, falling,
On, they're growing fewer, fewer,
On, their hearts beat all the truer,
On, on, on, no fear, no falter,
On, though round the battle-altar
There were wounded victims moaning,
There were dying soldiers groaning;
On, right on, death's danger braving,
Warring where their flag was waving,
While baptismal blood was laving
All that field of death and slaughter;
On, still on; that bloody lava
Made them brave and made them braver,
On, with never a halt or waver,
On, in battle—bleeding—bounding,
While the glorious shout swept sounding,
“We will win the day or die!”

And they won it; routed—riven—

Reeled the foemen's proud array:
They had struggled hard, and striven,
Blood in torrents they had given,
But their ranks, dispersed and driven,
Fled, in sullenness, away.

Many a heart was lonely lying

That would never throb again;
Some were dead, and some were dying;
Those were silent, these were sighing;
Thus to die alone, unattended,
Unbewept and unbefriended,
On that bloody battle-plain.

When the twilight sadly, slowly,

Wrapped its mantle o'er them all,
Thousands, thousands lying lowly,
Hushed in silence deep and holy,
There was one, his blood was flowing
And his last of life was going.

And his pulse faint, fainter, beating
Told his hours were few and fleeting;
And his brow grew white and whiter,
While his eyes grew strangely brighter;
There he lay—like infant dreaming,
With his sword beside him gleaming,
For the hand in life that grasped it,
True in death still fondly clasped it;
There his comrades found him lying
'Mid the heaps of dead and dying,
And the sternest bent down weeping

O'er the lonely sleeper sleeping:
'Twas the midnight; stars shone round him,
And they told us how they found him
Where the bravest love to fall.

Where the woods, like banners bending,
Drooped in starlight and in gloom,
There, when that sad night was ending,
And the faint, far dawn was blending
With the stars now fast descending;
There they mute and mournful bore him,
With the stars and shadows o'er him,
And they laid him down—so tender—
And the next day's sun, in splendor,
Flashed above my brother's tomb.

A THOUGHT.

THE summer rose the sun has flushed
With crimson glory may be sweet;
'Tis sweeter when its leaves are crushed
Beneath the wind's and tempest's feet.

The rose that waves upon its tree
In life sheds perfume all around;
More sweet the perfume floats to me
Of roses trampled on the ground.

The waving rose with every breath
Scents carelessly the summer air;
The wounded rose bleeds forth in death
A sweetness far more rich and rare.

It is a truth beyond our ken—
And yet a truth that all may read—
It is with roses as with men,
The sweetest hearts are those that bleed.

The flower which Bethlehem saw bloom
Out of a heart all full of grace
Gave never forth its full perfume
Until the cross became its vase.

(By permission of P. J. Kennedy & Sons.)



Judah P. Benjamin,

JUDAH PHILIP BENJAMIN.

THE parents of this gifted man left England to settle in New Orleans, but, finding the British fleet at the mouth of the Mississippi, they stopped at the island of St. Croix, in the West Indies, where Judah was born. He spent most of his boyhood in Wilmington, N. C. He was a pupil for three years at Yale, and studied law in New Orleans. He was twice elected to the Senate from Louisiana, and when Louisiana seceded he was made Attorney-General of the Confederacy, later becoming its Secretary of State. When Richmond was taken he escaped to Florida, from there, in an open boat, to the Bahamas, and finally to England. He prepared himself for the bar of England, and rapidly became there, as he had been in America, one of the most eminent lawyers of the land. He died in Paris, May 8, 1884, in his seventy-fourth year.

SPEECH ON LEAVING THE SENATE, FEBRUARY 4, 1861.

SIR, when force bills, armies, navies, and all the accustomed coercive appliances of despots shall be proposed and advocated, voices shall be heard from this side of the chamber that will make its very roof resound with the indignant clamor of outraged freedom. Methinks I still hear ringing in my ears the appeal of the eloquent Representative (Hon. George H. Pendleton, of Ohio), whose Northern home looks down on Kentucky's fertile borders: "Armies, money, blood, cannot maintain this Union; justice, reason, peace, may."

And now to you, Mr. President, and to my brother Senators, on all sides of this Chamber, I bid you a respectful farewell; with many of those from whom I have been radically separated in political sentiment, my personal relations have been kindly, and have inspired me with a respect and esteem that I shall not willingly forget; with those around me from the Southern States, I part as men part from brothers on the eve of a temporary absence, with a cordial pressure of the hand and a smiling assurance of the speedy renewal of sweet intercourse around the family hearth. But to you, noble and generous friends, who, born beneath other skies, possess hearts that beat in sympathy with ours; to you, who, solicited and assailed by motives the most powerful that could appeal to selfish natures, have nobly spurned them all; to you who, in our behalf, have bared your breasts to the fierce beatings of the storm, and made willing sacrifice of life's most glittering prizes in your devotion to constitutional liberty; to you, who have made our cause your cause, and from many of whom I feel I part forever, what shall I, can I, say? Nought, I know and feel, is needed for myself; but this I will say for the people in whose name I speak to-day: whether prosperous or adverse fortunes await you, one priceless treasure is yours—the assurance that an entire people honor your names, and behold them in grateful and affectionate memory. But with still and more touching return shall your unselfish devotion be rewarded. When, in after days, the story of the present shall be written; when history shall have passed her stern sentence on the erring

men who have driven their unoffending brethren from the shelter of their common home, your names will derive fresh luster from the contrast; and when your children shall hear repeated the familiar tale, it will be with glowing cheek and kindling eye, their very souls will stand a-tiptoe as their sires are named, and they will glory in their lineage from men of spirit as generous and of patriotism as high-hearted as ever illustrated or adorned the American Senate.

AHAB MAHOMMED.

BY

JAMES MATTHEWS LEGARE.

A PEASANT stood before a king and said :
"My children starve, I come to thee for bread."
On cushions soft and silken sat enthroned
The king, and looked on him that prayed and
moaned,
Who cried again : "For bread I come to thee."
For grief, like wine, the tongue will render free.
Then said the prince, with simple truth : "Behold
I sit on cushions silken-soft, of gold
And wrought with skill the vessels which they
bring
To fitly grace the banquet of a king.
But at my gate the Mede triumphant beats,
And die for food my people in the streets.
Yet no good father hears his child complain
And gives him stones for bread, for alms disdain.
Come, thou and I will sup together—come."
The wondering courtiers saw—saw and were
dumb :
Then followed with their eyes where Ahab led
With grace the humble guest, amazed, to share his
bread.
Him half-abashed the royal host withdrew
Into a room, the curtained doorway through.
Silent behind the folds of purple closed,
In marble life the statues stood disposed ;
From the high ceiling, perfume breathing, hung
Lamps rich, pomegranate-shaped, and golden-
swung.

Gorgeous the board with massive metal shone,
Gorgeous with gems arose in front a throne;
These through the Orient lattice saw the sun.
If gold there was, of meat and bread was none
Save one small loaf; this stretched his hand and
took

Ahab Mohammed, prayed to God, and broke;
One-half his yearning nature bid him crave,
The other gladly to his guest he gave.
“I have no more to give,” he cheerily said;
“With thee I share my only loaf of bread.”
Humbly the stranger took the offered crumb
Yet ate not of it, standing meek and dumb;
Then lifts his eyes, the wondering Ahab saw
His rags fall from him as the snow in thaw.
Resplendent, blue, those orbs upon him turned;
All Ahab’s soul within him throbbed and burned.

“Ahab Mohammed,” spoke the vision then,
“From this thou shalt be blessèd among men.
Go forth—thy gates the Mede bewildered flees,
And Allah thank thy people on their knees;
He who gives somewhat does a worthy deed,
Of him the recording angel shall take heed.
But he that halves all that his house doth hold,
His deeds are more to God—yea, more than finest
gold.”

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK.

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK was born in Columbia, S. C., lived most of his life in Alabama, and died in Columbus, Miss. He served the State of Alabama as Representative, Attorney-General, and United States Attorney. He was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. He was a volunteer in the Seminole War, but took no active part in the Civil War. He died in 1865, when he was little more than fifty-one years old. He achieved distinction as a writer of both prose and poetry.

THE CANOE FIGHT. FROM ROMANTIC PASSAGES IN SOUTHWESTERN HISTORY.

THE Canoe Fight was one of the early consequences of the massacre of Fort Mims. The friends and relatives of the sufferers in that sanguinary affair were roused to almost savage indignation and hostility. They were men well calculated, both by nature and habits of life, to meet such an emergency. With no dependence but the axe and the rifle, they had brought their families through the wilderness and made them homes upon the table-lands and rich alluvial bottoms of our two principal streams. To a spectator, the strange buckskin garb, the hunting shirt, leggings and moccasins, the long and heavy rifle, the large knife swinging by the shot-bag, the proud,

erect deportment, but cautious tread, and the keen, far-seeing, but apparently passive eye of the settler in the fork of the Alabama and Tombigbee, upon the Tensas, or about Fort St. Stephens, would have spoken much of the moral energies and purpose of the man. Of such an order were most of those who, determined to avenge the butchery of their neighbors, by Weatherford at Fort Mims.

Within two days after the massacre at Fort Mims a large body of warriors, under Francis, the Prophet, appeared in the vicinity of Fort Sinquefield, the most exposed station, and massacred twelve members of the families of Abner James and Ransom Kimball, who rashly remained at the residence of the latter, two miles from the fort.

The news of the massacre of these families, reaching Fort Madison, a detachment of ten men, among whom were James Smith, John Wood, and Isaac Haden, were sent to the spot. They found the bodies of the dead and took them to Sinquefield for burial. While the whole garrison of that little station, including the women and children, were outside of the fort, engaged in this ceremony, Francis and his warriors suddenly rushed down toward them from behind a neighboring hill. All escaped in safety to the fort except a few women who had gone some distance to a spring. Seeing the Indians about to intercept them, Haden, who happened to be on horseback, with a large pack of dogs, which he kept for hunting, immediately dashed forward, and cheered his dogs, with many others from the fort, numbering in all about sixty, to an assault upon the savages. Never did a pack

of English hounds leap more furiously upon a captured fox than did these wild curs upon the naked Indians. The necessity of defence against their strange foes checked the savage onset, and all the women but one, a Mrs. Phillips, who was overtaken and scalped, escaped with Haden into the fort. His horse was killed under him and he had five bullets through his clothes, but received no wound.

The incensed Francis and his followers now made a furious attack upon the fort, but were repulsed with a considerable loss. Only one man and a boy of the defenders were slain. The Indians, having drawn off, the occupants of Sinquefield that night stealthily abandoned the place and fled to Fort Madison.

The inmates of Fort Madison, incensed at these sanguinary events and satisfied that the body of the hostile Indians was now south of the Alabama, extending their depredations upon the plantations along that river, determined to make an expedition against them.

This was at once organized, consisting of thirty "Mississippi twelve-months' men," commanded by Captain Richard Jones, from near Natchez, and forty-two volunteers from the "settlers" themselves, commanded by Captain Samuel Dale, who also had command of the expedition. A bolder or finer set of men, for such a service, never swung their shot-bags by their sides, or grasped their long and trusty rifles. It may be well to look particularly at the character of three, who were destined to act the most conspicuous part in the events that are to follow.

Was there ever a more Herculean figure than Samuel Dale, then in the noon and fullness of manhood? He stood a giant among his fellows, already distinguished by feats of prowess, daring and enterprise that had made his name known throughout the frontiers, and caused him to be dreaded more than any other white man by the Indians. They called him, in their simple tongue, Sam Thlucco, or Big Sam. In the year 1794 he joined Captain Fosh's troop stationed at Fort Matthews, on the Oconee, and distinguished himself, in several encounters, for his courage, enterprise and masterly knowledge of Indian character.

Elected Colonel, Dale was advanced to the command of a frontier post on the Apalachy, where he made himself the terror of the Red Men and the shield of the settlements, till McGillivray concluded peace with Washington at New York.

Frontier tastes and aptitudes now converted the young soldier into an Indian trader. Desirous of becoming acquainted with the settlements upon the Tombigbee, Big Sam made his way thither about the year 1808, accompanied by a party of emigrants.

A series of expeditions to and from Georgia, in which he acted as guide for travelers and emigrating parties, with occasional protracted loiterings in Indian villages, taking part in their athletic sports and games, and surpassing their swiftest and most powerful champions, now engaged our hero for a number of years.

In Dale's command was a private soldier, who already had a high reputation as an expert, daring and powerful Indian fighter. Born in Georgia, in

1787, this scion of the universal Smith family was now a very stout, finely proportioned man, five feet eight inches high, weighing one hundred and sixty pounds. Residing near Fort Madison, he took refuge there at the outbreak of the war. His fearless and adventurous character may be indicated by an incident. One day he determined to visit his farm, about eight miles distant, to see what injury the Indians had done. Proceeding cautiously, he came to a house in which he heard a noise, and, stealing up to the door, he found two Indians, engaged in bundling up tools and other articles, to carry them off. Leveling his gun at them, he made them come out of the house and march before him towards the fort. In a thicket of woods the Indians suddenly separated, one on each hand, and ran. Smith fired at one of them and killed him, and, dropping his rifle, pursued the other, and, catching him, knocked him down with a lightwood-knot. Recovering his gun, he went on to the fort and announced the adventure, which a party, who were sent out, discovered to be true.

This and similar deeds of daring and prowess gave James Smith a high position among his frontier friends and neighbors, as he took his place, rifle in hand, with buckskin garb, in the ranks of Captain Dale's venturesome volunteers.

That tall, slender, sinewy youth of nineteen, six feet two inches high, erect and spirited in port, dark complexioned, eagle-eyed, is the son of a gallant sire, who, even since hostilities commenced, had made his way back from Georgia, through the heart of the Creek Nation, swimming

the streams and stealing through the woods, to his family, in Fort Madison, there to assume, by election, the temporary command. Such was "Jerry" Austill, a native of North Carolina and the son of a worthy sire.

"Jerry" was now very little more than a boy in age, but his skill as a marksman, his swiftness of foot, his dauntless courage and his deep knowledge of Indian schemes and cunning, acquired among the Cherokees, rendered him one of the most useful and manly of the frontier defenders. We have said that he was slender, but look at his muscular limbs, as revealed through his hunting shirt closely girdled around his waist, and his tight leather leggings, and you may appreciate that his frame, weighing, as it did, one hundred and seventy pounds, is possessed of all those powers which are most serviceable in the hardships and encounters of backwoods warfare.

These three—Dale, Smith and Austill—were the leading spirits in the expedition, fitted out under the command of Dale, for the exploration of the country along the Alabama River. The party left Fort Madison on the 11th of November, 1813. It proceeded southeasterly, under the guidance of Tandy Walker and George Foster, to a point on the river two miles below "Bailey's Shoals," and about eighteen miles below the present town of Claiborne. Here they found two canoes, carefully concealed in the inlet of a small creek, in which the entire party crossed to the eastern bank, and passed the night in concealment and under arms, no one being allowed to sleep. They

were at this point within thirty miles of the ruins of Fort Mims.

The next morning the party ascended the river; Austill, with six men, in the canoes, and Dale, with the remainder, through the woods upon the eastern bank. No signs of Indians were discovered until their arrival at "Peggy Bailey's Bluff," three miles above. Pursuing these, which led up the river, Dale, being in advance of his men, soon came upon a party of ten Indians, who were with all imaginary security partaking of a bountiful breakfast. His unfailing rifle dismissed them without a benediction; the chief, a noted warrior, being slain, his followers, in their hurried flight, left their well-stored pack of provisions behind them.

One mile higher up the stream Dale's party came to a field known as Randon's farm. This was a few miles below Claiborne and one hundred and five miles, by the course of the river, above Mobile. Here, upon consultation with Austill, it was concluded that the main party should recross the river to its western bank. For this purpose the canoes were put in requisition, and the men were cautiously and with as much swiftness as possible conveyed across the stream.

The river, at this point, was about four hundred yards wide. Its banks were irregular, somewhat precipitous, and covered with beech, pine, and sycamore trees, with a thick undergrowth of cane, vines, and luxuriant shrubbery. The eastern shore, which the party were now gradually leaving, sloped away into two embankments, one

rising above the other with considerable abruptness, and then spreading out into the field of which we have spoken.

While the conveyance of the men across the river was progressing, Dale, with Austill, James Smith, G. W. Creagh and a few others, determined to partake of the provisions they had found in the Indian pack. In the old field, on the second bank, they kindled a fire for the purpose of cooking these, and were about, in the language of Dale himself, "to make use of the broiled bones and hot ash-cake," when they were startled by the discharge of several rifles and the sudden war-whoops of some twenty-five or thirty Indians, who came rushing towards them from three sides of the field. Dale's party, immediately seizing their rifles, and being too few to oppose the force of the enemy, dashed down the second or upper bank of the river, and took post among the trees, whence they kept in check the approach of the savages.

By this time the canoes had conveyed all but twelve of the entire force to the opposite side of the river, and one canoe alone had returned for the residue. This was the first thought of the little party, who were now hemmed by the Indians. But simultaneously with the attack by land, a large canoe, containing eleven warriors, had issued from a bend in the river above, and descended rapidly with the evident design of intercepting communication with the opposite shore. They now attempted to approach the shore and join in the attack, but were kept at a distance by the well-di-

rected fire of a few of Dale's men. Two of their number, however, leaped into the river and swam, with their rifles above their heads, for the bank, just above the mouth of a little creek, near the northern corner of the field. One of these, as he approached the shore, was shot by Smith; but Austill, in attempting to intercept the other, was thrown by the underwood and rolled into the water within a few feet of his antagonist. The Indian reached the shore and ran up the bank. Austill, in pursuing him through the cane, was fired at, in mistake for an Indian, by Creagh, and narrowly escaped.

During this bye-scene Dale and the other eight of his valiant companions were interchanging hot fires with the enemy. Those in the canoe sheltered themselves by lying in its bottom and firing over the sides. The party on shore were deterred from pressing closely by an ignorance of the number of Dale's forces. This cause alone saved them from certain destruction. But the circumstances were now growing more critical. Soon the Indians must discover the weakness of their opponents, and rush forward with irresistible superiority. A more perilous position can scarcely be imagined; and yet there was one in this contest!

Dale, seeing the superiority of the enemy, called out to his comrades on the opposite shore for assistance. They had remained, thus far, inefficient, but excited, spectators of the scene. But now eight of their number leaped into their canoe and bore out towards the enemy. Upon approaching near enough, however, to discover the number of the Indians, the man in the bow, becoming

alarmed at the superiority of the foe, ordered the paddles to "back water," and they returned to land. Dale, indignant at this cowardice, demanded of his men, who would join him in an attack upon the Indian canoe. Austill and Smith immediately volunteered; and, with a negro as steersman, named Cæsar, the little party embarked for the dreadful encounter. As they approached one of the Indians fired without effect. When, within thirty feet, Smith fired and probably wounded an Indian, whose shoulder was visible above the canoe. Dale and Austill attempted to fire, but their priming having been wet, their guns could not be discharged. Fortunately the Indians had exhausted their powder. The white party now bore down, in silence, upon the foe. As the boats came in contact at the bows the Indians all leaped to their feet. Austill was in front and bore for a moment the brunt of the battle. But, by the order of Dale, the negro swayed round the canoe, and "Big Sam" leaped into the enemy's boat, giving more room for Smith and Austill, and, pressing together the Indians, who were already too crowded. The negro occupied his time in holding the canoes together. The rifles of both parties were now used as clubs; and dreadful were the blows both given and taken; for three stouter or more gallant men than these assailants never took part in a crowded *melée*. The details of the struggle can scarcely be given. Dale's second blow broke the barrel of his gun, which he then exchanged for Smith's, and so fought till the end of the scene. Austill was, at one time, prostrated by a blow from a war-club; fell into the Indian

canoe, between two of the enemy, and was about being slain by his assailant when the latter was fortunately put to death by Smith. Austill rose, grappling with an Indian, wrested his war-club from him, struck him over the skull, and he fell dead in the river. The last surviving Indian had been, before the war, a particular friend of Dale's. They had hunted together long and familiarly, and were alike distinguished for their excellence in those vigorous sports, so much prized by the man of the woods. The young Muscogee was regarded as one of the most chivalrous warriors of his tribe. Dale would always say, when, long subsequently, he narrated these circumstances, and he never did so without weeping, that he "loved that Indian like a brother, and wanted to save him from the fate of the others." But the eye of the young warrior was filled with fire; he leaped before his opponent with a proud fury; cried out, in Muscogee: "Big Sam, you're a man, and I am another! Now for it!" and grappled in deadly conflict. The white man proved the victor. With one blow of his rifle he crushed the skull of the Indian. The young brave, still holding his gun firmly in his hands, fell backwards into the water; and the canoe fight was over.

The victors now employed themselves in clearing the canoes of the dead bodies of the Indians. The only weapons left, of either party, were a war-club and rifle. The Indians upon the shore had, during the progress of the fight, kept up a constant fire with the party on land. They now directed many shots at the canoes, as they approached the shore. One ball passed between

Smith and Austill, and another struck one of the canoes. But, in spite of this firing, Dale and his colleagues returned to the shore, took off their friends in safety, and passed across the river triumphantly. Notwithstanding the dangers they had encountered, the whole party had not lost one man, and the only injuries they had suffered were some severe bruises received by the combatants on the water. Austill had a severe contusion on the top of his head, which left a permanent dint in the skull. It was subsequently ascertained that the entire Indian force, on land and water, was two hundred and eighty.

Such, in its details, was the Canoe Fight—certainly the most remarkable of our naval engagements. Neither Porter, at Valparaiso, nor Perry, at Lake Erie, displayed more reckless courage, or more indomitable fortitude than did these backwoodsmen of Alabama. The difference, as far as personal achievement, is all in favor of the latter. The statements made may be relied on as strictly true. They are taken from accounts given by the actors themselves; and the events were witnessed by many who are still living to attest their truth.

Brightly shone the eyes of the anxious occupants of Fort Madison, when, on the very evening of this bloody engagement, Dale and his gallant comrades, by a forced march of twelve miles, returned to that place. Loud were the plaudits of all, and aged gossip and prattling child learned to utter the names of the Heroes of the Canoe Fight with admiration and pride.

CAROLINA.

BY

HENRY TIMROD.

THE despot treads thy sacred sands,
Thy pines give shelter to his bands,
Thy sons stand by with idle hands,
Carolina!

He breathes at ease thy airs of balm,
He scorns the lances of thy palm;
Oh! who shall break thy craven calm,
Carolina?

Thy ancient fame is growing dim,
A spot is on thy garment's rim;
Give to the winds thy battle hymn,
Carolina!

Call on thy children of the hill,
Wake swamp and river, coast and rill,
Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill,
Carolina!

Cite wealth and science, trade and art,
Touch with thy fire the cautious mart,
And pour thee through the people's heart,
Carolina!

Till even the coward spurns his fears,
And all thy fields and fens and meres
Shall bristle like thy palm with spears,
Carolina!

Hold up the glories of thy dead;
Say how thy elder children bled,
And point to Eutaw's battle-bed,
Carolina!

Tell how the patriot's soul was tried,
And what his dauntless breast defied;
How Rutledge ruled and Laurens died,

Carolina!

Cry! till thy summons, heard at last,
Shall fall like Marion's bugle-blast
Re-echoed from the haunted Past,

Carolina!

I hear a murmur as of waves
That grope their way through sunless caves,
Like bodies struggling in their graves,

Carolina!

And now it deepens; slow and grand
It swells, as, rolling to the land,
An ocean broke upon thy strand,

Carolina!

Shout! let it reach the startled Huns!
And roar with all thy festal guns!
It is the answer of thy sons,

Carolina!

They will not wait to hear thee call;
From Sachem's Head to Sumter's wall
Resounds the voice of hut and hall,

Carolina!

No! thou hast not a stain, they say,
Or none save what the battle-day
Shall wash in seas of blood away,

Carolina!

Thy skirts indeed the foe may part,
Thy robe be pierced with sword and dart,
They shall not touch thy noble heart,

Carolina!

Ere thou shalt own the tyrant's thrall
Ten times ten thousand men must fall;
Thy corpse may hearken to his call,
Carolina!

When, by thy bier, in mournful throngs
The women chant thy mortal wrongs,
'Twill be their own funereal songs,
Carolina!

From thy dead breast by ruffians trod
No helpless child shall look to God;
All shall be safe beneath thy sod,
Carolina!

Girt with such wills to do and bear,
Assured in right, and mailed in prayer,
Thou wilt not bow thee to despair,
Carolina!

Throw thy bold banner to the breeze!
Front with thy ranks the threatening seas,
Like thine own proud armorial trees,
Carolina!

Fling down thy gauntlet to the Huns,
And roar the challenge from thy guns;
Then leave the future to thy sons,
Carolina!

A CRY TO ARMS.

BY

HENRY TIMROD.

Ho! WOODSMEN of the mountain side!
Ho! dwellers in the vales!
Ho! ye who by the chafing tide
Have roughened in the gales!
Leave barn and byre, leave kin and cot,
Lay by the bloodless spade;
Let desk, and case, and counter rot,
And burn your books of trade.

The despot roves your fairest lands;
And, till he flies or fears,
Your fields must grow but armèd bands,
Your sheaves be sheaves of spears!
Give up to mildew and to rust
The useless tools of gain;
And feed your country's sacred dust
With floods of crimson rain!

Come, with the weapons at your call—
With musket, pike, or knife;
He wields the deadliest blade of all
Who lightest holds his life.
The arm that drives its unbought blows
With all a patriot's scorn,
Might brain a tyrant with a rose,
Or stab him with a thorn.

Does any falter? let him turn
To some brave maiden's eyes,
And catch the holy fires that burn
In those sublunar skies.
Oh! could you like your women feel,
And in their spirit march,
A day might see your lines of steel
Beneath the victor's arch.

What hope, O God! would not grow warm
When thoughts like these give cheer?
The Lily calmly braves the storm,
And shall the Palm-tree fear?
No! rather let its branches court
The rack that sweeps the plain;
And from the Lily's regal port
Learn how to breast the strain!

Ho! woodsmen of the mountain side!
Ho! dwellers in the vales!
Ho! ye who by the roaring tide
Have roughened in the gales!
Come! flocking gayly to the fight,
From forest, hill, and lake;
We battle for our Country's right,
And for the Lily's sake!

(These two poems are published from Memorial of Henry
Timrod's Poems, by permission of B. F. Johnson
Publishing Co.)

ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE.

ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE was born in Colleton District, South Carolina, November 10, 1791, and died at Asheville, N. C., while still a comparatively young man, September 24, 1839. He was educated in Charleston and admitted to the bar there. He served in the Legislature, was Attorney-General of his State, United States Senator, and Governor of South Carolina.

His great debate with Webster stands out as perhaps the most notable of the many contests in the halls of Congress. Hayne was the very incarnation of the spirit of the South, advocating free trade, strict construction of the Constitution, States' Rights and Nullification. As the drafter of the Nullification Ordinance, he was elected Governor to carry the ordinance out. His bold challenge of President Jackson's right and power to coerce a State brought Carolina to the verge of war, which was prevented only by the act of Congress in refusing to enforce the decree of the President.

Judged by many standards, Hayne must have been the most effective, the most persuasive, of our orators. Says one writer, Mr. Holliday: "His was a fiery eloquence. He was a bold, powerful and rapid debater, and his speeches often swept along with a rush that did not always permit his listeners to pause for thought, but, instead, carried them away as willing captives. So filled with passion were his words that at times he seemed almost beside himself, and yet he never for a moment lost control of the flood of words."

His Speeches have been collected and published.

THE LOYALTY OF SOUTH CAROLINA AND
THE SOUTH.

FROM

SPEECH ON THE FOOT RESOLUTION, JAN-
UARY 25, 1830.

SIR, the gentleman has thought proper, for purposes best known to himself, to strike the South through me, the most unworthy of her servants. He has crossed the border, he has invaded the State of South Carolina, is making war upon her citizens, and endeavoring to overthrow her principles and her institutions. Sir, when the gentleman provokes me to such a conflict I meet him at the threshold. I will struggle while I have life, for our altars and our firesides, and if God gives me strength I will drive back the invader discomfited. Nor shall I stop there. If the gentleman provokes the war, he shall have war. Sir, I will not stop at the border; I will carry the war into the enemy's territory, and not consent to lay down my arms until I shall have obtained "indemnity for the past, and security for the future." It is with unfeigned reluctance that I enter upon the performance of this part of my duty. I shrink almost instinctively from a course, however necessary, which may have a tendency to excite sectional feelings and sectional jealousies. But, sir, the task has been forced upon me, and I proceed right onward to the performance of my duty; be the consequences what they may, the responsibility is with those who have imposed upon me this necessity. The Senator from Massachusetts has

thought proper to cast the first stone, and if he shall find, according to a homely adage, "that he lives in a glass house," on his head be the consequences. The gentleman has made a great flourish about his fidelity to Massachusetts. I shall make no professions of zeal for the interest and honor of South Carolina—of that my constituents shall judge. If there be one State in this Union (and I say it not in a boastful spirit) that may challenge comparison with any other for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made; no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity, but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection.

No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country. What, sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren with a generous zeal, which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their

interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create commercial rivalry, they might have found in their situation a guarantee that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But, tramping on all considerations, either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and, fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom. Never was there exhibited, in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the Whigs of Carolina during that Revolution. The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens! Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitation of her children! Driven from their homes, into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina (sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marions) proved by her conduct that, though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

But, sir, our country was soon called upon to engage in another revolutionary struggle, and that, too, was a struggle for principle—I mean the political revolution which dates back to '98, and which, if it had not been successfully achieved, would have left us none of the fruits of the Revolution of '76. The revolution of '98 restored the

constitution, rescued the liberty of the citizen from the grasp of those who were aiming at its life, and, in the emphatic language of Mr. Jefferson, "saved the constitution at its last gasp." And by whom was it achieved? By the South, sir, aided only by the democracy of the North and West.

I come now to the war of 1812—a war which I well remember was called in derision (while its event was doubtful) the Southern war, and sometimes the Carolina war; but which is now universally acknowledged to have done more for the honor and prosperity of the country than all other events in our history put together. What, sir, were the objects of that war? "Free trade and sailors' rights!" It was for the protection of Northern shipping and New England seamen that the country flew to arms. What interest had the South in that contest? If they had sat down coldly to calculate the value of their interests involved in it, they would have found that they had everything to lose and nothing to gain. But, sir, with that generous devotion to country so characteristic of the South, they only asked if the rights of any portion of their fellow-citizens had been invaded; and when told that Northern ships and New England seamen had been arrested on the common highway of nations, they felt that the honor of their country was assailed; and, acting on that exalted sentiment, "which feels a stain like a wound," they resolved to seek, in open war, for a redress of those injuries which it did not become freemen to endure. Sir, the whole South, animated as by a common impulse, cordially united

in declaring and promoting that war. South Carolina sent to your councils, as the advocates and supporters of that war, the noblest of her sons. How they fulfilled that trust, let a grateful country tell. Not a measure was adopted, not a battle fought, not a victory won, which contributed in any degree to the success of that war to which Southern councils and Southern valor did not largely contribute. Sir, since South Carolina is assailed, I must be suffered to speak to her praise, that, at the very moment when, in one quarter, we heard it solemnly proclaimed, "that it did not become a religious and moral people to rejoice at the victories of our army or our navy," her Legislature unanimously

"Resolved, That we will cordially support the Government in the vigorous prosecution of the war, until a peace can be obtained on honorable terms; and we will cheerfully submit to every privation that may be required of us, by our Government, for the accomplishment of this object."

South Carolina redeemed that pledge. She threw open her treasury to the Government. She put at the absolute disposal of the officers of the United States all that she possessed—her men, her money, and her arms. She appropriated half a million of dollars, on her own account, in defence of her maritime frontier; ordered a brigade of State troops to be raised; and, when left to protect herself by her own means, never suffered the enemy to touch her soil, without being instantly driven off or captured. Such, sir, was the conduct of the South—such the conduct of my own State in that dark hour "which tried men's souls."

NORMAN MCFARLANE WALKER.

NORMAN WALKER was born in New Orleans in 1853. He was graduated from the Washington and Lee University, and received his degree of Bachelor of Law from the University of Louisiana. He practiced law for a very short time and then turned to journalism. For three years he was connected with the *Picayune*, of New Orleans, and in 1877 attached himself to the staff of the *Democrat*. This paper in 1881 changed its name to *Times-Democrat*, and in 1915 to *Times-Picayune*. During all of these changes Mr. Walker remained with the journal and has, since 1890, been its associate editor.

His polished style displays in every paragraph the strong influence of a classical education, and his native talent as a statistician prevents the overfloridness that too much learning in Latin and Greek often led our fathers into being guilty of.

He is the author of a Historical Guide Book of New Orleans; the History of Banking in New Orleans; the History of Municipal Government of New Orleans, and a Report on the Commerce of New Orleans.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL NOMENCLATURE OF LOUISIANA.

THE French were much better at naming a country than at colonizing it, and Louisiana, in consequence, is richer in poetic and historic names than any other State in the Union.

A study of its geographical nomenclature will prove both interesting and profitable to the historian. On the map of Louisiana one can read to-

day the stories of the Indian, French, Spanish and American dominions, and follow with absolute certainty every step and movement of the early explorers.

What more graphic account, for instance, is wanted of the expeditions made by the two brothers, Iberville and Bienville, into this New France, in 1699, and which induced the French to occupy and colonize the Mississippi Valley, than that told in the names of capes, bays and bayous baptized by them? The first resting place of this adventurous French party was on a large stream emptying into Mississippi Sound. While landed there, one of their dogs, swimming in the river, was devoured by a crocodile, "wherefore we called it 'Dog River,'" the chronicler of the expedition writes. The wind carried them thence westward to a desolate sandy island, where they stopped and pitched their tents for a good night's rest ashore. When they awoke in the morning a favorable wind was blowing, and, in their anxiety to profit by it, they hurried to their boat, forgetting in their haste a bag of peas they had brought with them. It was only when dinner came around that they remembered this, and it was then too late to return to the island, which became Pea Island, and is such to this day, although it has probably not seen a pea since 1699.

"At the next stopping place," says the historiographer of this expedition, "we killed a number of cats, and so called the island Cat Island." The name is a misnomer, like "the battle of Bunker's Hill," the animals killed being not cats, but raccoons, with which the island abounds.

As Bienville passed up the Mississippi he encountered a passage or portage through which he found it necessary to drag his boats. Across a narrow isthmus, "only a musket shot wide," as they measured it in those primitive days, the river had already begun to trickle slowly. Bienville removed the raft of logs and snags that obstructed it, and the water rushed through tumultuously, cutting off the point and giving birth to the name *Pointe Coupée*, "Cut-off Point," borne to this day by a Louisiana parish and town, in memory of an incident that occurred nearly two centuries ago. Thus the whole itinerary of this expedition, its every incident, is pictured vividly in the names of capes and islands, of rivers and bayous.

Take a map of Louisiana, and if you have a key to it, if you understand the meaning of its Indian, French and Spanish names, you will be in possession of much of its history, for very few events have occurred within its limits that have not left their imprint upon its geography.

One will be struck at first, perhaps, with the slight impression that the Spanish rule seems to have made on Louisiana. In St. Bernard Parish on Bayou *Terre-aux-Bœufs*, close to New Orleans, some sonorous old Spanish names and bright young Spanish faces still linger, relics of that colony of Canary Islanders established there by Governor Galvez in 1779, but they are the only representatives of Spain left. New Iberia is the only Spanish name in Southern Louisiana, except *Cocodrie*, a negroism of the Spanish *cocodrillo* or crocodile, an alias for an

alligator, which is as different from a crocodile as a frog from a turtle.

But in the northwestern portion of the State, in the parishes of Sabine, De Soto and Natchitoches, a number of Castilian names still linger; Bayous Toro, "bull;" Negrito, "black"—they spell it "Negreet" nowadays,—San Patrice, San Miguel, San Jose and others telling an episode in American history which came very near plunging this country into war, but of which our histories give no particulars. When Louisiana was transferred from Spain to France and from France to the United States, all in the space of a few months, great uncertainty existed as to its western boundary. A large army was sent from San Antonio and Santa Fé to the border; and Don Felix Marrero, bishop of Nueva Leon, came to Natchitoches to preach and baptize, and made such a strong appeal to the prejudices of the inhabitants, all of them Creoles, that they threatened to secede from the Union. Governor Claiborne ordered an army of 400 men against the Spaniards. The two armies watched each other, only a few hundred paces apart, and a straw might easily have precipitated a war. The Spaniards held possession of this portion of the United States for several years afterward, in defiance of all treaties. Where the Spanish army encamped in 1803 stands the village of Spanishtown to-day. Near by is Spanish Lake—it is still marked as a lake on the map, but its waters have long since dried up, and it is now a collection of prosperous farms—and all around, the country is filled with the sonorous, musical names of Castile and Andalusia.

The traces of the German colony established on the Mississippi by John Law, and Crozat, the original founder of Louisiana, are also rapidly disappearing. A large number of Germans, mainly Alsacians, were brought over under a contract, and located on the Mississippi River, some forty miles above New Orleans. Years ago, the district in which these people live was known as "the German coast," including the Parishes of St. John the Baptist and St. James, but that title vanished more than half a century ago. That most beautiful stream in Louisiana, the famous Têche, a corruption of Tersch or Deutsch, German, and several lakes and bayous in this country, Lac des Allemands, German Lake, and German Bayou, alone recall this Teutonic settlement; all else has been swallowed up in Creole French.

There is scarcely an incident in Louisiana history, dating from even long before the advent of the first white man, but has left its imprint upon the geography of the State. The name Attakapas, "cannibals," a somewhat vague term applied to all Southern Louisiana, calls attention to the fact that the Indian occupants of this region were cannibals at one time.

The name borne by the capital of Louisiana and by two or its parishes, Baton Rouge, or Red Stick, is also a relic of the Indian days, being simply a translation of the aboriginal "Istrouma." The location of the town is on the old boundary line between the two hostile tribes of the Bayagoula and Houma Indians, which was marked, some say by an immense red cedar, others by a large stick or picket painted red. Indian names,

however, are far less frequent in southern than in northern Louisiana, particularly the northwestern corner of the State, which was retained by the government as a reservation for the Caddo, Coushatta, and other Indian tribes, for many years.

Very few persons would be aware that rapids ever existed in Red River, a short distance from Alexandria, but for the name of the parish in which that town is situated—Rapides. Scarcely a ripple marks their place to-day; they have been gone nearly a century.

Even the prehistoric birds and beasts are recollected in this Louisiana nomenclature. Prairie Mamou, Mammoth Prairie, in St. Landry, recalls the antediluvian days when mastodons, mammoths and other prehistoric animals wandered through the lower delta of the Mississippi. The memory of man fails to recall the days when buffaloes existed in Louisiana, but that they were once numerous there is proved by the Ouachita, or Big Buffalo River. Of birds we have Calcasieu Parish, "eagle."

Far out in the wild pine forests of Catahoula is a large settlement known as Funny Louis, named, one would suppose, after some humorous old backwoodsman. Nothing of the sort. It is pure Choctaw, slightly modified from Funna Louach, "burnt squirrel." A short distance off is Bushley's Bayou. It is not named after any deceased Mr. Bushley, and nobody by that name has ever been in that vicinity. It is simply Birchile Bayou, a Choctaw word for "cut-off."

Knight, in his history of London, tells a story of one of the most famous inns of that city, known

as the Bag-o'-Nails Inn, whose name was a puzzle to every one until an antiquary had one of the old signs washed and cleaned, when it betrayed the fact that Bag-o'-Nails was simply a corruption of Bacchanals. Equally ludicrous misnomers exist by the hundred in Louisiana. The first French Governor of the Colony is the victim of one of them. One of the passes at the mouth of the Mississippi was named in his honor, *Passe de Sauvolle*. The Creoles wore it down in time to *Passe de Cheval*, "horse pass," and many of the latter maps have actually so translated it. Other mistakes like that of Horse Pass are the change of the Ouiski River in Calcasieu to "Whisky," *Bogue Chitto*, or "Big Bayou," into *Boggy Chitto*, and *Barbonne* in Lafayette to *Barebones*. *Carencro*, in the same parish, is pronounced *Carrion-Crow* by everybody, and so spelt by many. At the mouth of the river is a barren, desolate mud-lump or island called Garden Island. No garden has ever been there or ever will be; the true name is *Gordon's Island*, after an ancient bar pilot.

Such are a few of the mistakes that have crowded themselves into Louisiana geography to confuse the student. Nicknames are even more numerous, and there are not a few towns which, like the great Grecian philosopher, Plato, have lost their original titles in these nicknames. This is so of both the towns on the right bank of the Mississippi opposite New Orleans—*Gretna* and *Algiers*. The first, which is the seat of justice of Jefferson Parish, is now a prosperous manufacturing town, being the largest producer of cotton-seed oil and moss in the world. Half a century

ago a single house stood here, where lived a good-natured old Creole justice of the peace, so happily married and such an enthusiast on the subject of matrimony that he would get up out of bed at any hour of the night to marry a couple of young lovers from the city; thus emulating the celebrated blacksmith of Gretna Green, and giving a nickname to the incipient town. Algiers is now a portion of New Orleans, constituting the Fifteenth Ward of that city, but nobody knows it by any other name than Algiers. It has its own postoffice, its own fire department, and is separated from the "Crescent City" in everything but its municipal government. It is the seat of the dock yards and boat-building establishments, and has been so for years. Many years ago a leading boat builder of New Orleans paid a visit to his works across the river. The men were somewhat turbulent and unruly, treated their employer roughly, and finally locked him up in his own warehouse, refusing to release him until he agreed to stand treat for all. He surrendered under protest, denounced his jailers violently, and declared—it was at the time that Decatur was distinguishing himself before the "City of the Deys"—that they were no better than Algerines. "This place deserves to be called Algiers," he declared, "for you are all nothing but a lot of pirates." The nickname stuck, and Algiers it is to this day. Very similar is the story of a town in Assumption. A hungry and half-famished traveler reached there one evening and asked for something to eat. The people of the town were very poor, being mainly Cajans, as the Creoles call the descendants

of the Acadians, who came to Louisiana when the English drove them out of Nova Scotia. In the whole town there was not so much as a loaf of baker's bread to be found, and, disgusted and hungry, the stranger rode on to Napoleonville, a few miles distant. "What is the name of the town down the bayou?" he asked; and when told, he continued: "You ought to change its name and call it Shortbread Town." And so it is called to this day, but in French, "Paincourtville"—they pronounce it Pankerville, all the people of the surrounding country being Creoles.

Through all these varieties and forms nearly all Louisiana names have passed. As there was no orthographical authority, no fixed form of spelling, no literature, books or papers, but everybody spelled just as he chose, it is not wonderful that there should be such changes and transformations that the original spelling has been almost completely lost, although the original pronunciation has been very nearly preserved.

(By permission of Norman McF. Walker.)

JULIA K. BAKER.

JULIA KEIM WETHERILL was born in Woodville, Miss., July 18, 1858. She was educated in Philadelphia, married Marion A. Baker, and made her home in New Orleans. Her wide, discriminating, and thoughtful reading fitted her for the work of literary criticism and editorial writing in which she was for many years engaged. Her contributions were made chiefly to the *Times-Democrat*.

There is in her verse a refinement of thought and gracefulness of poetic form that is truly delightful to the reader.

THE LITTLE LIGHT.

IF that my light, when wind and wave are wild,
Hath lured no staggering ship against the reef,
Or toward the jagged, foam-dashed rocks beguiled,—

A pharos false whose gleam brings wreck and grief;—

If that no wandering feet it led astray,
Like a vain marsh-light toward the treacherous bog,—

A flickering flame, a bright delusive ray,
Soon lost and quenched amid the night and fog;—

If that its slender beam stole through the dark,
And lighted back again to home and peace
One struggling soul, then let the little spark
Return that way it came, and gladly cease.

BARTERING WITH TIME.

"GIVE me the gold from off thy hair,
The rose upon thy cheek that lies,—
Thy warbling voice that everywhere
Makes gladness in the trembling air,—
The young joy of thine eyes."

"What wilt thou give to me,—oh, say,
Thou grey old man with restless wings!—
For love's entrancing morn of May,
For bloom and freshness of the day,
And youth that leaps and sings?"

"Lo! I will make thy footstep slow
Across the flowers that bend and wave,
And for thy gold will give thee snow,
And silence for thy laughter low,
And for thy rest a grave."

(By permission of Mrs. Julia K. Wetherill Baker.)

MARTHA MILLER GILL.

MARTHA JANE MILLER was born in Pontotoc County, Mississippi, September 10, 1839. She was educated at the Chickasaw Female College. She enjoyed the benefits of her father's large library, and the direction of her reading and study was for several years the chief diversion of that scholarly man.

In 1864 she married Thomas Maynard Gill, then a Captain in the Confederate Army, and in 1865 moved with him to New Orleans. She followed with her husband the course of studies that admitted him to the bar.

She was, for years, a correspondent for Louisville and New York papers. Her articles are written in forceful, clear, concise style, and with the confident unhesitancy of one who has a firm grasp upon her subject.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN ESSAY ON THE RELATION OF EDUCATION TO CRIME IN THE STATE OF LOUISIANA. A PRIZE ESSAY.

IT has been a frequently admitted axiom that on the right education of youth depends the peace of families, the progress of humanity, and the prosperity of states. To so educate is a work that has to be begun almost as soon as we open our eyes upon earth. The first seven years of a child's life is almost entirely in the keeping of parents, and some philosophers have asserted that there is no new formation in the moral man after the seventh year. How zealously, then, should the educators of this period discharge this duty, since the basis of life's work is

here laid and the character of man as a citizen determined and molded. By moral education we mean cultivating conscience, or as Butler expresses it, "increasing its might to the level of its right." In this moral education restraint is put upon anger, one of the most fearful sources of crime; we are taught to think less of harm done to self, and more of harm done to others; it also cultivates a disposition of kindness and mercy to animals, and to defenseless human beings; in a word, it shuts up a fountain of malevolence and crime; and just as education succeeds in doing this, so does it diminish a tendency to crime in the state.

That education, viewed under this branch, does affect the status of crime, in our own state, we have only to look at the class of criminals; they do not come from families where discipline is constantly fitting them for good men and women, nor from that class of the community who meekly listen to intellectual teachers whose constant aim is to elevate man's standard of right.

How important, then, that the youth of the state should be educated, so as to capacitate them, when they assume the responsibilities of parents, to begin aright this earlier education.

In a recent statistics of crime in England it was found that out of several hundred criminals there in prison only fifteen were noted whose intellects had been cultivated, whose moral natures had been trained to works of kindness and mercy, and in whom fixed habits had been formed by education.

In the forty-fifth annual report of the inspector of the state penitentiary for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania we find the statistical table, covering nearly half a century. The report covers a total of 7,828 persons convicted of crime. Of this number only forty-three were well educated. Facts such as these must settle the disputes as to whether education, or a course of training, is beneficent or not in its results to any state.

The physical powers must also undergo a course of training. This branch of education is quite an important factor in developing the good citizen, since some of the strongest pleasures and pains of life grow out of our organic life—digestion, circulation, respiration and nervous energy—in repair, they give pleasure; out of repair, pain. A perfectly healthy man is always better natured, better fitted for an enterprising, industrious citizen, and more capacitated in every way to adorn his state, rather than tarnish its fame by deeds of crime.

The intellect is to be disciplined by teachers, the real educators of the race—the nobility of whose vocation none can gainsay, and to whom the people of our great commonwealth can never sufficiently show their gratitude.

The life's work of the teacher is to exalt man above the brute creation, to despoil him of all his savage propensities, and make him, as he should ever be, the superior of all created objects, even assimilating him to the image of his maker—God.

(By permission of Mrs. T. M. Gill.)

AS YOU WENT DOWN THE ROAD.

FROM

JOY AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

As you went down the road, dear,
As you went down the road,
How chill the breeze began to blow—
My heart took up its load;
The skies that had been blue and bright,
How fast they darkened into night.

And will you ne'er turn back, dear?
And shall we never meet?
Do no glad cries come up the road?
No swift returning feet?
Halfway to meet you I would run,
Though long the way and set the sun.

Alas! the days go on, dear:
How dulled the daylight seems,
Since you went down the road, dear,
And left me to my dreams—
Left me to bear my weary load,
As I toil after, down the road.

SILENCE.

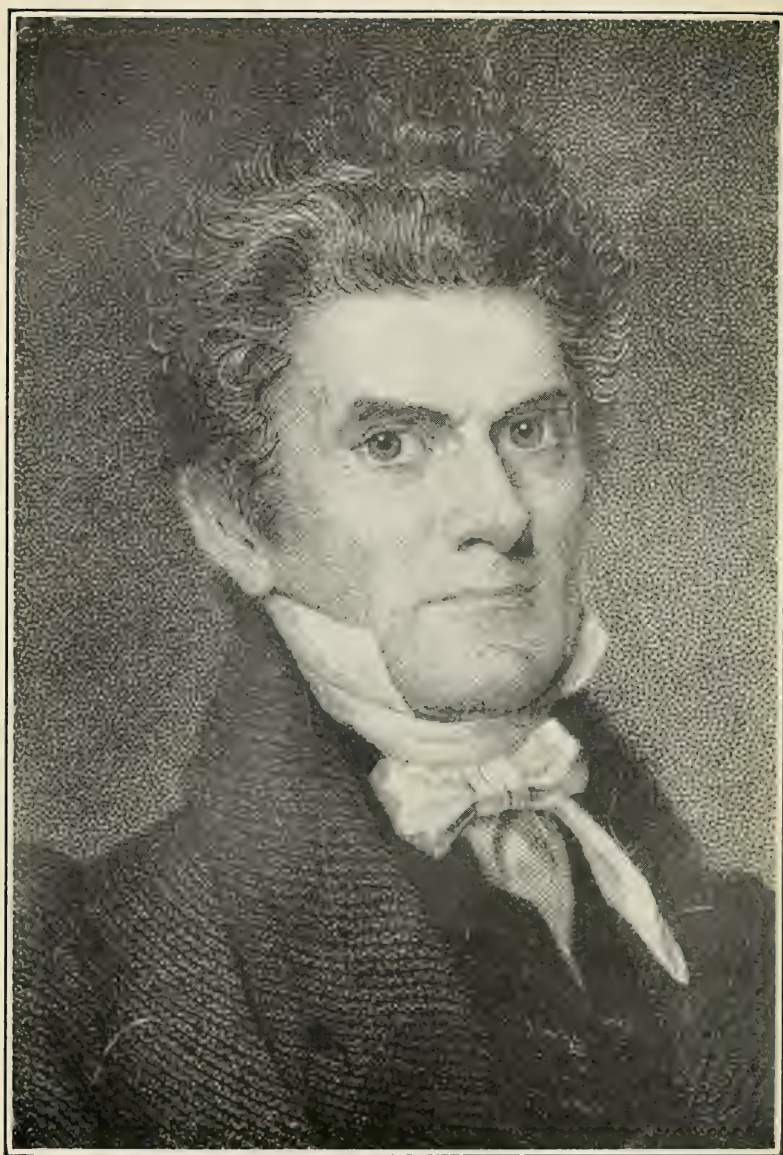
Come down from thine aerial height,
Spirit of the summer night!
Come softly stepping from the slender Moon,
Where thou dost lie upon her gentle breast,
And bring a boon
Of silence and of solace for our rest.

Or lift us, lift our souls to that bright place
Where she doth hide her face;
Lap us in light and cooling fleece, and steep
Our hearts in stillness; drench in drowsy dreams;
Grant us the pleasant languor that beseems,
And rock our sleep.

Quell thy barbed lightning in the sombre west;
Quiet thy thunder-dogs that bay the Moon;
Soothe the day's fretting, like a tender nurse;
Breathe on our spirits till they be in tune:
Were it not best
To hush all noises in the universe,
And bless with solemn quietude, that thus
The still, small voice of God might speak to us?

(By permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.)





J. C. Calhoun

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN.

CALHOUN was the greatest philosophic statesman that this country has produced. He was born in Abbeville District, South Carolina, March 18, 1782, and died in Washington, March 31, 1850. He was prepared for college by Dr. Waddell and was graduated from Yale. He was Secretary of War for eight years, was Secretary of State, was twice Vice President, and for many years was a leader in the Senate. Though an ardent lover of the Union, he was the great champion of the States' Rights Doctrine. Trent says of him: "As a man he was above reproach; as a statesman, full of courage and resources; as an orator, dignified, impressive, and not lacking in deep passion; as a writer, clear and cogent; as a political theorist, weighty and acute."

His greatest single work is either *A Disquisition on Government* or *A Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the United States*.

His writings have been collected in six substantial volumes.

SPEECH ON THE INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT BILL, 1817.

ON this subject of national power, what can be more important than a perfect unity in every part, in feelings and in sentiments? And what can tend more powerfully to produce it than overcoming the effects of distance? No state enjoying freedom ever occupied anything like as great an extent of country as this republic. One hundred years ago the most profound philoso-

phers did not believe it to be even possible. They did not suppose it possible that a pure republic could exist on as great a scale even as the island of Great Britain. What then was considered chimerical we now have the felicity to enjoy; and, what is more remarkable, such is the happy mould of our government, so wisely are the state and general powers arranged, that much of our political happiness derives its origin from the extent of our republic. It has exempted us from most of the causes which distracted the small republics of antiquity. Let it not, however, be forgotten, let it be forever kept in mind, that it exposes us to the greatest of all calamities—next to the loss of liberty, and even to that in its consequences—disunion. We are great and rapidly, and, I was about to say, fearfully growing. This is our pride and our danger, our weakness and our strength. Little does he deserve to be intrusted with the liberties of this people who does not raise his mind to these truths. We are under the most imperious obligation to counteract every tendency to disunion. The strongest of all cements is, undoubtedly, the wisdom, justice, and, above all, the moderation of this House; yet the great subject on which we are now deliberating, in this respect, deserves the most serious consideration. Whatever impedes the intercourse of the extremes with this, the centre of the republic, weakens the union. The more enlarged the sphere of commercial circulation, the more extended that of social intercourse, the more strongly are we bound together, the more inseparable are our destinies. Those who under-

stand the human heart best know how powerfully distance tends to break the sympathies of our nature. Nothing—not even dissimilarity of language—tends more to estrange man from man. Let us, then, bind the republic together with a perfect system of roads and canals. Let us conquer space. It is thus the most distant parts of the republic will be brought within a few days' travel of the centre; it is thus that a citizen of the West will read the news of Boston still moist from the press. The mail and the press are the nerves of the body politic. By them the slightest impression made in the most remote parts is communicated to the whole system; and the more perfect the means of transportation, the more rapid and true the vibration. To aid us in this great work, to maintain the integrity of this republic, we inhabit a country presenting the most admirable advantages. Belted around, as it is, by lakes and oceans, intersected in every direction by bays and rivers, the hand of industry and art is tempted to improvement. So situated, blessed with a form of government at once combining liberty and strength, we may reasonably raise our eyes to a most splendid future if we only act in a manner worthy of our advantages. If, however, neglecting them, we permit a low, sordid, selfish and sectional spirit to take possession of this House, this happy scene will vanish. We will divide, and in its consequence will follow misery and despotism.

LAND OF THE SOUTH.

BY

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK.

LAND of the South!—imperial land!—
How proud thy mountains rise!—
How sweet thy scenes on every hand!
How fair thy covering skies!

But not for this—oh, not for these,
I love thy fields to roam,—
Thou hast a dearer spell to me,—
Thou art my native home!

Thy rivers roll their liquid wealth,
Unequaled to the sea;
Thy hills and valleys bloom with health,
And green with verdure be!
But not for thy proud ocean streams,
Not for thy azure dome,—
Sweet, sunny South! I cling to thee,—
Thou art my native home!

I've stood beneath Italia's clime,
Beloved of tale and song,—
On Helvyn's hills, proud and sublime,
Where nature's wonders throng;
By Tempe's classic sunlit streams,
Where Gods of old did roam,—
But ne'er have found so fair a land
As thou,—my native home!

And thou hast prouder glories, too,
Than nature ever gave,—
Peace sheds o'er thee her genial dew,
And Freedom's pinions wave,—
Fair science flings her pearls around,
Religion lifts her dome,—
These, these endear thee to my heart,—
My own, loved native home!

And "Heaven's best gift to man" is thine,
God bless thy rosy girls!—
Like sylvan flowers they sweetly shine,—
Their hearts are pure as pearls!
And grace and goodness circle them,
Where'er their footsteps roam;
How can I then, whilst loving them,
Not love my native home!

Land of the South!—imperial land!—
Then here's a health to thee,—
Long as thy mountain barriers stand,
May'st thou be blessed and free!
May dark dissension's banner ne'er
Wave o'er thy fertile loam!—
But should it come, there's one will die,
To save his native home!

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

GENERAL LEE, son of "Light-Horse Harry" Lee, was born at Stratford, Westmoreland County, Virginia, January 19, 1807, and died in Lexington, Va., October 12, 1870. He was a graduate of West Point, of which institution he later became Superintendent. As engineer, he improved for navigation the upper Mississippi, and strengthened the defenses of New York harbor and of Baltimore. He served in Texas against the Indians, and during the Mexican War won from General Scott the tribute of praise that Lee was "the greatest military genius in America." When the South withdrew from the Union he was offered the command of the United States Armies, but refused—he could not lead an invasion of his own land nor attack his own people. As Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Armies, he proved the truth of Scott's estimate of his ability. After the war he became president of Washington College, named now, in his honor, Washington and Lee University.

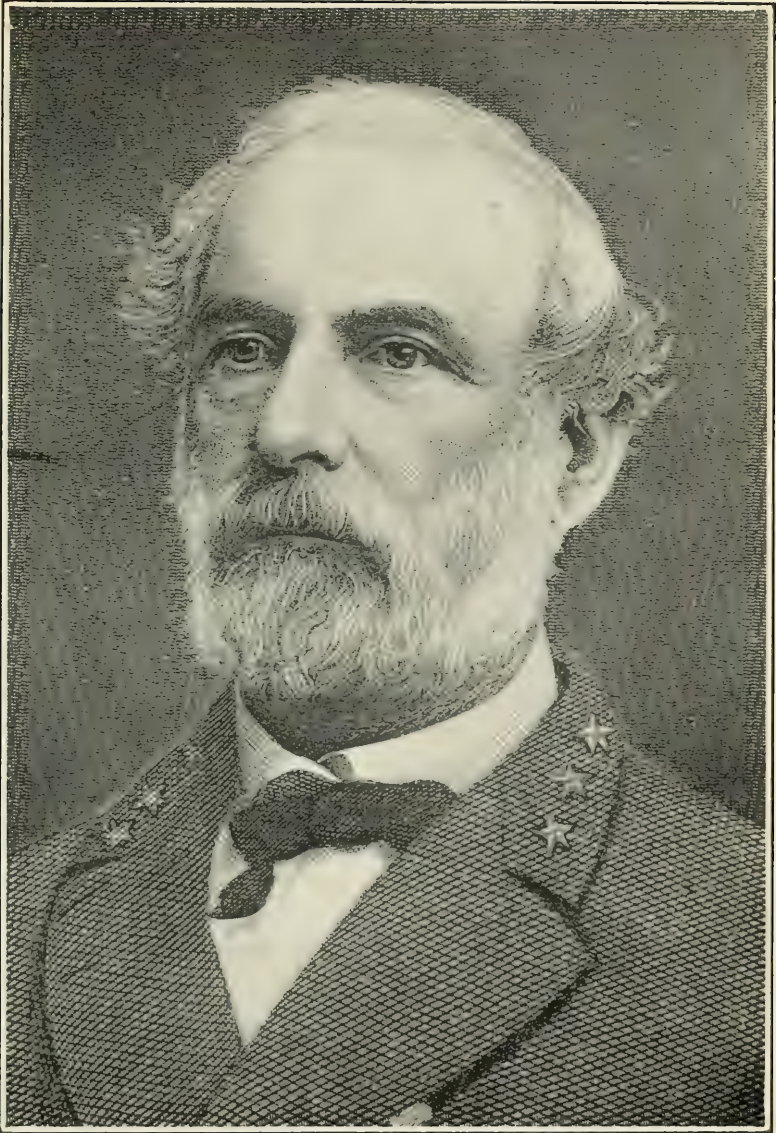
His military genius is recognized throughout the world, and the purity and nobility of his character have made him the idol of the people of the South.

His authorship is confined to his Letters and Addresses, and the editing of the Memoirs of the Revolution by his father.

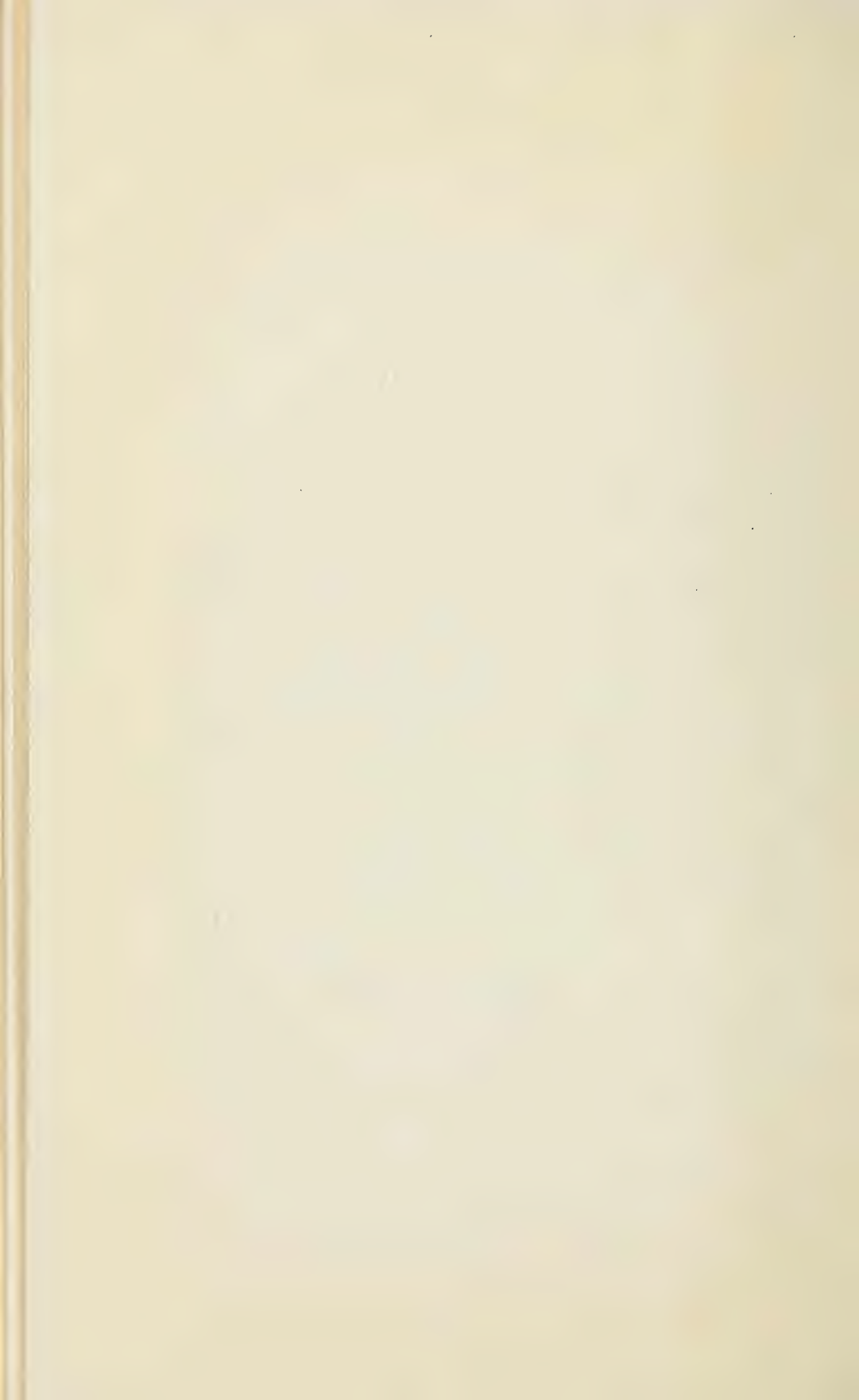
GENERAL LEE'S LAST ORDER.

(APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE, APRIL 10, 1865.)

AFTER four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need



Yours obt. Servt
R. E. Smith



not tell the brave survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but, feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that would compensate for the loss that must have attended the continuance of the contest, I determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes, and remain until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection.

With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous considerations for myself, I bid you all an affectionate farewell.

LETTER TO PRESIDENT DAVIS AFTER THE SURRENDER.

NEAR APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE, VA.

APRIL 12, 1865.

MR. PRESIDENT—It is with pain that I announce to Your Excellency the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. The operations which preceded this result will be reported in full. I will, therefore, only now state that, upon arriving at Amelia Courthouse on the morning of the 4th with the advance of the army, on the retreat

from the lines in front of Richmond and Petersburg, and not finding the supplies ordered to be placed there, nearly twenty-four hours were lost in endeavoring to collect in the country subsistence for men and horses. This delay was fatal, and could not be retrieved. The troops, wearied by continual fighting and marching for several days and nights, obtained neither rest nor refreshment; and on moving on the 5th, on the Richmond and Danville Railroad, I found at Jetersville the enemy's cavalry, and learned the approach of his infantry and the general advance of his army toward Burkesville. This deprived us of the use of the railroad, and rendered it impracticable to procure from Danville the supplies ordered to meet us at points of our march. Nothing could be obtained from the adjacent country. Our route to Roanoke was, therefore, changed, and the march directed upon Farmville, where supplies were ordered from Lynchburg. The change of route threw the troops over the roads pursued by the artillery and wagon trains west of the railroad, which impeded our advance and embarrassed our movements. * * * Learning the condition of affairs on the lines, where I had gone under the expectation of meeting General Grant to learn definitely the terms he proposed in a communication received from him on the 8th, in the event of the surrender of the army, I requested a suspension of hostilities until these terms could be arranged. In the interview which occurred with General Grant, in compliance with my request, terms having been agreed on, I surrendered that portion of the Army of Northern Virginia which

was on the field, with its arms, artillery, and wagon trains, the officers and men to be paroled, retaining their side-arms and private effects. I deemed this course the best under all the circumstances by which we were surrounded. On the morning of the 9th, according to the reports of the ordnance officers, there were 7,892 organized infantry with arms, with an average of seventy-five rounds of ammunition per man. The artillery, though reduced to sixty-three pieces, with ninety-three rounds of ammunition, was sufficient. These comprised all the supplies of ordnance that could be relied on in the State of Virginia. I have no accurate report of the cavalry, but believe it did not exceed 2,100 effective men. The enemy were more than five times our numbers. If we could have forced our way one day longer it would have been at a great sacrifice of life, and at its end I did not see how a surrender could have been avoided. We had no subsistence for man or horse, and it could not be gathered in the country. The supplies ordered to Pamplin's Station from Lynchburg could not reach us, and the men, deprived of food and sleep for many days, were worn out and exhausted.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

THE VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY.

BY

FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR.

THE Knightliest of the Knightly race,
That since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold.
The kindest of the kindly band
That rarely hated ease!
That rode with Raleigh round the land,
With Smith around the seas.

Who climbed the blue embattled hills
Against uncounted foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
The Lily and the Rose!
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
Whose beauty stars the earth;
And lights the hearts of happy homes
With loveliness and worth!

We thought they slept! the men who kept
The names of noble sires,
And slumbered, while the darkness crept
Around their vigil fires!
But aye! the golden horse-shoe Knights
Their Old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground
But not a Knight asleep.

VIRGINIA.

BY

FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR.

TREBLE Triumph to thy spears,
Daughter of the Cavaliers!

Virginia!

Let the timbrel and the dance
Tell the terrors of thy lance,
Tell thy great deliverance,

Virginia!

On the land and on the sea,
Thou hast triumphed gloriously,

Virginia!

Loftier head or haughtier foe,
Laid in dust of battle, low,
Never decked thy saddle-bow,

Virginia!

Blazed the light of buried years
Awful through thy blinding tears,

Virginia!

Spirits of the mighty Dead,
Summoned by thy battle-tread,
Followed where thy falchion led,

Virginia!

Hand to hand they smote again
The Savage and the Saracen!

Virginia!

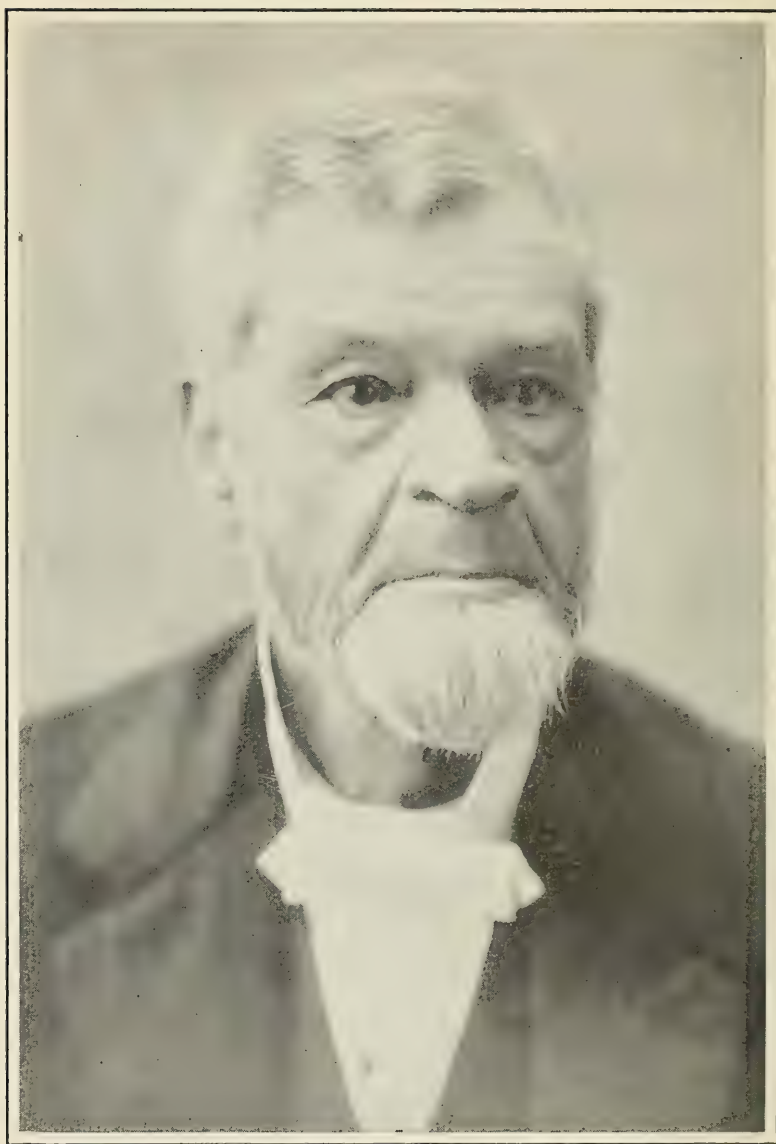
Heart to heart as son and sire,
Sword of wrath and soul of fire,
Swept to vengeance, swift and dire,

Virginia!

Mailed in thine immortal wrong,
In thy matchless sorrows, strong,
Virginia;
Harness thee from head to heel—
Gird thee, quarter-deck to keel,
In massy oak and sheeted steel,
Virginia!

First in Freedom's fight of old—
Foremost, now, thou heart of gold,
Virginia!
Forward! and the grace that flings
The heart to death above a king's
Shall follow where thy bugle sings,
Virginia!

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B. H. Palmer, D. D.

BENJAMIN MORGAN PALMER.

DR. PALMER was born in Charleston, S. C., January 25, 1818, and died in New Orleans, May 25, 1902. He received his education at the University of Georgia and the Theological Seminary at Columbia, S. C. He entered the ministry of the Presbyterian church in 1841 and was assigned to a church in Savannah, Ga. He was soon transferred to Columbia, S. C., where he remained for fourteen years, teaching in the Theological School as well as preaching. In 1856 he came to New Orleans and for forty-six years was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church.

He was a public-spirited citizen and a man of great moral courage, entering earnestly and fearlessly into every movement for the social and moral advancement of the community. He was a man of great learning and great ability, a profound thinker and a clear reasoner; primarily a logician, and yet at the same time gifted with a power of imagery and a sense of the beautiful that was truly poetic.

He is the author of Sermons, and a Life of James Thornwell.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS ON LEE

OCTOBER 18, 1870.

BY

BENJAMIN MORGAN PALMER.

It would be a somewhat singular subject of speculation to discover how it is that national character so often remarkably expresses itself in single individuals who are born as representatives of a class. It is wonderful, for it has been the remark of ages, how the great are born in clusters—sometimes, indeed, one star shining with solitary splendor in the firmament above, but generally gathered in grand constellations, filling

the sky with glory. What is that combination of influences, partly physical, partly intellectual, but somewhat more moral, which should make a particular country productive of men great over all others on earth and to all ages of time?

Ancient Greece, with her indented coast inviting to maritime adventures, from her earliest period was the mother of heroes in war, of poets in song, of sculptors and artists, and stands up, after the lapse of centuries, the educator of mankind, living in the grandeur of her works, and in the immortal productions of minds which modern civilization with all its cultivation and refinement and science has never surpassed and scarcely equalled.

And why in the three hundred years of American history it should be given to the Old Dominion to be the grand mother, not only of States, but of the men by whom States and empires are formed, it might be curious were it possible for us to inquire. Unquestionably, Mr. President, there is in this problem the element of race, for he is blind to all the truths of history, to all the revelations of the past, who does not recognize a select race, as we recognize a select individual of a race, to make history; but, passing by all speculation of that sort, when Virginia unfolds the scroll of her immortal sons—not because illustrious men did not precede him, gathering in constellations and clusters, but because the name shines out through those constellations and clusters in all its peerless grandeur—we read the name of George Washington.

And then, Mr. President, after the interval of three-quarters of a century, when your jealous

eye has ranged down the record and traced the names that history will never let die, you come to the name, the only name in all the annals of history that can be named in the perilous connection, of Robert E. Lee—the second Washington. Well may old Virginia be proud of her twin sons. Born almost a century apart, but shining like those binary stars which open their glory and shed their splendor on the darkness of the world, sir, it is not an artifice of rhetoric which suggests this parallel between two great names in American history; for the suggestion springs spontaneously to every mind, and men scarcely speak of Lee without thinking of a mysterious connection that binds the two together.

They were alike in the presage of their early history, the history of their boyhood. Both earnest, grave, studious—born alike in that peculiar purity which belongs only to a noble boy, and which makes him a brave and noble man, filling the page of a history spotless until closed in death; alike in that commanding presence which seems to be the signature of heaven sometimes placed on a great soul when to that soul is given a fit dwelling place; alike in that noble carriage and commanding dignity—exercising a mesmeric influence, and a hidden power which could not be repressed, upon all who came within its charm; alike in the remarkable combination and symmetry of their intellectual attributes, all brought up to the same equal level, no faculty of the mind overlapping any other—all so equal, so well developed, the judgment, the reason, the memory, the fancy; and, above all, alike in that soul great-

ness, that Christian virtue, to which so beautiful a tribute has been rendered by my friend (Thomas J. Semmes), whose high privilege it was to be a compeer and comrade with the immortal dead, although in another department and sphere. And yet, Mr. President, were they, in their external fortune, so strangely dissimilar—the one the representative and the agent of a stupendous revolution, which it pleased Heaven to bless, and give birth to one of the mightiest nations on the globe; the other the representative and agent of a similar revolution, upon which it pleased High Heaven to throw the darkness of its frown, so that, bearing upon his generous heart the weight of this crushed cause, he was at length overwhelmed. And the nation which he led in battle gathers with spontaneity of grief over all this land, which is plowed with graves and reddened with blood, and the tears of a widowed nation in her bereavement are shed over his honored grave.

But these crude suggestions, which fall almost impromptu from my lips, suggest that which I desire to offer before this audience to-night. I accept Robert E. Lee as the true type of the American man, and the Southern gentleman. A brilliant English writer has well remarked, with a touch of sound philosophy, that when a nation has rushed upon its fate the whole force of a national life will sometimes shoot up in one grand character, like the aloe which blooms at the end of a hundred years, shooting up in one single spike of glory, and then expiring. And wherever philosophy, refinement and culture have gone upon the globe it is possible to place the finger upon indi-

vidual men who are the exemplars of a nation's character, those typical forms under which others less noble, less expanded, have manifested themselves.

That gentle, that perfect moderation, that self-command which enabled him to be so self-possessed amidst the most trying difficulties of his public career, a refinement almost such as that which marks the character of the purest woman, were blended in him with that massive strength, that mighty endurance, that consistency and power which gave him and the people whom he led such momentum under the disadvantages of the struggle through which he passed.

Born from the general level of American society, blood of a noble ancestry flowed in his veins, and he was a type of the race from which he sprang. Such was the grandeur and urbaneness of his manner, the dignity and majesty of his carriage, that his only peer in social life could be found in courts and among those educated amidst the refinements of courts and thrones. In that regard there was something beautiful and appropriate that he should become in the later years of his life the educator of the young. Sir, it is a cause for mourning before High Heaven to-night that he was not spared thirty years to educate a generation for the time to come.

General Lee I accept as the representative of his people, and of the temper with which this whole Southland entered into that gigantic, that prolonged and that disastrous struggle which has closed, but closed as to us, in grief. Sir, they wrong us who say that the South was ever impa-

tient to rupture the bonds of the American Union. The War of 1776, which, sir, has no more yet a written history than has the war of 1861 to 1865, tells us that it was this Southland that wrought the revolution of 1776. We were the heirs of all the glory of that immortal struggle. It was purchased with our blood, and which we desire to transmit, pure and consecrated, to the sons that are born to our loins. The traditions of the past sixty years were a portion of our heritage, and it never was easy for any great heart and reflective mind even to seem to part with that heritage to enter upon the perilous effort of establishing a new nationality. We loved every inch of American soil, and loved every part of that canvas [The speaker here pointed to the Stars and Stripes above him.] which, as a symbol of power and authority, floated from the spires and from the masts of our vessels; and it was only after the bitterest anguish that this land which now lies in her sorrow and ruin took upon herself that great peril; but it is all emblemized in the regret experienced by him whose praises are upon our lips, and who, like the English Nelson, recognized duty engraved in letters of light as the only ensign he could follow, and who, tearing away from all the associations of his early life, and abandoning the reputation gained in the old service, made up his mind to embark in the new, and with that modesty and that firmness, belonging only to the truly great, expressed his willingness to live and die in any position assigned to him.

All over this land of ours there are men like Lee—not as great, not as symmetrical in the de-

velopment of character, not as grand in the proportions which they have reached, but who, like him, are sleeping upon memories that are as holy as death—and who, amidst all reproach, appeal to the future, and to the tribunal of history, when she shall render her final verdict in reference to the struggle just closed, for the vindication of the people embarked in that struggle. We are silent, resigned, obedient, and thoughtful, sleeping upon solemn memories, Mr. President; but, as said by the poet-preacher in the Good Book, “I sleep, but my heart waketh,” looking upon the future that is to come, and powerless in everything except to pray to Almighty God, who rules the destinies of nations, that those who have the power may at least have the grace given them to preserve the constitutional principles which we have endeavored to maintain. And, sir, were it my privilege to speak in the hearing of the entire nation, I would utter with the profoundest emphasis this pregnant truth: That no people ever traversed those moral ideas which underlie its character, its constitution, its institutions and its laws that did not in the end perish in disaster, in shame and in dishonor. Whatever be the glory, the material civilization of which a nation may boast, it still holds true that the truth is immortal, and that ideals rule the world.

And now I have but a single word to say, and that is that the grave of this noble hero is bedewed with the most tender and sacred tears ever shed upon a human tomb. Sir, the men in these galleries that once wore the gray are here to-night that they may bend the knee in reverence at the

grave of him whose voice and hand they obeyed amidst the storms of battle; the young widow, who but yesterday leant upon the arm of her soldier husband, but now clasps wildly to her breast the young child that never beheld its father's face, comes here to shed her tears over this grave to-night; and the aged matron, with the tears streaming from her eyes as she recalls the unforgotten dead lying on the plains of Gettysburg or the heights of Fredericksburg, now to-night joins in our dirge over him who was that son's chieftain and counsellor and friend.

A whole nation has risen up, in the spontaneity of its grief to render the tribute of its love. Sir, there is a unity in the grapes when they grow together in the clusters upon the vine, and holding the bunch in your hand you speak of it as one; but there is another unity when you throw these grapes into the wine press, and the feet of those that bruise these grapes trample them almost profanely beneath their feet together in the communion of pure wine: and such is the union and communion of hearts that have been fused by tribulation and sorrow, and that meet together in the true feeling of an honest grief to express the homage of their affection, as well as to render a tribute of praise to him upon whose face we shall never look until on that immortal day we shall behold it transfigured before the throne of God.

(From the Life and Letters of B. M. Palmer by Thomas Cary Johnson. By permission of The Presbyterian Committee of Publication.)

NOTES

THE CARNIVAL.

Boeuf Gras. The fatted ox that heads the Mardi Gras parade in New Orleans.

THE FATE OF THE UNCOMPROMISING.

Field of the Cloth of Gold. In 1520 Henry VIII of England and Francis I of France met, to pledge their friendship, near Guisnes in France. The meeting place received its name from the immense sums of money that were expended by the nobles on magnificent costumes and gorgeous and costly cloths of silver and gold with which they made their tents.

Metternich. A noted Austrian diplomat in power at the time of the defeat of Napoleon.

Waterloo. The battle in Belgium at which Napoleon was conquered. The word Waterloo is frequently used today to mean any great or complete defeat.

THE BATTLE OF EUTAW.

Owen Glendower's Tributary Spirits. A reference to Henry IV, in which play Shakespeare represents Glendower as a wizard who could not save himself from the fatal battle of Shrewsbury.

Kings Mountain. The victory of the Americans that caused Cornwallis in 1780 to abandon the attempt to subjugate North Carolina.

Jamaica. Rum.

Frederick of Prussia. Frederick II, "The Great," who had just come through the Seven Years' War.

LOST KITES.

The Buddhist faith is the chief religion of Japan and has many followers in both India and China. More than one-third of the world's population practices this religion.

Electric Spider. Electric wires.

Weird Sisters. The three Fates, destiny.

THE CESSIONS OF LOUISIANA.

King of Spain. Charles IV.

First Consul. Bonaparte.

Territory of Orleans. In 1805 that part of the Louisiana purchase afterward called Louisiana was organized into the Territory of Orleans.

Tri-Color. The red, white and blue of the French Republic.

THE NEW SOUTH.

Dr. Talmage. A distinguished American preacher and lecturer.

Battle-Stained Cross. The bars of the Confederate battle flag form the cross of St. Andrew.

Feudal. Having the power, wealth and pride of the mediaeval Barons.

Without Legal Status. After the war the South was treated as conquered territory, and each State was governed during the Reconstruction period either as a military province or by the negroes and their political associates.

Jewel in the Toad's Head. There was an old belief that in the head of the toad was a stone that worked magic, warded off evil and destroyed the effect of poison. Shakespeare's oft-repeated lines, "Sweet are the uses of adversity; which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head," have perpetuated this superstition.

Sherman Careless with Fire. He left behind him on his march from Atlanta to Savannah a track of destruction nearly forty miles wide. He estimated that the ruin he had wrought caused a loss to the South of \$100,000,000.

Mason and Dixon's Line. The boundary line between Pennsylvania and Maryland determined, 1763-1767, by the surveyors Mason and Dixon. It came later to be considered as the dividing line between the North and the South.

Hang out the Latchstring, so that anyone can open the door and enter, a figurative way of expressing unlimited hospitality.

COLONIAL PIRACY.

Lords Proprietors. Men to whom lands in the English colonies were given and over which they ruled almost as kings.

MARTYR PATRIOTS.

Caius Julius Caesar subjugated the whole known world with its hundred million of inhabitants to the rule of Rome. He converted the republic into an empire, though he refused to bear the title of monarch. He was assassinated by a band of men who wished to preserve the republic (100-44 B. C.).

Louis XV was the French king who ceded Louisiana to Spain in 1763.

THE SWAMP FOX.

Swamp Fox. Marion, a South Carolina patriot.

Tarleton. A British Colonel called "Bloody" because of his barbarous cruelty.

Shy. Retreat.

Dry Potatoes on Our Boards. Shows the condition of

dire want under which these patriotic and courageous men were fighting.

THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO.

The Creek Indians under Wetherford revolted, destroyed Fort Mims near Mobile, but after a five months' war were completely crushed by Andrew Jackson at the battle of Horseshoe Bend, March 27, 1814.

Stand of Colors. A single color or flag.

THE WILDCAT.

Open At. Begin to bark on view or scent of the game.

The Trail Became a Drag. The dogs followed not the footprints of the game but the smell of the animal on the ground.

THE LEGION OF HONOR.

Right Divine. The belief that kings were chosen by God and were responsible to Him alone for their conduct.

Hebrew Youth. David who killed, with a stone from his sling, the Philistine giant Goliath.

Lie on the Roses of Our Life. Remain idle in comfort and luxury.

A COUNTRY BOY'S FIRST TRIAL.

The Controversy in Virginia led to a suit to release the people from a heavy tax laid upon them for the benefit of the clergy.

REST.

Brindled Beeches. On account of the spotted appearance of their bark.

LAST FIGHT OF THE ALABAMA.

Came Down by the Run. Suddenly.

DAVIS—SPEECH ON LEAVING THE SENATE.

Black Hawk War. Against the Fox and Sac Indians of Wisconsin.

Fortress Monroe. The fort at Old Point Comfort, Va., controlling the entrance to Hampton Roads. Jefferson Davis was kept a prisoner in one of its casemates for two years. His room was damp and unhealthy, he was allowed no privacy, was subjected to many indignities and was even put in irons by his jailor, General Miles.

State Rights. The doctrine that the States of the Union were sovereign, and that each could withdraw from that union if it felt its rights under the contract of the Constitution violated.

Nullification differed from State Rights in not enforcing the objectionable law, though not leaving the Union.

THE CANOE FIGHT.

Herculean. Powerful. Hercules is the Latin name for the Greek god of strength.

Captain David Porter At Valparaiso. His ship, the

frigate *Essex*, with thirty-two guns, was there captured by the British ships *Phoebe*, with 36 guns, and the *Cherub*, with twenty guns (the War of 1812).

CAROLINA.

John Rutledge. President of South Carolina during the Revolution.

John Laurens. Killed in one of the skirmishes of the Revolution.

The Huns. The most savage of the peoples of ancient times are compared by the poet to the Northern invaders of the South.

Sachem's Head to Sumter's Wall. From the mountains of the northwest to Charleston's fortress on the east.

LOYALTY OF THE SOUTH.

The Gentleman. Daniel Webster.

GEOGRAPHICAL NOMENCLATURE.

Falstaff. A fat and merry rogue in Shakespeare's plays *Henry IV* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. He was always getting into trouble and getting out by means of his wit, by lying and by assuming the names of others.

Gretna Green. A village in Scotland, near the English border and famous for runaway marriages.

City of the Deys. Algiers, the capital of Algeria.

LAND OF THE SOUTH.

Helvyn's Hills. The mountains of Helvetia or Switzerland.

Tempe. A beautiful valley in North Greece.

LEE.

West Point. On the Hudson, the military school of the United States.

VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY.

Kept the Lamp of Chivalry Alight. Kept men brave and noble.

Golden Horse-Shoe. To each of the Virginians who with himself were the first to cross the Blue Ridge, Gov. Spotswood gave a gold horse-shoe.

Old Dominion. Virginia.

VIRGINIA.

Saracen. Arab; here it means any barbarous, unchristian foe.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

Binary. Twin.

EXPEDITION OF ST. DENIS TO MEXICO.

Milk and honey. The rich products of the land, good things, luxuries.

Bourbons. The royal family of both France and Spain.

Montezuma. The Emperor of the Aztec Indians, from whom the Spaniards, under Cortez, in 1521, took Mexico.

Moorish Dagger. The Moors, the descendants of the Arabs and the Berber tribes of North Africa, conquered Spain in 711 and ruled it until 1492. Their long period of domination strongly influenced Spanish character and life.

Anthony Crozat from 1712 to 1717 was granted by the King of France a monopoly of trade in Louisiana.

Sibyls. Lesser deities who, according to the Greeks and Romans, were gifted with prophesy, hence a fortune teller. The greatest of the Sibyls was Amalthea, who sold the books of prophesy to Tarquin, a king of ancient Rome.

Great Spirit. The chief of the Indian gods.

Bulwer, 1803-1873. One of the greatest of the English novelists.

The Mississippi Company under John Law succeeded to Crozat's grant and aroused a spirit of speculation that resulted in one of the worst business panics that Europe ever experienced. The complete collapse of the company's plans earned for it the nickname of the Mississippi Bubble.

Andalusian Steed. A horse from the Spanish province of Andalusia, which was famous for its strong and fleet horses.

Letter Patent. An open document issued by the government.

Homeric Style. A rough but generously hospitable manner.

Pulque. A liquor made from the century-plant.

A CREVASSE.

La Rose Blanche. The White Rose.

Bon Soldat. Good soldier.

Crevasse. An overflow caused by a break in the levee.

Quarters. The section of the plantation in which the negroes lived.

Pirogue. A dugout canoe, hence a small boat.

Great House. The plantation owner's residence.

Small People. Fairies.

A LETTER FROM THE ALAMO.

Thermopylae. A narrow pass between the sea and mountains of Central Greece, where in 480 B. C., during the Greco-Persian War, Leonidas and 4,000 Greeks held back for three days the 950,000 troops of Xerxes. Betrayed on the fourth day, Leonidas sent home 3,000 of his men and with 700 Thespians and 300 Spartans remained to die rather than to retreat or surrender. Their noble death won for them a place among the world's greatest heroes.

LAFITTE THE "PIRATE."

Duties. A form of taxation requiring a payment of money to the government for goods brought into the country.

Calaboose. The name given by the Spaniards to the common jail.

Edward Livingston. A distinguished Louisiana lawyer.

Spanish Main. Formerly, the Caribbean Sea and adjacent waters to the east.

Neutrality Act. A law forbidding our citizens taking part in a war between other nations. The first demand for American neutrality was embodied in the proclamation of Washington in 1793, forbidding our participation in the war between England and France.

Barataria was named after the island town of which Don Quixote's Sancho Panza was made governor.

DOWN THE BAYOU.

Ursulines. An order of Catholic Sisters that came, under the leadership of Mother Tranchepin, from France to Louisiana and established at New Orleans in 1727, one of the first girl's schools in North America.

Spanish Fort. Fort St. John, a small brick fort built by the Spaniards at the junction of Bayou St. John and Lake Pontchartrain.

MR. HENRY AGAINST JOHN HOOK.

Son of Emerald Isle. An Irishman.

TEXAS PATRIOTS PRISONERS IN MEXICO.

Vulcan. The Latin name for the Greek god of fire.

A STATUE DUE SIEUR DE BIENVILLE.

Pere Marquette. A French missionary and explorer, 1673.

Cadillac. A French officer, founded Detroit in 1701 and was Governor of Louisiana, 1711-1717.

LADY APRIL.

Blue Daisies. The aster or Michaelmas daisy.

HISTORIC NEW ORLEANS.

Place d'Armes. The park, now Jackson Square, in front of the Cabildo.

Rochambeau with 4,000 French troops aided Washington in the siege of Yorktown.

Bernado de Galvez. Spanish Governor of Louisiana, 1777-1785.

Vaudreuil. A French nobleman, Governor of Louisiana in 1743, a lover of pomp, show and luxury.

Cabildo. The town hall of the Spanish in New Orleans.

Father Charlevoix. A distinguished French priest who wrote an account of his visit to New Orleans in 1722.

Iberville. The colonizer of Louisiana and the elder brother of Bienville.

Rue. A street.

Vieux Carre. The old French City of New Orleans, as its name indicates, was laid out in the form of a square.

WHAT ONE BOY DID TO WIN OUR COUNTRY'S FREEDOM.

Fee Simple. Complete ownership.

The Tories were the colonists who remained loyal to England during the Revolution.

The Whig Party in America was originally composed of the Revolutionists.

THE WILD LILY AND THE PASSION FLOWER.

St. Tammany Parish was named after an Indian chief and not a Christian saint.

Mount Tabor (Thabor), in Palestine, is the traditional scene of the transfiguration of Christ and the Mount of Olives the hill where He prayed in agony just before the crucifixion.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

Fernando de Soto was buried in the Mississippi river.

LITTLE GIFFEN.

Little Giffen was Isaac Giffen, the son of a Tennessee blacksmith. This heroic boy, the very embodiment of courage and loyalty, was probably killed near Atlanta.

Lazarus. Covered with sores like Lazarus, the beggar, as he lay suffering before the door of Dives; Luke 16:19-31.

Joseph E. Johnston. Hard pressed by Sherman in the advance on Atlanta.

LOYAL.

Douglas, bearing the heart of Bruce, the national hero of Scotland, to the tomb of Christ in Jerusalem, stopped in Spain to fight the Moors, and there met his heroic death.

Arthur. Celtic hero and King of Britain who gathered his knights, the noblest and bravest in the world, about a round table.

A SURVEYING EXPEDITION.

Sugar Trees. Trees from the sap of which sugar is obtained, especially the sugar maple.

VISIT OF LAFAYETTE.

Louis XVI and Louis Phillippe. Kings of France.

Tacitus. A Roman historian, 75-120 A. D.

Triumphal Procession. The Roman general who conquered new lands marched, on his return, through the streets of Rome to the Capitoline Temple. Chained to the victor's chariot was the defeated monarch, and behind followed the hosts of captives and the other spoils.

THE STREAMLET'S WARNING.

Elysian. In Greek mythology the Elysian Fields represent our Heaven.

THE DESECRATED CHAPEL.

They Rode the Ring, Sped the Spear and Broke the Lance. They engaged in tournaments or mock battles and other knightly sports.

Misereres. Hymns of repentance.

ADDRESS TO LAFAYETTE.

The Treaty of Ghent, December 24, 1814, put an end to the War of 1812.

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM.

Auto da Fe. The burning of a heretic.

Ultima Thule. The most northern point known to the Romans; it is therefore used by our writers to mean the extremity of the world.

ELDORADO.

Eldorado. Golden city, a land of opportunity or wealth.

EULALIE.

Astarte. The Phoenician moon goddess.

HENRY—RETURN OF THE BRITISH REFUGEES.

David Garrick. A famous English actor; 1717-1779.

LOUISIANA IN THE WAR OF 1812.

La Marseillaise. The French national hymn, composed by Rouget de l'Isle in 1792 during the French Revolution.

Le Chant du Depart. The Revolutionary song next in popularity to the Marseillaise. It was written in 1794 by M. J. Chenier to commemorate the destruction of the Bastille.

Trembling Prairies. Sometimes called quaking or floating prairies are formed by matted roots and weeds that are floating on the water but appear to be solid ground.

The Acadians were the French settlers of Nova Scotia. During the French and Indian War, 1755, they were driven from their homes and scattered among the colonies. Many of them came to Louisiana and located chiefly in the southwestern part of the State. They are now generally called Cajuns. Longfellow's Evangeline gives the best description of their dispersal.

Congreve Rocket. A military sky-rocket invented in 1808 by Sir William Congreve.

THE SIMPLON.

Marengo. A battle in which Napoleon won North Italy from an Austrian army three times as large as his own (June 14, 1800).

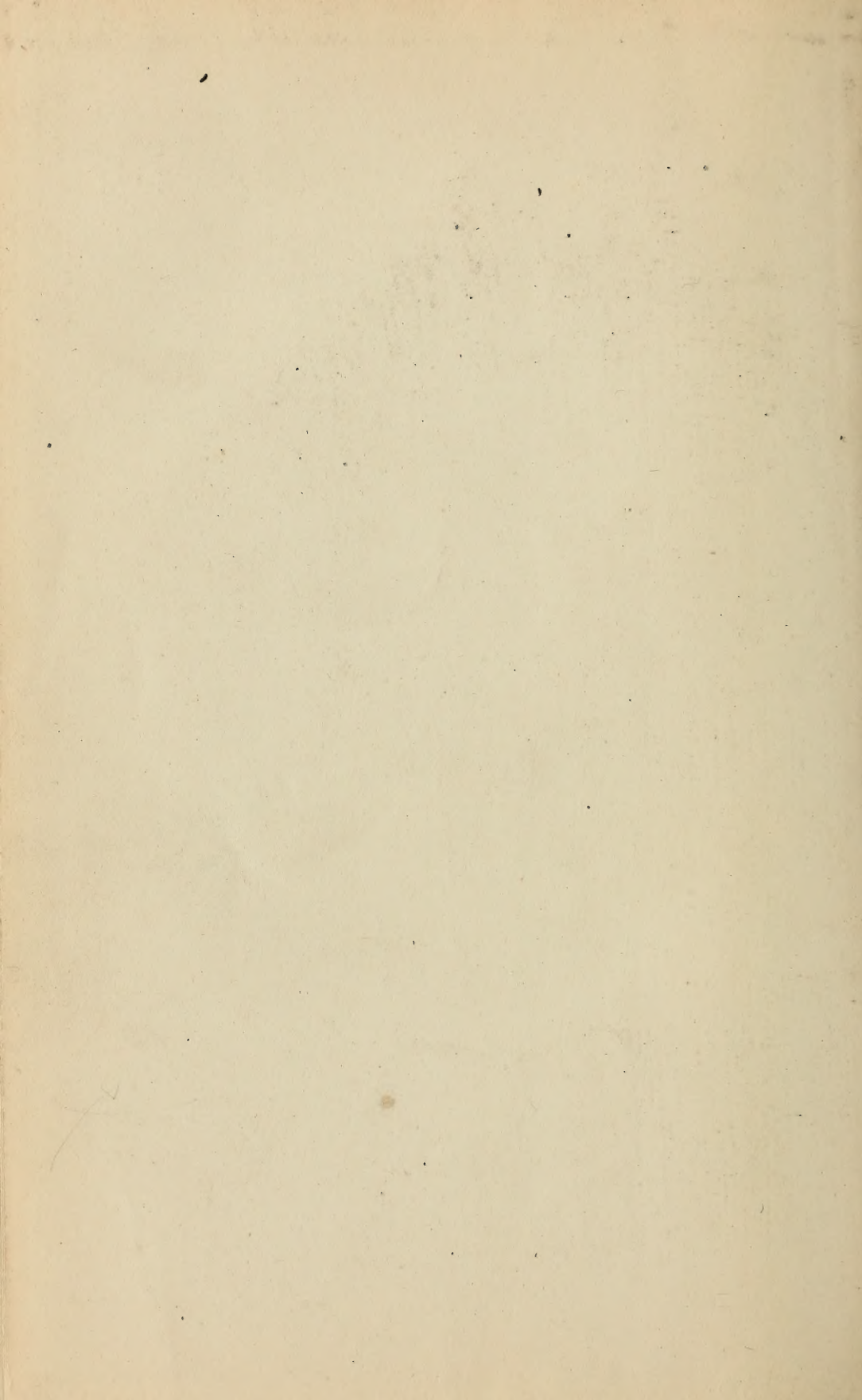
THE KNIGHTS OF THE WHITE CAMELIA.

Carpet Baggers were unscrupulous and thieving Northerners who came to the South during the reconstruction period, and sought to grow rich by becoming political allies of the negroes. They usually brought with them cheap satchels or traveling bags made of carpet.

A PRONOUNCING LIST OF PROPER NAMES FOUND IN TEXT.

<i>Adrien Rouquette</i> (ê' dri an rū' ket)	<i>Carondelet</i> (ca rɔn' de let')
<i>Aletsch</i> (ā' lech)	<i>Casa Calvo</i> (cā' sā cal' vo')
<i>Allouez</i> (ā lū ā')	<i>Castile</i> (cas-til')
<i>Alsacian</i> (al sê shi an)	<i>Catahoula</i> (cat' a-hū' la)
<i>Amiens</i> (ā' mi' ān')	<i>Catawba</i> (ca-tō' ba)
<i>Anahuac</i> (ā nā' wāc)	<i>Céard</i> (sê' ār')
<i>Andalusia</i> (an' da-lū' shi-a)	<i>Chalmette</i> (shal' met')
<i>Apalachy</i> (ap' a lach' i)	<i>Chant du Départ</i> (shān dū dê' pâr')
<i>Astarte</i> (as-târ' tẹ)	<i>Charlevoix</i> (shar' lẹ-vwa')
<i>Attakapas</i> (a tuck' a pā)	<i>Chartres</i> (shār tr)
<i>Audubon</i> (ō' diu bon)	<i>Cherbourg</i> (shār būr')
<i>Azores</i> (a zōrz')	<i>Cherokee</i> (cher' o kî)
<i>Balize</i> (ba-lîz')	<i>Chickasaw</i> (chic' a-sô)
<i>Barataria</i> (bā' ra tar' i ā)	<i>Chitto</i> (chit' tɔ')
<i>Barbonne</i> (bār' bon')	<i>Choctaw</i> (choc' tō)
<i>Barras</i> (bār' ra)	<i>Colapissa</i> (col' a pis'-sa)
<i>Basse Terre</i> (bās' tār')	<i>Colbert</i> (col' bār')
<i>Baton Rouge</i> (bat' ɔn rūzh)	<i>Comanche</i> (co-man' chi)
<i>Bayagoula</i> (bai' a-gū la)	<i>Condé</i> (côn' dê')
<i>Bayou des Allemands</i> (bai' ū dez al' măn)	<i>Conceh</i> (co nê' cu)
<i>Beaufort</i> (biū' fɔrt)	<i>Congreve</i> (con' griv)
<i>Beauvoir</i> (bō vwar')	<i>Conti</i> (côn' ti')
<i>Bejar</i> (be-hār')	<i>Cos</i> (kos)
<i>Bernardo de Galvez</i> (ber' nard ô dê gal' ves)	<i>Couronne</i> (kū' ron')
<i>Bernard de Marigny</i> (ber' nār de ma ri' nyê')	<i>Coushatta</i> (kū shat' a)
<i>Bienvenue</i> (bi-ān' ve-nū')	<i>Croix</i> (crwā)
<i>Bienvenue</i> (bi-an' vẹ-nū')	<i>Crozat</i> (crô' zat')
<i>Birchile</i> (birch' il ê')	<i>Dahlgren</i> (dal' gren)
<i>Boeuf Gras</i> (būf grā)	<i>Decatur</i> (dẹ-kê tur)
<i>Bogue Falaya</i> (bōg fa lai' ā)	<i>De Soto</i> (dê sō' tō)
<i>Bonaparte</i> (bō' na-pārt)	<i>Deutsch</i> (doytsh)
<i>Bonfils</i> (bōn fis')	<i>Doña Maria</i> (dō' nya mā ri' ā)
<i>Bordeaux</i> (bōr' dō')	<i>Don Gaspardo Anaya</i> (don gās pâr' dō an ai ā)
<i>Borgne</i> (bōrn)	<i>Doveria</i> (dō vẹ' ri ā)
<i>Bourbon</i> (būr' bɔn)	<i>Emmanuel de la Morinière</i> (em' mā' nū el' dẹ lā mōr in i air)
<i>Bourgoyne</i> (būr goin')	<i>Eulalie</i> (ū' la li')
<i>Bowie</i> (bū' i)	<i>Eutaw</i> (ū' tō)
<i>Brazos</i> (brā' zos)	<i>Felix Marrero</i> (fi lix ma' rê rô)
<i>Brieg</i> (brîg)	<i>Flaugeac</i> (flō' zhè ac')
<i>Cabildo</i> (ca-bil' dō)	<i>Fontainebleau</i> (fôn' tèn' blō)
<i>Cadillac</i> (cad' il-lac')	<i>Froissart</i> (frwā' sār')
<i>Cajan</i> (kê' jun)	<i>Gambio</i> (gam' bi ô')
<i>Calaboose</i> (cal'-a būs')	<i>Gauthier</i> (gō' tẹ)
<i>Calcasieu</i> (cāl'-ca'-shu)	<i>Gayarré</i> (gai ā' rê')
<i>Caouis</i> (kā ū' is)	
<i>Carencro</i> (car' en crō')	

- Gayoso* (gê ô' sô)
Guerrero (ger-rê' rō)
Gombo Zhèbes (gôm' bō zeb)
Gozeman (gōth man)
Grandissimes (grân' di
 sim')
Grande Terre (grōnd tār)
Hague (hêg)
Havre de Grace (hav' ɛr dɛ
 grās)
Houma (hū' mā)
Houston (hū' stun)
Huerta (wār' tā)
Iberville (i' bār' vil')
Ildefonso (il' dɛ fon' sō)
Isella (i sɛl' ā)
Italia (i ta li' a)
Joliet (zhō' lî' ê)
Juan de Salcedo (jū' an dɛ
 sal' sî dō)
Kaltwasser (kält wɔs ɛr)
Kearsarge (kîr' sārj)
Labatut (lā ba tū')
La Branche (lā brānsh)
Lacombe (lā cōm')
Lafayette (lā' fɛ' et')
Lafitte (lā' fif')
Lafrénère (lā' frɛ nî air)
Lamartine (lā' mār' tîn)
La Salle (lā' sal')
Latour (lā' tūr')
Laussat (lō' sat')
Legaré (le-gri')
L'Épinay (lɛ' pî' nɛ')
Linares (li-nā' res)
Lockyer (lok' y er)
Malmedy (māl' mɛ dɛ)
Mamou (mām' ū)
Marquis de Lanarge (mār'
 kwis dɛ lān' ārje)
Marseillaise (mār' sɛ' yɛz')
Martinique (mār' ti-nic')
Maurepas (mōr' pā')
Mendoza (mɛn-dō' thā)
Metairie (mɛ' tɛ rî)
Milhet (mil' ê)
Mirabeau Lamar (mî' rā'
 bō' la-mār')
Miro (mî' rō)
Morales (mō' ral' ɛs)
Muscogee (mus-cō' gî)
Nantes (nants)
Natchitoches (nak' i tosh')
- Natchez* (nat' chez)
Nikanape (nic' a na' pɛ)
Nouvelle-Orléans (nū' vel'
 ōr' lɛ' ān')
Nuevo Leon (nwê' vō lɛ ōn')
Oconee (o-cō' nî)
Ocracoke (ō' cra-cōk)
Orrery (or' re-ry)
Ouachita (wash' i taw)
Ouiski (wis' ki)
Paincourtville (pan' cūr-
 vil')
Pakenham (pak' en-am)
Pedro de Villescas (pɛ drō
 dɛ vil ɛs cās)
Père Marquette (pār mār'
 kɛt')
Perote (pā rō' tɛ)
Place d'Armes (plɔs' dārm')
Plaquemines (plɔc' mîn')
Plauché (plō' chɛ)
Poitevent (poi' tɛ vɛnt)
Pontchartrain (pōn' shar'
 train')
Presidio del Norte (prɛ sî
 dɛ ō del nor' tɛ)
Rio Bravo (rî' ō brā' vo)
Rochambeau (rō' shān' bō')
Rodriguez (rō-dri gɛth)
Rousseau (rū sō)
Rue Royale (rū roi' al')
Saint Denis (sain dɛ nî)
San Jacinto (sōn jā-cin' to)
San Ramon (sān rā-mōn')
Santa Anna (sān' tā a' nā)
Santa Fé (sān' tā fɛ)
Sauvage (sō-vāj')
Sauvolle (sō' vol')
Sevier (sɛ vîr)
Singapore (sin' ga-pōr')
Sinquefield (sin' kwe-fîld')
Talledega (tal' a dɛ ga)
Tallahassee (tal' a has' i)
Thlucco (thlū' kō)
Tchefuncta (chɛ-func'-ta)
Têche (tɛsh)
Tersch (tearsh)
Thermopylae (thɛr-mop'
 i lɛ)
Vaudreuil (vō' drūl')
Villéré (vil' rɛ')
Vieux Carré (vi yɛr car'-ɛ')
Zweig (tsvaig)



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